MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

VOLUME II.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/memries0002kath

Louis XIV

8765

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUC DE SAINT-SIMON

ON THE TIMES OF

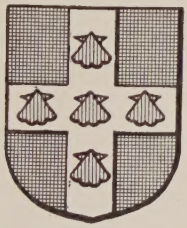
LOUIS XIV. AND THE REGENCY.

Translated and Abridged

BY

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY,

FROM THE EDITION COLLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
BY M. CHÉRUEL.



ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE ORIGINAL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
WILLIAM HEINEMANN.
1899.

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The terms on which I stood with the Duc d'Orléans. — Strange curiosities about the future. — The Duc d'Orléans dissatisfied with the siege of Turin. — Council of war at which he ceases to give orders. — Singular rapidity with which I hear of the disasters before Turin. — Retrenchments. — Birth of the second Duc de Bretagne. — Death of the Bishop of Autun. — Fontpertuis. — Condition of the finances. — King's equerry captured by a detachment of the enemy. — *Parvulo* de Meudon. — M. and Mme. du Maine; their characters and conduct. — The Comte de Toulouse 1

CHAPTER II.

Death of Mme. de Montespan. — Death of the Duchesse de Nemours. — Fatal tempest and inundations. — The Scotch project. — Suite of the king of England; their characters. — The fleet delayed and chased; failure of project. — First occasion on which the Pretender was so named. — Meeting of the kings at Marly. — Strange speech of the king. — The Duc de Bourgogne destined to the army in Flanders. — Curious conversation with the Duc de Beauvilliers. — The king picks Samuel Bernard's pocket pleasantly 31

CHAPTER III.

Death, fortune, and character of Mansart. — Disasters in Flanders; defeat at Audenarde. — Behaviour of the cabal of Meudon. — Duchesse de Bourgogne; her conduct. — Anxiety at Court. — I bet with Cani about Lille. — Indifference of Monseigneur. — I

PAGE

am warned by Bishop of Chartres of injury done me with the king. — Return of the princes to Court. — Reception of the Duc de Bourgogne. — Return and reception of the Duc de Vendôme. — Triumphant reception of the Maréchal de Boufflers. — Death and character of Père de La Chaise 61

CHAPTER IV.

Père Tellier, confessor; his character. — Death and character of the Prince de Conti. — Singular coincidence of thought between the Duc de Chevreuse and me. — Terrible winter; frightful poverty. — Recoinage of currency, and increase to more than intrinsic value. — Death of M. le Prince; his character. — Overthrow of M. de Vendôme 90

CHAPTER V.

Council of war before the king; very stormy. — Small riots in Paris; and threats. — The king, royal family, and Court send their plate to the mint. — Dismissal of Chamillart. — His magnanimity. — Death of the Prince de Carignan. — Worthy act on the part of M. le Grand. — Reasons which inclined me to retire from Court. — Sketch of the Court; the three cabals. — My situation among these cabals. — Affairs in Spain of the Duc d'Orléans. — Terrible storm against the Duc d'Orléans. — Proposal to arraign him judicially. — Conversation of Mme. de Saint-Simon with the Duc de Beauvilliers on my situation 120

CHAPTER VI.

Dearness of everything, and want of bread. — Port-Royal; Molinism and Jansenism. — The famous conclave *De Auxiliis*. — Peace of Clement IX. — Bull *Vineam Domini Sabaoth*. — Port-Royal des Champs refuses to sign it. — Port-Royal innocent in Rome, guilty in Paris. — Military destruction of Port-Royal des Champs. — Discussion about my retirement. — A wise trap laid for me at Pontchartrain. — Decision I make, alone, and its motive. — Proposal that I decide to make to the Duc d'Orléans. — Maréchal obtains for me an audience with the king. — My attempts with the Duc d'Orléans; their success 153

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

The king names an hour for my audience. — My audience. — Success of my audience. — Joy of the king at the rupture. — Intimate relations between the Duchesse d'Orléans and me. — No New Year's gifts from the king this year. — Curious admission of the Duc de Beauvilliers about the Abbé de Polignac. — Birth of King Louis XV. — Marriage of the Duc de Luynes with Mlle. de Neufchâtel. — The children of M. du Maine given equal rank with himself. — Very singular scene at this announcement in the king's cabinet. — I return to Marly with the king. — Conversation with the Duc de Beauvilliers. — Crayon of the Duc de Bourgogne. — Efforts of the Duchesse d'Orléans to make Mme. de Saint-Simon lady-of-honour to the future Duchesse de Berry. — Announcement of the marriage of the Duc de Berry. — The king declares Mme. de Saint-Simon lady-of-honour 181

CHAPTER VIII.

Marriage of the Duc de Berry and Mademoiselle. — Melancholy reflections. — Death of Mme. de la Vallière. — The tithe tax. — Père Tellier persuades the king that the property of his subjects is his. — The council of finance. — Recoinage and profit on the currency. — Balls, pleasures, and fêtes at Court all the winter. — Boudin; his position and character. — Death and short eulogy of the Maréchal de Choiseul. — Death of Boileau-Despréaux. — Beginning of the affair that produced the bull *Unigenitus*. — My embarrassment with regard to Monseigneur and his Court 213

CHAPTER IX.

Illness of Monseigneur. — Contrasts at Meudon. — Singular conversation between the Duchesse d'Orléans and me. — The Scene at Meudon. — Death of Monseigneur. — The Scene at Versailles. — Surprising tears of the Duc d'Orléans. — Scene at Versailles continued. — Horror at Meudon. — Confusion at Marly 241

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Character of Monseigneur. — Problem if he was married to Mlle. Choin. — Monseigneur's private court. — Sketch and projects of the Duchesse de Berry. — Portrait in brief of Monseigneur. — His obsequies. — The king's sort of grief. — Mlle. Choin; wisdom of her conduct after Monseigneur's death. — The Duchesse de Berry acknowledges her strange projects. — Submission and moderation of the dauphin. — Mantles and cloaks at Marly. — Death and character of the Duchesse de Villeroy. — Great change at Court on the death of Monseigneur. — Mlle. de Lislebonne. — Mme. la Duchesse. — The Duc de Beauvilliers and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai 268

CHAPTER XI.

The Duc de Charost and his mother. — Conduct of the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers. — Concourse at Cambrai. — M. le Dauphin. — The ministers ordered to work with the dauphin. — The dauphin presented to the clergy by the king. — Funeral services of Monseigneur at St. Denis and Notre-Dame. — Discussions between the Duc de Beauvilliers and me. — Close union between the three couples, Chevreuse, Beauvilliers, and Saint-Simon. — My sentiments on Jansenism, Jansenists, and Jesuits 297

INDEX 325

LIST OF

PHOTOGRAVURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

LOUIS XIV. . . . . *Frontispiece*

By Rigaud; in the Louvre. This portrait was painted for Philippe V. of Spain, but was thought so good a likeness that the king ordered a copy made for the King of Spain, and placed the original in the throne-room at Versailles.

FRANCOISE-ATHÉNAÏS DE ROCHECHOUART, MARQUISE DE MONTESPAN 31

By Van Loo (Jacques); in possession of M. Hermann-Joseph Reinach, Paris.

SALON AT FONTAINEBLEAU 67

Mme. de Maintenon's salon, where the king spent his evenings.

THE PRINCE DE CONTI (FRANÇOIS-LOUIS) 100

Painter unknown; from an old engraving by Crespy.

FRANÇOISE D'AUBIGNY, MARQUISE DE MAINTENON 137

By Mignard; in the Louvre. This portrait was painted for the Community of Saint-Cyr.

FRANÇOISE-LOUISE DE LA BAUME-LE BLANC, DUCHESSE DE LA VALLIÈRE 181

By Mignard; in possession of M. le Berquier, Paris.

MARIE-ANNE DE BOURBON, PRINCESSE DE CONTI, DAUGHTER OF LOUIS XIV. AND LOUISE DE LA VALLIÈRE; WIFE OF LOUIS ARMAND, PRINCE DE CONTI 216

By Santerre (Jean Baptiste); at Versailles.

PAGE

BOILEAU-DESPRÉAUX (NICOLAS) 231

By Santerre; in possession of M. Nerée-Michel Néand, Lyons.

LOUIS DE FRANCE, "MONSEIGNEUR," SON OF LOUIS XIV. 268

By Mignard; in the Louvre. This portrait is part of a family group, including the Dauphine Marie-Anne of Bavaria and their three children, the Ducs de Bourgogne, d'Anjou, and de Berry.

LOUISE DE BOURBON, "MADAME LA DUCHESSE," DAUGHTER OF THE KING AND MME. DE MONTESPAN; WIFE OF LOUIS III., PRINCE DE CONDÉ 291

By Largillière; in possession of M. L. F. A. L. Colleson, Nancy.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

I.

THOUGH the time has not yet come to speak of the career of the Duc d'Orléans, I can no longer postpone relating the terms on which I stood with him since the renewal of our intercourse, the manner of which I have already told in its proper place. His friendship and the confidence he placed in me were complete; I responded always with the most sincere attachment. I saw him nearly every afternoon at Versailles, alone in his entresol. He reproached me when chance made my visits less frequent, and he allowed me to speak to him with perfect freedom. No subject escaped us; he expressed himself openly on all; and he approved of my hiding nothing from him about himself. I never saw him except at Versailles or at Marly; that is to say at Court; and never in Paris. Besides the fact that I seldom went there, and then only to sleep one night, rarely two, to attend to my duties or my business, the life he led in Paris did not suit me. From the first I put myself on the footing of having no intercourse with any one at the Palais-Royal, nor with any of the companions of his pleasures or his mistresses. Neither would I have any with Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans, whom I never

1706.

The terms on which I stood with the Duc d'Orléans.

saw except on occasions of ceremony or of indispensable duty, which were rare and only momentary, and I took no part whatsoever in their houses. I believed that any other conduct on my part would become a vexation to me, and lead me into trouble; for which reason I would never listen to a word about it.

On the evening when he was appointed general for Italy, I followed him from the salon to his own room, where we talked long together. He told me that orders had been despatched to Villars, then in Flanders with the reinforcements he had taken to Maréchal de Villeroy (who did not wait for them before fighting his battle), to proceed at once personally to take command of the army on the Rhine, and also to Maréchal de Marsin to leave that army and go, through Switzerland, to the army of Italy, which he was to command under himself, which army M. de Vendôme was not to leave until they had both arrived and had conferred with him. He said he was only appointed general on the condition, for that command, of doing nothing without Maréchal de Marsin's advice, no matter what happened, — a promise for which the king exacted his word in appointing him. But he felt the restriction less than he felt his joy in attaining, at last, to what he had desired all his life, at a moment when he had long ceased to hope for it, or even to think of it. M. le Prince de Conti had controlled himself, and behaved very well throughout the evening. Mme. la Duchesse, who was playing cards, did not trouble herself to leave the table to congratulate the Duc d'Orléans; she merely called out to him as he went by and offered her compliments with a vexed air. He passed without replying. The following days he wanted me to discuss a great many things with him, and received with friendship and pleasure all the considerations that I offered to him, explaining at great length his instructions and his orders,

and commanding me to write to him often and freely about himself.

He had been for a long while in love with Mlle. de Séry, a young girl of family, without any property, pretty, piquante, with a lively, saucy, capricious, and mocking air, which kept its promises only too well. Mme. de Ventadour, whose relation she was, put her as maid of honour with Madame; there she had a son by M. d'Orléans. This scandal obliged her to leave Madame's service, and the Duc d'Orléans became more and more attached to her. She was imperious, and she made him feel it, but that only made him the more in love, and more submissive than ever. She ruled in most things at the Palais-Royal and held a little Court there; Mme. de Ventadour, with all her profession of repentance, never ceased to be closely allied with her, and did not hide it. She was well advised. She seized this brilliant moment in the Duc d'Orléans' life to get her son by him acknowledged and legitimatized. But she did not content herself with that. She thought it indecent to be publicly a mother and yet be called Mademoiselle. There was no precedent, however, by which she could be made Madame; that is an honour reserved to the unmarried daughters of France, and to duchesses in their own right. But such obstacles did not stop either the mistress or the lover. He gave her the estate of Argenton, and forced the kindness of the king, though with great trouble, to grant her letters of patent in the name of Madame and Comtesse d'Argenton. The thing was unheard-of. Difficulties of registration were feared. The Duc d'Orléans, on the point of departure and overwhelmed with business, went himself to the first president and the *procureur-général*, and the registration was made. His appointment for Italy had been received with the utmost applause both in Paris and at Court. This event reduced the joy and

made much talk; but a man in love thinks of nothing but of how to satisfy his mistress and sacrifice his own interests to hers.

All was planned, managed, and consummated in this affair without a word passing between him and me. I was grieved at the thing itself, and also that he should tarnish his brilliant departure by so notorious and improper a singularity. But that was all; I was faithful to my own determination from the moment that I renewed my intercourse with him, never to speak to him of his household, his domestic life, or his mistresses. He knew well that I should not approve of what he was doing for this one, and he was careful never to open his lips to me about it at any time.

Singular curiosities about the future.

But here is a thing he told me in a corner of the salon at Marly, where we were talking alone to each other one evening when he had come out from Paris just before he started for Italy. The singularity of this thing, verified by after events which he could not possibly foresee, induces me not to omit it here. He was very eager about all sorts of arts and sciences, and in spite of his intelligence had the weakness so common to the descendants of Henri II., which Catherine de' Medici brought, among other evils, from Italy. He had done his best to see the devil, without ever, as he told me himself, being able to do so; he desired to see extraordinary things and to know the future. The Séry had a little girl of eight or nine in her household, who had never left it and had all the simplicity and ignorance of that age and that education. Among other rascals of hidden mysteries, of whom the Duc d'Orléans had seen many in his life, was one, brought to him at his mistress's house, who pretended to make anything a person wished to know visible in a glass of water, only requiring a young and innocent

child or youth to look into it. This little girl was just the thing. They amused themselves therefore by seeking to know what was happening at the time in distant places, and the little girl looked and related what she saw.

The dupery which the Duc d'Orléans had so often experienced made him seek an experiment which should really convince him. He ordered one of his servants in a whisper to go to the house of Mme. de Nancré, a few doors off, and find out what was going on in her salon, and also the furniture of the room, and bring him word instantly without losing a moment or speaking to a soul. This was done in a second; no one noticed it, and the little girl was still in the room. As soon as the Duc d'Orléans learned the facts, he told the little girl to look in the glass and tell him what was going on at Mme. de Nancré's. Instantly she related to them, word for word, all that the man whom the Duc d'Orléans had sent reported that he had seen,— the description of persons, faces, dresses, those who were playing at the different tables, the arrangement of the furniture, in a word, everything. The Duc d'Orléans immediately sent Nancré himself to see what was going on, and the latter stated that he found everything as the little girl had said, and as the valet had reported it to the Duc d'Orléans in a whisper.

He seldom spoke to me of these things because I took the liberty to cry shame upon him. I took it now about this tale, and said all I could to deter him from putting faith in these deceptions and amusing himself with them, especially at a time when he ought to have his mind occupied with so many great matters. "But that is not all," he said; "I have only told you that to lead to the rest," and then he related to me how, encouraged by the correctness of what the little girl had seen in Madame de Nancré's

room, he wished to know something more important, and to discover what would happen on the death of the king, but not the period of it, which could not be seen in the glass. Accordingly he asked her this at once. The little girl had never heard of Versailles, or known any one but him belonging to the Court. She looked, and then explained to them at great length what she saw. She gave, correctly, a description of the king's bedroom at Versailles, and of its furniture at the time of his death; she described him perfectly as he lay in his bed, also all those who stood about him or in the chamber, and particularly a little child wearing the Order, held by Mme. de Ventadour, about whom she exclaimed because she had seen her at Mlle. de Séry's. She described Mme. de Maintenon, the singular appearance of Fagon, Madame, Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans, Mme. la Princesse de Conti, and she exclaimed at seeing M. le Duc d'Orléans: in a word, she related to them what she saw of princes or persons in waiting, seigneurs and valets. When she had finished, the Duc d'Orléans, surprised that she had not described Monseigneur, the Duc de Bourgogne, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, or the Duc de Berry, asked her if she saw no persons who looked thus and so. She replied repeatedly, no; and then told over again exactly what she saw. He could not comprehend it, and expressed to me his great surprise, trying to find a reason. Events explained it. We were then in 1706; all four were full of life and health, but all four were dead before the king.

This curiosity answered, the Duc d'Orléans wished to know what was to happen to himself. That could not be told in the glass. The man who performed these things offered to show it to him as if pictured on the wall of the room, provided he would have no fear at seeing himself; and

after a quarter of an hour spent in grimacing before them all, the form of the Duc d'Orléans, dressed as he then was and of his natural size, appeared on the wall like a painting, with a *couronne fermée* upon his head. It was neither the French, Spanish, English, nor the Imperial crown. The Duc d'Orléans, who looked at it with all his eyes, could not imagine what it was, and had never seen anything like it. It had but four arches and nothing at the top. This crown covered his head.

From this and the preceding obscurity I took occasion to point out to him the emptiness of such curiosity, and the deceptions of the devil, which God permits in order to punish a curiosity which he forbids; also the darkness and nothingness which resulted in place of the light and the satisfaction he had looked for. He was then, assuredly, very far from being Regent of the kingdom, or from imagining the possibility of it. That was perhaps what the strange *couronne fermée* indicated to him. All this happened in Paris at the house of his mistress, in presence of their most private circle the evening before the day when he related it to me. I thought it so extraordinary that I gave it a place here, not in approval of it, but merely to record it.

Mincio July 17, with

The Duc d'Orléans joined M. de Vendôme on the Mincio July 17, with whom he conferred as much as he could, but nothing like as much as he wished, and still less as much as was necessary. That pretended hero had just made irreparable faults. The Duc d'Orléans on his way had passed by the siege of Turin, where La Feuillade received him magnificently and showed him all the works. The prince was satisfied with none of them. They were attacking at a point he should not have chosen, and in that he agreed with Catinat, who knew Turin, with Vauban who had fortified it, and with

The Duc d'Orléans dissatisfied with the siege of Turin.

Phélypeaux who had lived there many years, — all three without consulting each other. The prince was also dissatisfied with the works themselves; and he thought the siege was advancing slowly.

Vendôme having departed, the Duc d'Orléans was left to what was worse, the tutelage of Marsin. After observing the enemy for several days he resolved to post himself between Alexandria and Valence and prevent them from crossing the Tanaro [tributary to the Po]. That passage was the only one by which they could advance, and if prevented they would be forced to abandon the relief of Turin. The prince proposed this to the marshal, but could not persuade him to it. As for the reason, impossible to give it, for Marsin himself alleged none that was apparent. He was mastered by La Feuillade, who wanted to keep the army about him, and Marsin thought only of satisfying the son-in-law of the all-powerful minister of war. Marsin being unpersuadable, the Duc d'Orléans was forced to yield, and little by little return to Turin and join the besieging army.

Council of war at which the Duc d'Orléans ceases to give orders.

The enemy approaching steadily, the prince pressed the marshal to leave the lines and give battle to Prince Eugène. Marsin, checked by La Feuillade, replied that all the prince's reasons were sound, but that the course he proposed could not be taken without reinforcements. The dispute grew so hot that Marsin consented at last to call a council of war, and all the lieutenant-generals were summoned. The matter was debated; but La Feuillade, the favourite son-in-law of a minister [Chamillart] who was the arbiter of the fortunes of all soldiers, and Marsin, the depositary it was believed of the real power, were followed. D'Estaing was the only man who dared to speak out bravely, a fact the prince never forgot. The result of this council was that the Duc d'Orléans

protested before all present against the disasters which must occur, declared that, being master in nothing, it was not just that he should bear the shame that the nation and his family were about to incur, and called for his post-chaise, intending to leave the army at once. The most distinguished members of the council did all they could to prevent this. Recovering from his first impulse, and satisfied perhaps to have shown his firmness and to have manifested strongly how little the disasters that were imminent could be imputed to him, he consented to remain. But at the same time, he stated plainly that he would have nothing further to do with the command of the army. Such was the state of things during the last three days of this disastrous siege. The Duc d'Orléans, dismissed by himself, stayed in his own quarters, or sometimes rode about, and wrote strongly to the king against Marsin, rendering him an exact report of everything, which he made the marshal read, charging him to send it by the first courier he despatched, as he himself would send none, being no longer in command of the army.

On the night of the 6th and 7th of September, the latter being the day of the battle, though he refused to be concerned in anything, no matter what, he was wakened to receive a note, sent to him by a partisan, containing information that Prince Eugène was about to cross the Doire, and intended to march directly to the attack. In spite of his resolution, the prince dressed in haste and went himself to Maréchal de Marsin, whom he found tranquilly in bed, showed him the letter, and proposed to him to march instantly on the enemy, attack them, and profit by their surprise and a difficult stream which they had to cross. The marshal was immovable. He maintained that the information was false, that Prince Eugène could not arrive so quickly, and advised the Duc d'Orléans to go back to bed,

refusing to give the slightest order. The prince, more affronted and disgusted than ever, retired to his own quarters, firmly resolved to leave everything to the deaf and blind fools who would neither hear nor see anything.

Shortly after his return to his room, information arrived from all quarters of Prince Eugène's approach. He did not stir. D'Estaing and some other generals came to him and forced him, in spite of himself, to mount his horse. He rode carelessly, at a slow pace, across the head of the camp. All that had happened during the last few days had made too much commotion for the army, even the private soldiers, not to hear of it. His rank, the correctness and firmness of his views, of which old soldiers are not incapable of being good judges, especially some among them who remembered what they had seen him do at Leuze, Steinkerke, and at Neerwinden, — all this made them murmur at the thought that he was no longer willing to command the army. As he rode along in this manner across the line of camps, a Piedmontese soldier called out to him by name, and asked if he refused them his sword. Those words did more than all the general officers had been able to do with him. He replied to the soldier that he asked it with too much reason to be refused, and instantly crushing underfoot all his just and keen resentment, he thought only of helping Marsin and La Feuillade in spite of themselves.

Singular rapidity with which I hear of the disasters before Turin.

I had gone to spend a month at La Ferté, where I received the news from Italy which the Duc d'Orléans was careful to send me, together with letters in his own handwriting when he did not wish what he said to me to go through others. I was therefore fully informed as to the disasters that were being prepared for us, and very uneasy, when a gentleman, arriving from Rouen at his brother's house, which was near

mine, met us as we were walking in the park, Mme. de Saint-Simon and I, with some company, and told us of the disaster at Turin, with the exact particulars about the Duc d'Orléans, Maréchal Marsin, and all the rest of it, exactly as the king heard it three days later by the courier who brought the news (and I, four days later, from the Court and by my letters which came from Paris). We have never been able to comprehend how it was that this sad news should have been brought with such extreme, not to say incredible rapidity; the gentleman told us nothing except that the accuracy of the news could be relied on, and we never saw him again, to ask him how he obtained it, for he died soon after. I was deeply grieved that these misfortunes should happen to us under the hand of the Duc d'Orléans, although he was so perfectly innocent of them. Fever seized me, and I went to Paris; not stopping at Versailles, in order to escape the tyranny of its Faculty.

1707. Retrenchments.

The urgent condition of affairs, which greatly increased the war expenses by our losses of troops and territory, had obliged the king for two or three years past to diminish, and then to curtail, the New Year's gifts that he always gave to the sons and daughters of France, which amounted to a very large sum. The royal treasury always brought him at the first of every year, for his own use, thirty-five thousand louis-d'or, no matter what their current value might be. This year, 1707, he retrenched that sum by ten thousand. The burden of this economy fell on Mme. de Montespan. Ever since she had left the Court forever, the king gave her twelve thousand louis-d'or every year; D'O was employed to take her three thousand every three months. But this year the king sent her word by the same means that he could not give her more than eight thousand. Mme. de Montespan expressed not the slightest annoyance; she

merely replied that she was sorry for the poor; to whom, in fact, she gave profusely. Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, who had lately sold the jewels that he inherited from his mother, the late dauphine (and he had a great many), had also given all their proceeds to the poor.

Birth of the second Duc de Bretagne.

Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne gave birth to a second Duc de Bretagne [the first having died in April, 1705], most happily and quickly, on Saturday, January 8, a little before eight in the morning. The public joy was great; but the king, who had already lost one grandson, forbade the expenses which were incurred at the first birth, the amount of which was enormous. He wrote to the Duc de Savoie to announce the event, in spite of the war and his grounds for displeasure, and received a reply of thanks and mutual rejoicing.

Death of the Bishop of Autun.

About this time there died an old bishop who had neglected nothing to make himself a fortune and be a personage. This was Roquette, a man of small beginnings, who had caught the bishopric of Autun, and in the end, not being able to do better, governed, by dint of suppleness and manœuvres around M. le Prince, the districts of Bourgogne. He had been of all colours, — devoted to Mme. de Longueville, to her brother the Prince de Conti, to Cardinal Mazarin, and, above all, given over to the Jesuits. All sugar and honey; intimate with the most important women of those times; into all intrigues; and, with it all, of the greatest piety. It was from him that Molière took his Tartuffe; no one failed to recognize him. The archbishop of Reims, passing through Autun, admired his magnificent buffet. "You see there," he replied, "the food of the poor." "It seems to me," said the archbishop, gruffly, "you might have given them the cost of that carving." He pocketed such affronts without blinking;

in fact, he was more obsequious to those who gave them; but for all that he pursued his ends without ever turning a step aside. In spite of all he could do, however, he remained at Autun, and never made more of a fortune. Towards the end, he paid much court to the King and Queen of England. All was good to his mind where he saw hopes and could thrust himself and squirm. M. d'Autun, to finish him with a last touch, had a lachrymal fistula. Shortly after the death of the King of England, he pretended to have been miraculously cured by his intercession. He went to tell this to the Queen of England, to Mme. de Maintenon, and to the king. In fact, the eye did appear different. But a few days later it returned to its usual condition, and the fistula could no longer be hidden. He was so ashamed of the failure of this hoax that he fled to his diocese and seldom appeared again.

The king now appointed the generals and the general officers to the armies. Maréchal Tessé was named in the beginning of February for the command of the army ordered to return to Italy, Maréchal de Villars to the army of the Rhine, and M. de Vendôme to that of Flanders under the Elector of Bavaria. The Maréchal de Berwick remained in Spain. M. le Duc d'Orléans, not wishing to be left with the bad taste of Italy in his mouth, and seeing but little chance of taking an army there, desired and obtained permission to go to Spain. The fatal experience the prince had had with Maréchal de Marsin made the king give him absolute authority, at the expense of the Duc de Berwick. It was a great joy to the prince to continue in the command of an army, and actually to command it, not as a figure-head, but as a reality. He began his preparations at once. The king asked him whom he intended to take with him.

The generals appointed to the armies.

Among others the duke named Fontpertuis. "What! nephew," said the king, much stirred, "the son of that crazy woman who ran after M. Arnauld everywhere, — a Jansenist! I will not have him with you." "Upon my word, sire," replied M. d'Orléans, "I don't know what the mother did, but as for the son, a Jansenist indeed! Why, he does n't believe in God!" "Is that possible?" said the king; "are you sure? If that is so, there is no harm, and you can take him." The same afternoon M. d'Orléans, splitting with laughter, told me the story. That is where the king had been led! — actually to see no comparison between being a Jansenist and having no religion, and to prefer the latter. The Duc d'Orléans thought the story so amusing he could not hold his tongue about it; people laughed much both at Court and in Paris, and the freest thinkers admired the blindness into which the Jesuits and the Sulpicians could drive a mind. The story went the rounds everywhere and the wonder is that the king was not angry. But it showed his attachment to sound doctrine and his ever-increasing aversion to Jansenism. Most persons laughed over it with all their hearts, but some, who were wiser, were more inclined to weep than to laugh, reflecting sadly to what an extreme of blindness the king had been led. This Fontpertuis was a great scamp; friend in debauchery of M. de Donzi, afterwards Duc de Nevers, and a very fine tennis-player. The Duc d'Orléans was fond of tennis; and Donzi presented to him Fontpertuis, to whom he took a liking. Long afterwards, during the Regency, he gave him the means of winning fortune out of the too famous Mississippi, always in concert with the Duc de Nevers. But when the two became gorged with millions (Fontpertuis out of all proportion to the other) they quarrelled, said dire things of each other, and never met again.

Chamillart, overwhelmed with the double labour of the war and the finances, had time neither to eat nor sleep.

Condition of the finances.

Armies destroyed in nearly all the campaigns by battles lost, frontiers suddenly and extensively driven in, through the bewildered heads of unhappy generals, had exhausted all the resources of men and money. The minister, at an end of his means for seeking either, unable to meet even current expenses, had more than once represented his inability to suffice for the two employments, which in the best of times would have required all the efforts of two strong men. The king, who had put the two offices upon him in order to shelter himself from the contentions between the ministries of war and of finance which had wearied him in the days of MM. Colbert and Louvois, could not bring himself to relieve Chamillart of the finances. The latter made a virtue of necessity, but, in the end, the machine succumbed. He began to have nervous fancies, giddiness, faintings. Everything went to his head. He could not digest his food. He grew visibly thinner. Still, the wheel was forced to go round without interruption, and, in fact, in the present contingencies there was none but he who could make it turn.

He wrote the king a pathetic letter, asking to be relieved. In it he hid nothing from him as to the sad condition of affairs and the impossibility he felt, for want of time and health, to remedy it. He reminded him of the many times and the many occasions when he had shown him the truth by abridged reports; he called his attention once more to the urgent and multifarious cases which were pressing one upon another, each demanding a long, studious, continued, and assiduous labour, on which, even if his health had allowed it, the multitude of his occupations, all indispensable, left him not one hour to bestow. The letter ended

by saying that he should ill repay the king's kindness and confidence if he did not tell him that all would perish if the remedy of dismissing him were not applied.

In writing to the king he always left broad margins, on which the king made comments in his own handwriting, and returned the letters. Chamillart showed me this one when it came back to him, and I saw with great surprise these words in the king's handwriting at the end of a brief note: "Well, then! we will perish together!"

Chamillart was equally gratified and distressed; but the words did not give him back his strength. He failed to attend the councils, especially that of the despatches, whenever he could avoid reporting to them. Usually the king allowed him to speak first, and as soon as he had done so he went away, — the reason being that he could not stand; at the council of despatches all the secretaries and the ministers remain on their feet as long as it lasts; at the other councils they are permitted to sit down.

The necessities of public business compelled the adoption of all sorts of means to obtain money. Contractors profited by these necessities to extort enormously; the parliaments had long been in no condition to dare to remonstrate. A tax was now imposed upon baptisms, and another on marriages, without the slightest respect for religion or the sacraments, and with no consideration whatever for all that is most indispensable to civil society. This edict was extremely onerous and odious. The consequences, and they came quickly, produced a strange confusion. The poor and many of the smaller people baptized their children themselves without taking them to church; and they married each other beneath the chimney-piece by reciprocal consent in presence of witnesses, when they could not find a priest who would marry them at home and without formali-

ties. Hence confusion in baptismal registers; no certainty as to baptisms, consequently as to births; no assured position for the children of such marriages. Rigorous search was made against this very prejudicial abuse; that is to say, inquisitorial efforts and harshness were employed to enforce the tax.

Public outcries and murmurs passed into sedition in many places. In Cahors it went so far that two battalions which were stationed there could scarcely prevent the peasantry from seizing the town; and it was necessary to employ the troops who were under orders for Spain, which delayed the Duc d'Orléans' departure. In Périgord all the peasantry rose, pillaged the government bureaus, made themselves masters of a little town and several châteaux, and forced some of the gentlemen to put themselves at their head. They declared openly that they would pay the *taille* and the poll-tax, the tithe to their rectors, the dues to their seigneurs, but that they could not pay more; neither would they listen to any further taxes or vexations. In the end it became necessary to drop this decree of taxation on baptisms and marriages, to the great regret of contractors, who enriched themselves cruelly by the multitude of these vexatious exactions, as well as by their own cheatery.

We have already seen how Maréchal Vauban proposed to relieve the people from vexatious taxation. Let us here do justice to the integrity and good intentions of Chamillart. In spite of his dislike, he was willing to make trial of these new means. It resulted, however, that what he did with a good intention turned to poison, and gave new strength to the enemies of the system; for the awakening he now gave to the "royal tithe" was not forgotten, and some time later, instead of employing it as the only tax (according to Maréchal Vauban's proposed system), it was

imposed, as we shall see, on all property of all kinds in addition to the other taxes, and was renewed on the occasion of every war. In fact, in times of peace the king has still retained his tithe on all salaries, wages, and pensions. That is how France has guarded the most sacred and useful intentions, and how it has suffered the stream of good to be dried at its source. Who could have told Maréchal Vauban that his labour for the relief of all who inhabit France would solely have served, and ended in, a new and additional tax, harder, more permanent, more onerous than all the rest? It is a terrible lesson, calculated to stop the wisest proposals in the matter of taxation and finance.

An event as strange as it was singular caused the king much anxiety and put both the Court and city in a ferment.

The king's equerry captured by a detachment of the enemy.

On Thursday, March 7, Beringhen, first equerry, having followed the king on his drive to Marly, and returned with him to Versailles, started at seven o'clock in the evening for Paris, alone in his carriage, — that is to say, in one of the king's carriages, — two of the king's outriders behind, and a groom carrying a torch before him on the seventh horse. He was stopped on the plain of Bissancourt, between a farmhouse by the roadside, not far from the bridge of Sèvres, and a tavern called the Point-du-Jour. Fifteen or sixteen men on horseback surrounded the carriage and carried him off. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, with the outriders, to Versailles, where the king was informed the instant that they arrived of what had happened. He sent orders to the four secretaries of State, who were at Versailles, l'Étang, and Paris, to despatch couriers everywhere along the frontier, warning the commanders to watch the fords, because it was known that a detachment of the enemy had entered Artois, from which they had not retired.

It seemed at first impossible to believe that this could be the enemy; but the reflection that the first equerry had no personal enmities, that he was not a man with a reputation for money from whom a ransom could be hoped, and that an incident of this kind had never happened except to great financiers, made every one at last accept the belief that it was really a detachment of the enemy. And so it proved. One Guetem, violinist to the Elector of Bavaria, had entered the army of the allies during the last war, becoming a very good and very bold officer on outpost duty. In this way he rose to be a colonel in the Dutch army. Talking one evening with his comrades, he made a bet that he would carry off some one of mark between Paris and Versailles. He obtained a pass from the enemy's generals, and thirty picked men, nearly all officers. They crossed the rivers disguised as merchants, which enabled them to post their relays. Several of them stayed eight and ten days at Sèvres, Saint-Cloud, and Boulogne; some had the boldness to go to Versailles and see the king at supper. One of the latter was captured the next day, and answered Chamillart, who questioned him, very insolently. One of the guards of M. le Prince caught another in the forest of Chantilly, from whom it was learned that they kept a relay and a post-chaise at Morlière for the prisoner; but by the time this was known they had already put him into it, and crossed the Oise.

The blunder they made was in not carrying off the carriage with Beringhen in it as far as they could under favour of the darkness, thus delaying the knowledge of his capture, and also sparing him part of the road on horseback and so gaining more time for their retreat. Instead of that, they fatigued him too much at the trot and gallop. It seems that they had let the chancellor go by them, not

daring to stop him in open day; and after dark they missed the Duc d'Orléans, despising his common post-chaise. Tired of waiting and fearing to attract notice, they threw themselves on the next carriage, and thought they had done wonders when they saw by the light of the groom's torch the carriage and liveries of the king, with a man inside wearing a blue ribbon across his doublet — which is always worn by the first equerry.

He was not long in their hands before he found out who they were, and also let them know what he was himself. Guetem showed him every sort of respect and a friendly desire to spare him fatigue as much as possible. He even carried this desire so far that it caused the failure of his raid. He allowed Beringhen to stop and rest twice, and so missed one of their relays, which retarded them much. Besides the couriers despatched to the frontiers, others had been sent to the intendants, and to the troops in quarters; also a detachment of the king's guards was sent after them, and the entire "little stable" force, by whom M. le Premier was much beloved, scattered themselves over the country in all directions. Still, no matter what care was taken in guarding the fords, the party had crossed the Somme and was four leagues beyond Ham, the prisoner being guarded by three officers, on his parole to make no effort to escape (the rest having gone off in search of a relay), when a cavalry sergeant came upon them, followed at a little distance by a detachment of the regiment of Livry, and soon after by another; so that Guetem, finding himself the weaker party, surrendered and became the prisoner of his prisoner.

Beringhen, delighted at his rescue, and very grateful to have been so well treated, carried his prisoners to Ham, where he rested a whole day and treated them, in his

turn, to the best. He sent a courier to his wife and to Chamillart. The king, much relieved, read aloud at supper the letters he had written. On the 29th of March Beringhen reached Versailles about eight in the evening and went straight to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, where the king received him well and made him tell his adventures. Though the king had a great regard for his equerry, he nevertheless did not like that the "little stable" should make a fête of his return, for which fireworks had been prepared. He sent word to forbid all such signs of rejoicing, and the fireworks were not let off. The king was full of such petty jealousies; he wanted all things to be devoted to himself, without participators.

Beringhen had sent Guetem and his officers to his own house in Paris to await the orders of the king; where they were treated very much above their station. Beringhen obtained permission for Guetem to see the king at the usual review which he always made of his household troops at Marly before the opening of the campaign. The equerry did more; he presented Guetem to the king, who praised him for having treated Beringhen so well, adding that war should always be conducted honourably. Guetem, who had his wits about him, replied that he was so surprised to find himself in presence of the greatest king in the world, who did him the honour to speak with him, that he had not the power to answer. He stayed ten or twelve days with Beringhen in order to see Paris, and was taken to the Opera and Comedy, where he himself was the greatest sight of all. People flocked to see him; and even the most distinguished persons were not ashamed to applaud him for an act of temerity which might be called insolent. Beringhen gave dinners for him, and supplied him with carriages and servants to take him everywhere, and, at parting, with a con-

siderable sum of money and other gifts. After that Guetem went off on parole to Reims, where he joined his comrades and waited, with the town for their prison, until they were exchanged. Their real project was nothing less than to carry off Monseigneur or one of his sons.

This ridiculous adventure gave rise to precautions which were, in the first instance, excessive, and made all communication and commerce by fords and bridges most harassing. It was also the cause of a great many persons being arrested. The hunting-parties of the princes became for a short time very restricted, until, little by little, matters returned to their usual course. But it was not a little amusing to see during this period of alarm the fright of the ladies, and even that of some of the men about the Court, who dared no longer walk out between two suns, and when they did so by daylight had little comfort, imagining facilities for their capture at every step.

"Parvulo" de Meudon.

Before proceeding to other matters I remind myself that I have not yet spoken of what was called at Court the *parvulo* of Meudon; and it is necessary to explain that figure of speech for the understanding of many things which I shall have to relate. I have already told how and why the Princesse de Conti dismissed Mlle. Choin, who the latter was, who were her friends, and the attachment Monseigneur felt for her. This attachment was only increased by her dismissal and the consequent difficulty of seeing each other. Mme. de Lislebonne and her two daughters were alone in the secret, notwithstanding what they owed to the Princesse de Conti. They fomented Monseigneur's attachment, which secured to them a confidence from which they proposed to derive great things in the future.

Mlle. Choin retired from Versailles to Paris, to the house

of Lacroix, her relation, a receiver-general of the finances, near the Petit Saint-Antoine, where she lived in great secrecy. She was notified of the few days when Monseigneur went out to Meudon to attend to his building or planting, and always went there herself over-night in a hired carriage; passing through the courtyards on foot, ill-dressed, like any common woman on her way to see a servant at Meudon. There she entered by the back way the apartment of Monseigneur in the entresol, where he met her the next day and spent several hours with her. She continued to do this for a long time, taking a waiting-maid with her, her bundle in her pocket, and always going the night before Monseigneur went to Meudon. She stayed there, shut up with her maid, without seeing a soul but himself; and she never left the entresol, where one of the servants, the only one in Monseigneur's confidence, brought her food. She was a stout, squat girl, dark, ugly, with a flat nose, but intelligent, with a spirit for intrigue and manœuvring.

Before long, Du Mont, Monseigneur's equerry and most confidential follower, was allowed to see her;[1] next, the daughters of Mme. de Lislebonne, when ladies accompanied Monseigneur to Meudon. Little by little the circle enlarged; intimate courtiers were first admitted: Sainte-Maure, the Comte de Roucy, Biron; then a few others and two or three ladies. After a while M. le Duc de Bourgogne and M. le Duc de Berry, and almost immediately after them Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, were invited to the entresol, and this before long made the plot of the comedy. The Duc de Noailles and his sisters were admitted. Monseigneur

[1] Du Mont's father owed the beginnings of his fortune to my father. The son, in all his rise, never forgot what my father had done for his; he often talked of it; he paid his memory all sorts of respect; and he came to me about everything and for everything, with respect and friendship; which had many curious results in the end.

often went to dine alone with Mme. de Lislebonne's daughters, or with them and Mme. la Duchesse and certain privileged men and women, but always with the same air of mystery; and it was these secret gatherings, which soon became pretty frequent, which were called at court *les parvulo de Meudon.*

By this time Mlle. Choin no longer occupied the entresol. She slept in the bed and the grand apartment occupied by the Duchesse de Bourgogne when the king went to Meudon. She was always seated in an armchair in presence of Monseigneur, while the Duchesse de Bourgogne had a stool. Mlle. Choin never rose to receive her, and behaved to her exactly as did Mme. de Maintenon, except that she did not call her "mignonne" nor did the duchess call her "Aunt," neither was the latter half so free nor so much at her ease as with the king and Mme. de Maintenon. The Duc de Bourgogne was under great constraint. His manners and morals and those of the circle at Meudon agreed very little. The Duc de Berry, whose manners were freer, was more at his ease. Mme. la Duchesse ruled the roast, and several of her favourites were from time to time admitted. But for all that, never did Mlle. Choin appear openly. On feast-days she went at six o'clock in the morning to hear mass by herself in a corner of the chapel, well bundled-up in her hoods; she ate her meals alone, unless Monseigneur came up and ate them with her, which never happened when he slept at Meudon except on the day of his arrival; and never did she set foot outside of her own apartment or the entresol; when she went from the one to the other, the way was carefully inspected and barricaded so that no one should meet her.

She was considered to be to Monseigneur what Mme. de Maintenon was to the king. All the batteries for the future were pointed and aimed at her. The courtiers long caballed

for permission to visit her in Paris, and paid their court to her old and more particular friends. The Duc de Bourgogne and the duchess sought to please her, and were always respectful before her and attentive to her friends, but not always successfully. She treated the Duc de Bourgogne with the regard of a stepmother (which she was not), but a stiff and constrained regard, and it sometimes happened that she spoke with such authority and with so little consideration to the Duchesse de Bourgogne as to make her cry. The king and Mme. de Maintenon were not ignorant of all this, but they held their tongues; and the whole Court, which knew of it, talked about it in whispers.

Mme. de Lislebonne had a very clever mind, eminently fitted to have made her a great personage in her race, had she lived in the times of the League. Her eldest daughter, Mlle. de Lislebonne, with a tranquil, indifferent outward air, much politeness, though restricted and measured, with vast and high ideas and all the discernment and knowledge necessary to keep them from being castles in the air, had by nature great loftiness, integrity, knowledge of how to love and hate, and less manœuvring than ability to manage and control. She had great perseverance, with much wit, no meanness, no suppleness, but mistress of herself to bend whenever suitable, enough intelligence to do so with dignity and to make the value of her condescension felt by those of whom she had need, without wounding them or rendering them less favourable.

Her sister, Mme. d'Espinoy, with little intelligence, supple and sometimes base, not for want of heart or pride but lack of mind, was all manœuvring, with a politeness less cautious than that of her sister, and an air of kindliness which easily made dupes. She knew how to serve and how to attach her friends. The virtue of the sisters and their presence were

alike imposing. The elder, very simply dressed and without beauty, inspired respect; the younger, beautiful and graceful, attracted. Both were very tall and well-made; but, to those who had a nose, an odour of the League issued from their pores; neither was malicious for the sake of being so; on the contrary, they behaved in a manner to remove all suspicion of it, but when things did not go to their interests or their wishes they were terrible.

Besides these natural dispositions, they had learned much from two persons, with whom they were intimately united, the two men of all the Court best fitted to instruct such natures by their experience and their cast of mind. Mlle. de Lislebonne and the Chevalier de Lorraine were all their lives so completely one that no one ever doubted they were married. This brought the latter into union with Mme. d'Espinoy, and allied both sisters with the Maréchal de Villeroy, the intimate and very humble friend of the Chevalier de Lorraine; and it was through the Maréchal de Villeroy that the king, so jealous of every one who approached Monseigneur, not only conceived no dislike to the sisters, but actually placed confidence in them, was very glad of his son's intimate relations with them, and showed them in every way such distinguished consideration, lasting even after Monseigneur's death, that we must conclude the two sisters, or at any rate the younger, played the same secret part to Monseigneur on behalf of the king that the Chevalier de Lorraine had played all his life to Monsieur, whom he governed absolutely.

On Monseigneur's part, their reign over his mind was untroubled. Mlle. Choin, his Maintenon in all respects except marriage, was devoted to them unreservedly. She never forgot that although Mme. de Lislebonne and her daughters owed everything — their subsistence, their intro-

duction to Monseigneur's intimacy, the beginning of their consideration in the world — to the Princesse de Conti, they nevertheless had not hesitated to sacrifice their benefactress to her; not led to do so by any discontent, but solely from a knowledge of Monseigneur's desires, and the utility of being alone in his confidence after the dismissal of Mlle. Choin from the Princesse de Conti's service. She had been too long a witness to that confidence and to the friendship of Monseigneur for the two sisters (with whom he usually spent an hour or two in the morning) to jar with them in any way. She remained therefore intimately allied with them, and also with Mme. la Duchesse, whose gay and equable temper and perfect health made her the queen of pleasures and a refuge to Monseigneur from the constant ill-humour of the Princesse de Conti. Mme. la Duchesse, who was neither ill-humoured nor jealous, and to whom Monseigneur's new habit of coming to see her familiarly was not indifferent as a relief from the furies of M. le Prince and M. le Duc, took very good care to give no offence to the three others, the older and most confidential friends of Monseigneur.

These four women were therefore, in regard to the prince, and in other matters common to themselves, in a close understanding, which never cooled in any way; they helped one another in perfect concert; each holding herself free at the king's death, if Monseigneur survived him, to supplant the others reciprocally, and remain sole mistress without dependence on the rest; united meanwhile in the closest bond, and holding under their common yoke the few men who, through Monseigneur's liking or their own industrious court to him, might have a future. Vendôme, themselves, Vaudemont, and M. du Maine were those most closely allied, but the latter, as usual, secretly.

M. du Maine felt that Monseigneur did not like him. No better way therefore to approach him, little by little, than through these confidential friends. Vendôme was not sufficient. The king was getting old, and Monseigneur was nearing the throne; M. du Maine trembled at the thought. With the mind, I will not say of an angel, but of the devil whom he resembled in doing service to none, but ill turns to all, in deep-laid schemes, in arrogant pride, in profoundest falsity, in artifices without number, in feigned characteristics beyond all estimate, yet pleasing, with the art of amusing, diverting, charming when he wished to charm, — he was a gifted poltroon in heart and mind, and being so, a most dangerous poltroon, and the best fitted, provided it could be done underhand, to go to the most terrible extemities to save himself from whatever he feared, and also to lend himself to grovelling meanness and slavishness, by which the devil lost nothing.

M. and Mme. du Maine; their characters and conduct.

He was, moreover, pushed on by a woman of the same stamp, whose mind, and she had a great deal, had long been spoiled and corrupted by the reading of novels and plays; to a passion for which she abandoned herself so much that she spent whole years in learning dramas by heart and playing them publicly herself. She had courage to excess; she was enterprising, audacious, passionate, knowing nothing but the present passion and making everything bend to that. Indignant against the prudence and precautions of her husband, which she called miserable weakness, she constantly reproached him for the honour she had done him in marrying him; she forced him to be supple and humble before her by treating him like a negro, and she ruined him from top to bottom without his daring to say a word, bearing everything in his great terror lest her head should give way altogether.

Though he hid a great deal from her, the ascendency she had over him was incredible; and it was by force of blows that she drove him wherever she would.[1]

The Comte de Toulouse.

No understanding was ever come to by the Meudon cabal with the Comte de Toulouse. He was a man of few words, but honour, virtue, integrity, truth, equity itself, with a manner as gracious as natural iciness would allow, courage, and a desire to make himself something, but always by good means; a man in whom a just and upright sense in all ordinary matters supplied the place of intellect; very industrious in learning the maritime features of war and commerce both, and understanding them very well. A man of this character was not made to be on intimate terms with his brother or his sister-in-law. M. du Maine saw that he was liked and respected because he deserved to be, and was envious. The Comte de Toulouse, wise, silent, deliberate, felt this, but gave no sign of doing so. He could not endure the follies of his sister-in-law. She saw it plainly, and it made her furious; she could not endure him in turn, and did her best to alienate the brothers still farther from each other.

The Comte de Toulouse had always been on good terms with the Duc de Bourgogne and the duchess, who treated him with respect and consideration. He was timid with the king, who amused himself much more with M. du Maine, the Benjamin of Mme. de Maintenon, his old governess, to whom he had sacrificed Mme. de Montespan, a fact that neither of them could ever forget. Du Maine had the art to persuade the king that with much intelligence, which no one could deny him, he had no views, no ambition; in short, was an idiot of leisure, solitude, retirement, and the greatest dupe in the world in every way. He passed his life in his study, ate

[1] She was Anne-Bénédicte de Bourbon-Condé, daughter of M. le Prince.

alone, avoided society, hunted alone, and made himself a real merit with the king by this strange life (seeing him, however, every day at private hours), and was, to sum up all, supremely a hypocrite, going to mass, vespers, and the communion of feast-days and Sundays with much ostentation. He was the heart, soul, and oracle of Mme. de Maintenon, with whom he did what he chose, and who thought only of what would be most advantageous and agreeable to him, at the expense of others, no matter who they might be.

This is a long digression; but it will be seen in the end how necessary it is for a full understanding of what will have to be told. These personages moved many things in a way which cannot be understood without this key.

Mme. de Montespan

II.

A DEATH which made much noise, although of a person long since retired from the world, and who had not retained any portion of an influence once all-powerful, was that of Mme. de Montespan, which occurred at the baths of Bourbon in the sixty-sixth year of her age, on Friday, May 27, at three in the morning.

Death of Mme. de Montespan.

I will not go back beyond my own time to speak of the period of her reign. I shall merely say, because it is a fact which is little known, that her husband was more in fault than herself. She warned him of her suspicion that the king loved her; she did not leave him ignorant when she doubted it no longer. She assured him that a ball which the king was about to give was given for her; she urged him, she conjured him with the utmost earnestness to take her to his estates in Guyenne, and to leave her there until the king had forgotten her and was captivated elsewhere. Nothing could move Montespan, who was not long in repenting himself. His punishment was that he lived his whole life and died in love with her, though without ever seeing her again after the first outbreak of the scandal. Neither shall I speak of the various times when fear of the devil urged her to separate from the Court; and I shall tell elsewhere of Mme. de Maintenon, who owed her all, and took little by little her place; mounting upon it still higher, making her swallow the most cruel indignities, and finally driving her away. What no one dared to do, what the king himself was dreading, M. du Maine, as I have said elsewhere, took upon himself to

bring about, and M. de Meaux completed; she left the Court in tears and fury, and never forgave her son, who by this strange service bound to him forever the heart and the omnipotence of Mme. de Maintenon.

It was long before the discarded mistress, retreating to the community of Saint-Joseph which she had built, could be reconciled to her fate. She carried her leisure and her sorrows to Bourbon, to Fontevrault, to the D'Antin estates, and was many years unable to recover herself. At last God touched her. Her sin had never been accompanied by forgetfulness. Often she would leave the king to pray to God in her cabinet; nothing would have induced her to neglect a fast; she kept all the Lents with austerity throughout the whole period of her licentiousness. Alms, respect for persons of worth, never anything approaching to doubt or impiety; but, at the same time, imperious, haughty, domineering, scornful, and all that beauty and unlimited power carry with them. Resolved at last to put to profit the time that had been given to her in spite of herself, she sought for some wise and enlightened direction, and put herself finally into the hands of Père de La Tour, that general of the Oratoire so well known for his sermons, his counsels, his friends, and for his prudence and his talents for governing. From that moment until her death her conversion never faltered, her repentance went on increasing. In the first place it was necessary to renounce the secret attachment which still bound her to the Court, and the hopes which, all chimerical as they were, she had always cherished. She had persuaded herself that fear of the devil had alone compelled the king to leave her; that this same fear, which Mme. de Maintenon had so ably used to have her sent away altogether, was the reason why the latter had attained to her station of

grandeur; that her age and ill-health, as Mme. de Montespan imagined it to be, would soon remove her, and the king once a widower, nothing would hinder the rekindling of a fire once so vivid, which his love for their children and his desire for their grandeur would fan to flame; and then, having no scruples to subdue, her husband being dead, he might allow her to succeed to all the rights of her enemy.

Even her children flattered themselves with this hope, and paid her the most assiduous duty. She loved them passionately, except M. du Maine, who was long without seeing her, and never did see her except from decency. It would be little to say that she had influence over the three others; she had authority, and she used it without restraint. Père de La Tour had compelled her to a terrible act of penance, namely, to ask pardon of her husband and place herself in his hands. She wrote to him in the most submissive language, offering to return to him if he deigned to receive her, or to live in whatever place he ordered. To whoever knew Mme. de Montespan this must seem a most heroic sacrifice. She had the merit of it, but not the trial. M. de Montespan sent her word that he would neither receive her nor direct her nor hear her spoken of as long as he lived. At his death she wore mourning like an ordinary widow; but neither before nor after did she take back his liveries or his arms, which she had quitted, and henceforth she bore her own singly.

Little by little she finally gave almost all she had to the poor. She worked for them several hours a day, sewing on coarse clothing, such as chemises and other needed articles. Her table, which she loved to excess, became most frugal; her fasts redoubled; prayer interrupted her intercourse and the little games of cards with which she

amused herself; for at all hours of the day she left those about her, to pray by herself in her cabinet. She wore perpetually bracelets, garters, and a belt, with iron spikes which often made wounds in her flesh; her tongue, formerly so much to be dreaded, now performed its own penance. She was, moreover, so tortured by the terrors of death that she paid the services of several women whose sole employment was to watch her at night. She slept with all her curtains open and many wax tapers in the chamber, her watchers stationed around her; and every time she woke she wished to find them conversing, making merry, or eating, to convince her they were not napping.

With all this, she could never forsake the queenly air and manner she had usurped in the days of her favour, and which followed her into her retreat. An air of grandeur was everywhere about her; she was beautiful as the day to the last moment of her life, and never ill, though she often thought herself on the point of dying. This anxiety about her health kept her travelling; and on her journeys she always took seven or eight persons in company. Superior in all ways herself, with graces which made her haughtiness pass current, and were, indeed, adapted to it, it was not possible to have more wit, more delicate politeness, expressed with peculiar charm, eloquence, and natural correctness. This gave her, as it were, a language of her own that was delightful, and which she was able to communicate by habit, so that her nieces, and others assiduous about her acquired it; in fact, we feel it and recognize it even to this day in the few of her race who remain. It was the natural language of her family, of her brother and of her sisters as well as herself. Her vocation, or perhaps her fancy, was to marry people, above all, young girls; and as she had little to give them after all her charities, it was often mere hunger and

thirst that she wedded. Never, from the moment she left the Court, did she stoop to ask anything either for herself or for others. The ministers, the intendants, the judges never heard one word from her. The last time she went to Bourbon she paid, without necessity, two years in advance on all her charitable pensions, of which she gave a great number, nearly all among the poor nobility, and she doubled her other alms. Although in full health by her own acknowledgment, she said she believed she should never return from that journey, and that all those poor people would have, by these advances, enough time to seek for their subsistence in other ways. Death was always present to her; she spoke of it as near when her health was excellent; but with all her terrors, her watchers, her perpetual preparations, she never had a doctor, nor even a surgeon.

Mme. de Saint-Simon and Mme. de Lauzun were at Bourbon where Mme. de Montespan arrived. I have mentioned elsewhere that she was cousin once removed to my mother (grand-children of a brother and sister). My mother saw her from time to time at Saint-Joseph, and Mme. de Saint-Simon also; consequently at Bourbon she made them all sorts of caresses and kindnesses, not to say distinctions, with the same air of grandeur which she always retained. The Maréchale de Cœuvres was so mortified and jealous that she showed it and even acknowledged it, so that people laughed at her. I mention this mere nothing to show that the idea of her taking Mme. de Maintenon's place eventually had entered the heads of the courtiers who were nearest to the king.

Suddenly one night, though in very good health, Mme. de Montespan felt so ill that her watchers called up the people in the house. The Maréchale de Cœuvres was the first to get to her; finding her suffocating and her head

affected, she ordered an emetic to be given instantly on her own authority, but the dose was so powerful that the effects frightened them and they set to work to arrest them; which possibly cost her her life. She profited by a few moments of respite to confess and receive the sacraments. Before doing so, she called in all her servants, down to the lowest, and made confession of her public sins, asking pardon for the scandal she had so long caused, and for her ill-tempers, with so deep and penitent a humility that nothing could be more edifying. She then received the last sacraments with ardent piety. The fears of death, which all her life had so tormented her, had disappeared and troubled her no more. She thanked God before all present for permitting her to die at a distance from the children of her sin, and she never spoke of them but that once during her illness. Her mind was occupied only with eternity (though they tried to encourage her with hopes of recovery), and with her condition as a sinner whose fears were eased by a sure confidence in the mercy of God, dying without regret and solely concerned to render her sacrifice pleasing in his sight by a gentleness and peace which accompanied all her actions.

Nothing could exceed the grief shown by the Duchesse d'Orléans, Mme. la Duchesse, and the Comte de Toulouse. M. du Maine could scarcely conceal his joy; he was delivered at last from the remains of an embarrassment. The grief of Mme. la Duchesse was surprising; for she had piqued herself all her life on loving nothing, and love, if such it can be called, had hitherto brought her nothing but regrets. What was more surprising still was the grief exhibited by M. le Duc, so little accessible was he to friendship, and whose pride had always been ashamed of such a mother-in-law. All this confirms me in my opinion explained above as to their hopes, to which this death put an end forever.

Mme. de Maintenon, delivered from a former mistress whose place she had taken, whom she had driven from the Court, and about whom she could never divest herself of fears and jealousies, might now be supposed to feel herself free. Not so, however. Remorse for what she had owed to her former mistress and had so ill repaid, overwhelmed her when she received the news. Her tears flowed; she took refuge in her dressing-room as her only asylum. The Duchesse de Bourgogne pursued her there, but was speechless with amazement. She was not less astonished at the perfect insensibility of the king, after a love so passionate and one which had lasted so many years. She could not restrain herself from showing her surprise. The king replied tranquilly that when he parted from Mme. de Montespan he had never intended to see her again, and therefore from that time forth she was dead to him. It was easy to see that the grief of her children was not agreeable to him. Nevertheless, although repressed at every point, it had its course, and it was long. The whole Court went to see them, though saying nothing of the cause of it, and the spectacle was curious. The daughters of the king and Mme. de Montespan dared not wear mourning for a mother not recognized. They could only show their grief by leaving off all ornaments and all amusements, even cards, which they denied themselves for a very long time; and so did the Comte de Toulouse. The life and conduct of so famous a mistress after her forced retirement has seemed to me sufficiently curious to warrant my enlarging upon it; while the effect of her death upon the Court will serve to characterize life of Courts.

The death of the Duchesse de Nemours, which followed that of Mme. de Montespan very closely, made still more noise in the world, but of a different kind. She was the daughter of the Duc de Longue-

Death of the Duchesse de Nemours.

ville by his first wife, eldest daughter of the Comte de Soissons, prince of the blood, who made and lost the famous suit against Henri II., Prince de Condé, son of his eldest brother and father of the hero. Mme. de Nemours, with a very singular figure and a way of dressing herself like a menial nun that was not less singular, with prominent eyes that could not see, and a habit of twitching one shoulder, had, nevertheless, a most imposing air. Proud to the last degree, she had infinite wit, with a lively and eloquent tongue to which she denied nothing. She lived in one half of the hôtel de Soissons; in the other half was the Princesse de Carignan, with whom she had frequent squabbles, though the sister of her mother and a princess of the blood. Mme. de Nemours joined to her inherited hatred of the branch of Condé that which the children of a first wife often feel to those of a second; she never forgave Mme. de Longueville for the ill-treatment she professed to have received from her. Still less did she forgive the two Princes of Condé for having snatched away from her the guardianship and property of her brother, nor the Prince de Conti for having won the inheritance by a will that was made in his favour. Her speeches, very violent, very spicy, and often most amusing, never lacked on all these subjects, and she spared not at all the princes of the blood.

She was extraordinarily rich and lived in great splendour and with much dignity; but her quarrels and her lawsuits had so soured her mind that she could not forgive. She never ceased to talk about them; and one day when somebody asked her if she ever said the Lord's Prayer, she answered yes, but she skipped the clause about forgiving trespasses. It may therefore be inferred that devotion did not inconvenience her. She herself told the story that, when she had gone to a confessional without her suite, who did not

follow her into the church, the confessor was not impressed by her looks or her accoutrements. She spoke of her great property and had much to say of the Princes of Condé and Conti. The confessor told her to leave out all that. She, thinking her case very serious, insisted on explaining, and began to talk of great estates and millions. The good man thought her crazy and told her to be calm, that such ideas as those ought to be driven away; he advised her to think no more about them, and above all, to eat good soups, if she had the means. On this she flew into a passion, and the confessor shut the wicket. She rose from her knees and started for the church door. The confessor, hearing her depart, had the curiosity to see what became of her, and followed her. When he saw the good woman whom he thought crazy received by equerries and ladies in waiting and all the grand suite which attended her wherever she went, he felt like dropping through the earth; then he rushed to her carriage-door and asked her pardon. She, in her turn, scoffed at him, and gained one day's excuse from confession. A few weeks before her death she was so ill that they pressed her to think of her end. She finally took a resolution, and sent her confessor and one of her gentlemen-in-waiting to M. le Prince, M. le Prince de Conti, and the MM. de Matignon to beg their pardon on her behalf. They all went to see her and were well received; but that was all; not one of them got anything. She was eighty-six years old, and left all she could to the two daughters of the bastard of the last Comte de Soissons (prince of the blood, killed at the battle of Sedan in 1641), whom she made her heir. One of these daughters died young and unmarried; the other married the Duc de Luynes.

The marine year ended with a terrible tempest on the coasts of Holland, which wrecked many vessels on the

Texel and submerged whole districts and villages. France also had its share in the scourge of waters; the Loire overflowed in a manner hitherto unheard-of, carried away the embankments, flooded and choked with sand whole tracts of country, swept away villages, drowned many persons and quantities of cattle, and did a damage of more than eight millions. This was one obligation the more which the country owes to M. de la Feuillade, and one which has been perpetuated, more or less, ever since. Nature, wiser than men, or, to speak more truly, its Author, had placed a barrier of rocks in the Loire beyond Roanne, thus preventing navigation above that place, which is the chief town of M. de la Feuillade's duchy. His father, tempted by the profits of navigation, desired to blast them. But Orléans, Blois, Tours, in fact all the towns on the course of the Loire, opposed it. They represented the danger of inundations, and were heeded. Although M. de la Feuillade was a favourite who stood very well with M. Colbert, it was decreed that no such changes should be made, and the rocks were not to be touched. His son, being Chamillart's son-in-law, had greater influence. Without listening to any one, he proceeded to strike the blow; the rocks were blasted; navigation was clear, to the benefit of M. de la Feuillade; but the inundations which those rocks prevented have taken place from time to time ever since, to the vast loss of the king and private persons. The cause has been admitted since, but it was then irreparable.

Fatal tempest and inundations.

For a long time past a most important project had been secretly rapping at many doors, seeking a hearing. Its hour came at last during a trip to Fontainebleau, where it was adopted, and where its promoters, whom I had divined from their

1708.

The Scotch project.

behaviour, acknowledged it to me under pledge of secrecy. At the same time I discovered another secret, which has never been known except to a very few intimate friends. This last was that the Duc de Chevreuse was actually minister of State, without the appearance of it and without belonging to the Council. After a while I suspected this; his frequent conferences with Pontchartrain,[1] the admissions they both made me as to their discussions, the results I saw produced during this stay at Fontainebleau, persuaded me that I was not mistaken in believing that the Duc de Chevreuse was minister. I ventured to say so plainly to the Duc de Beauvilliers, who, in his surprise, asked me, in some distress, how I had heard it, but finally acknowledged the fact under the greatest secrecy. That same day I gave myself the pleasure of saying the same thing to the Duc de Chevreuse. He blushed to the whites of his eyes, stammered, hesitated, and finally implored me to keep it impenetrably secret, for he could not conceal it from me any longer.

After a while I suspected something else; and I discovered the whole mystery of that also at Fontainebleau. Affairs of State it was to which his close conversations with the king related, and affairs of State about which he was so assiduously busy in his own cabinet, where it was not likely that his domestic matters or those of his regiment of light-horse could keep him so habitually. He had always been to the king's taste. He was perhaps the only man of mind and learning whom the king did not fear; his gentleness, his moderation, his modesty reassured him, and the trembling manner of himself and the Duc de Beauvilliers before the king was always a great merit. No one spoke more correctly, clearly, easily, consistently, or

[1] Minister of the Navy; son of the chancellor. — Tr.

with better knowledge and so much gentleness, giving an easy turn to all things. The king would willingly have put him in the Council, but Mme. de Maintenon, Harcourt, and even M. de La Rochefoucauld feared him and prevented it. The king therefore took up with this incognito, which I believe to have been unique in its way, and was such that no one, perhaps, except the Duc de Chevreuse would have got along with it, especially under the certainty that the obstacle which reduced him to this sort of shadiness would always exist, and would always keep the Council door shut to him.

It was through him that the project I spoke of was admitted. Hough, an English gentleman, full of intelligence and knowledge, especially of the laws of his country, had played several parts in his own land. A clergyman by profession, and furious against King James, next, a Catholic and King James' spy, he had been denounced and delivered up to King William, who pardoned him. He profited by this pardon to continue his services to James. He was captured several times, but escaped from the Tower of London and other prisons. Not being able to remain in England, he came to France, where, living as an officer, he occupied himself still in public matters for which he was paid by the king, and also by King James, for whose restoration he was constantly planning. The union of Scotland and England, which had just taken place, seemed to him a most favourable juncture, on account of the despair of the ancient kingdom at finding itself reduced to a province under the English yoke. The Jacobite party was still intact; the hatred of this forced union grew into a desire to break it by means of a king whom they might re-establish. Hough, who maintained communications everywhere, was notified of this fermentation; he made secret journeys, and after rapping at several of our ministers' doors, Caillières, who opened to him, spoke

about his scheme to the Duc de Chevreuse, and then to the Duc de Beauvilliers, both of whom saw something solid in it. It was a sure means of making a powerful diversion, of depriving the allies of the help of the English, forced to attend to their own affairs, and of making them powerless to support the archduke in Spain. The two dukes gained over Chamillart, then Desmarets as soon as he came into office. But the king was so disgusted with the bad success he had always had in this sort of enterprise that none of them dared to propose it to him. Chamillart had merely consented. Exhausted in body and mind, overwhelmed with work, he was not in a position to become the promoter of such an undertaking. Chevreuse spoke to the chancellor to see how he would take it, and whether he would persuade his son, whose ministry, of course, would be principally engaged in the matter. The chancellor approved. Pontchartrain dared not resist, but he sought to profit by the natural slowness of M. de Chevreuse, and his faculty for endless reasoning, and so delay and repel him by raising difficulties. This was how I came to discover the matter at Fontainebleau. I lodged with Pontchartrain in the château, and I was often with M. de Chevreuse. Their perpetual visits, their long conferences excited my curiosity; I guessed from that time what was stirring between them, and Caillières soon after put me fairly on the track.

All measures being taken, it became a question of persuading the king. To succeed in this, it took the efforts of Mme. de Maintenon and the other ministers; and even then he was so disgusted with such enterprises that he only gave in to this one by way of compliance, not liking it himself. As soon as he consented, the matter was put in hand at once; and at the same time another enterprise, connected with this one and supporting it, was proposed. It was thought possible to profit by the despair into which the ill-treatment of the

Imperials had cast the Spanish Low-Countries, which had fallen into their hands after the battle of Ramillies, to make them revolt at the time when the expedition to Scotland should bewilder the English, and deprive the allies of their assistance.

A number of Scottish deputies, bearing powers signed by the principal lords of the country, and a vast number of other signatures, were hidden in the village of Montrouge near Paris. They urged the expedition strongly. The king gave all the necessary orders for it. Thirty vessels were armed at Dunkerque and the neighbouring ports. The Chevalier de Forbin, who had distinguished himself in the Adriatic, and also in the North Sea and along the coasts of England and Scotland, was chosen to command the squadron destined for the expedition. Four millions were sent to Flanders to pay the troops; six thousand of whom were advanced along the coast towards Dunkerque. The preparation of vessels was given out to be for private armaments, and the movement of troops for change of garrison. The secret was well preserved to the very end; but the misfortune was that all was too slow. The navy was not ready in time; and all that depended on Chamillart was still more tardy. He and Pontchartrain, long embittered towards each other, bandied the blame mutually with much acerbity. The truth was, they both deserved it, but Pontchartrain was more than suspected to have lagged from ill-will to the project; the other from impotence. Great care was taken that no movement should appear around Saint-Germain. The few carriages kept ready for the journey of the King of England to Anet were covered by a pretence of hunting. He was only to be attended (as in fact he was) by the Duke of Perth, his former sub-governor, the two Hamiltons, Middleton, and a very few others.

Perth was Scotch; he had long been chancellor of Scotland, the first and most authoritative dignity in the land; it is also a military dignity, and only held by the greatest lords. His sons-in-law, nephews, and nearest relations were still holding the highest offices, with the principal influence, and they were all in the secret, and ardent promoters of the enterprise. Perth himself had one of the finest, best, and broadest minds in all England; he was brave, pious, wise, learned, and an excellent officer, faithful to the last degree. The Hamiltons were brothers of the Comtesse de Grammont, of the highest rank in Scotland, brave, full of intelligence, and faithful. They, through their sister, had mingled much in the society of our Court; they were poor, and had their own little points of singularity. Middleton was the sole secretary of State, because he had managed to override the Duke of Melford, brother of the Duke of Perth, who was the other secretary with no power but the name since the exile — very unjustly, the English at Saint-Germain averred. Middleton had managed to have him kept away; so that he did not even live at Saint-Germain. Middleton's wife was governess to the Princess Royal of England, and had the queen's entire confidence. She was a tall woman, well-made, thin, with a devout and austere expression. She and her husband had the mind and the spirit of intrigue of two demons. Middleton, belonging to a very good family, saw familiarly the best society at Versailles. His wife was Catholic, he Protestant, both very little of either, and the only ones at Saint-Germain who continued to receive their revenues from England. More than once the Scottish project, proposed at Saint-Germain, had been rejected by him and scorned by the queen, whom he ruled completely. This time, as on other occasions, he was in the secret; but as our Court had now taken hold of it

Suite of the King of England; their characters.

efficaciously, he dared not oppose, but was lukewarm in supporting it. He was the only real Mentor whom the queen gave to the king her son for the expedition.

At last, on Wednesday, March 6, the King of England started from Saint-Germain. So many delays could leave no doubt that England was already warned. It was hoped, however, that the English would not have the means to oppose the expedition, for Sir John Leake [the English admiral] had sailed, with nearly all the vessels of war which remained to them, to escort a great convoy to Portugal. We were therefore surprised on the following Sunday, when the Chevalier de Fretteville arrived at Versailles with the news that Leake, driven back by contrary winds to Torbay (where, it was afterwards known, he was hiding all the time), was now blockading Dunkerque, where we had just disembarked the troops of the expedition. Fretteville brought a letter from the King of England, complaining loudly of this disembarkation; he wanted to drive matters on, force his way out at any cost, and get to Scotland. He made such remonstrances at Dunkerque that the Chevalier de Forbin could not avoid sending out the Chevaliers de Tourouvre and Nangis to reconnoitre the English fleet; on whose report it seemed possible to pass out, and the troops were at once reembarked. But here came another mischance, — always supposing that the expedition had not already failed before it ever left Saint-Germain. The Princess of England had had the measles, and was beginning to be convalescent about the time of her brother's departure. He had been prevented from seeing her, lest he should take the disease and be hindered from leaving. But just as the troops were finally embarked, the king broke out with it at Dunkerque. Never was a man in such despair; he wanted them to wrap him up in coverlets and carry him on board ship. The doc-

tors cried out that it would kill him to a certainty, and that he must remain behind. Two of the five Scotch deputies at Montrouge had been sent to Scotland two weeks earlier to announce the arrival of their king with arms and troops. The movements that announcement would produce made it all the more desirable the fleet should set sail immediately. At last the King of England, half-cured and very weak, was resolutely determined to embark, and did so March 19, in spite of the doctors and most of his attendants. The English vessels had retired; the French set sail at six in the morning with a fair wind, in a fog which lost them to sight by seven o'clock.

That night they were caught in a furious gale and were forced to anchor off the banks at Ostend. Forty-eight hours after the departure of our squadron twenty-seven English vessels of war appeared off Dunkerque; many English troops marched towards Ostend, and Dutch troops to La Brille, intending to embark. Rambure, who commanded one of our frigates, was parted from the squadron in the gale and forced to lie-to off the coast of Picardy. As soon as he could, he started to rejoin the squadron, which he supposed to be then at Scotland. He shaped his course for Edinburgh but found no vessel on the way. As he reached the mouth of the river he saw that the sea was covered with little craft of all kinds, which he felt he could not evade, and therefore thought best to approach them with a good grace. The masters told him that they expected the king, but had no news of him; he was awaited with impatience; and this great fleet of little vessels had come out to meet him and bring him pilots so that his ships might enter the river and reach Edinburgh, where all were in hope and joy. Rambure, much surprised that the squadron bearing the King of England had not yet arrived,

The fleet delayed and chased; failure of the project.

and also at the publicity given to its movements, sailed on towards Edinburgh, meeting more and more of the small vessels, all of which hailed him in the same manner. From one of them a Scottish gentleman boarded the frigate, who told him of the adhesion of the principal lords (whom he named), saying that they had twenty thousand men ready to take arms, and that the city was only waiting the king's arrival to proclaim him. Rambure at once descended the river seeking to rejoin the squadron. As he reached the mouth of it he heard cannon at sea, and soon after saw vessels of war. Getting nearer to the mouth of the river, he made out Forbin's squadron pursued by twenty-six large vessels of war, and a quantity of other craft; but he soon lost sight both of our own squadron and of the advanced guard of the enemy. He hastened his speed as much as possible to rejoin our ships, but they had passed the mouth of the river before he could reach them. He tried for a long time to profit by the fleetness of his frigate, but being constantly cut off by the vessels of the enemy's rear-guard and in danger of being taken, he decided to return to Dunkerque, whence he despatched to the Court this sad and disquieting news. It was followed five or six days later by that of the return of the King of England to Dunkerque; where he arrived on the 7th of April with a few of his vessels, much disabled.

First occasion on which the Pretender was so named.

This was the first occasion on which the King of England took, for his incognito, the name of Chevalier de Saint-George; and the first time also that his enemies gave him that of the Pretender; both of which names have since remained to him. He showed much will and firmness, which he spoiled by a docility which was the fruit of a bad education, narrow and austere, given to him by the queen his mother, partly from

mistaken piety, partly from the desire to hold him in a position of fear and dependence; for with all her sanctity she always wanted to rule.

Meeting of the kings at Marly.

The King of England arrived at Saint-Germain on Friday, the 20th of April, and came with the queen to Marly on the following Sunday, to visit the king. I was very curious to see the interview. The weather was fine. The king, followed by all the Court, came out by the front portico. Just as he was about to descend the steps of the terrace and we saw the Court of Saint-Germain advancing slowly at the end of the alley of the Perspective, Middleton approached the king alone with a very peculiar air, and clasped his thigh. The king received him graciously and spoke to him three or four times, looking at him fixedly in a manner that would have embarrassed another man; then he advanced towards the alley. As both parties approached each other they bowed; then the two kings detached themselves each from his Court, hastened their steps equably, and, with the same measured manner embraced each other several times. Grief was painted on the faces of all these poor people. The Duke of Perth made his bow to the king, who received him civilly, but only as a great seigneur. They all walked back to the château with a few indifferent words that died upon the lips. The queen and the two kings entered Mme. de Maintenon's apartment. The Princess Royal remained with the Duchesse de Bourgogne and all the Court in the salon. The Prince de Conti, with his natural inquisitiveness, laid hold of Middleton; the Duke of Perth joined the Duc de Beauvilliers and Torcy. The few other Englishmen, more welcomed than usual in hopes of making them talk, were dispersed among the courtiers, who drew nothing out of their reserve but a pretended ignorance which told much, and complaints in general of

fate and hindrance. The two kings were *tête-à-tête* for a long time, during which Mme. de Maintenon conversed with the queen. They came out in the course of an hour; a short and melancholy promenade followed, which ended the visit.

Middleton was violently suspected of having warned the English. They feigned to suspect nothing, but they took their precautions noiselessly, hid their naval forces, pretended to send the greater part with a convoy to Portugal, held ready the few troops they had in England and moved them towards Scotland, where they sent a number of their trusted agents. The queen, under various pretexts of friendship and confidence kept the Duke of Hamilton in London, he being the most influential man in Scotland, the soul and leader of this whole affair, and about to return there. The queen gave no information to parliament until the affair became public and had failed; she made no search for any one concerned in it; she wisely avoided any act that might drive Scotland to desperation. Such conduct greatly increased her authority in her own country, attached all hearts to her, and removed all desire to stir further in the matter by revealing the little hope there was of success. Thus failed a project that was well and secretly conducted until its execution, which was pitiable; and with this project failed also that of the revolt of the Low-Countries, to which no further thought could be given.

Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne was pregnant, and much inconvenienced by it. The king wanted to go to Fontainebleau, against his usual custom at the beginning of the summer, and he announced the journey. But he wished all the trips to Marly to be continued meanwhile. His granddaughter amused him much, and he could not do without her; but so much moving

Strange speech of the king.

about was not suitable for her condition. Mme. de Maintenon was very uneasy; Fagon slipped in his advice. This annoyed the king, long accustomed to deny himself nothing, and spoiled by having his mistresses, when they were pregnant or scarcely out of childbed, travel about with him, and always in full dress. These representations about the Marly trips irritated him, but could not stop them. All he did was to put off one of them from the Monday week after Easter to the Wednesday of the following week; and this in spite of all that was said and done to either prevent it or obtain permission for the princess to stay at Versailles.

The Saturday following the arrival at Marly, as the king was walking about after his mass, and amusing himself watching the carp in the basin between the château and the Perspective, we saw the Duchesse du Lude coming towards us on foot, though there were no ladies with the king, as there seldom were in the mornings. He saw she had something of importance to say to him and he went to meet her; when he got within a little distance we all stopped and left him to join her alone. The *tête-à-tête* was not long. The duchess went back, and the king returned to us and then to the carp without saying a word. Every one saw what the trouble was, but no one was anxious to speak. Presently the king, standing close to the basin, looked at the chief persons present and said, with an air of vexation, but without addressing himself to any one: "The Duchesse de Bourgogne has miscarried." Whereupon M. de La Rochefoucauld exclaimed; M. de Bouillon, the Duc de Tresmes, and the Maréchal de Boufflers echoed the words in a low voice, and then M. de La Rochefoucauld exclaimed again, still louder, that it was a great misfortune, and, as she had miscarried at other times, she might have no more children. "Well, suppose it were so," said the king, angrily; "what is that to me? Has n't she a

son already? And if he dies there's the Duc de Berry of an age to marry and have one. What does it signify to me whether one or the other of them succeed me? — they are all equally my grandchildren." Then suddenly he added impetuously: "Thank God, she has miscarried, since she had to do so; I shall not be thwarted in my trips and everything else I want to do by the objections of the doctors and the arguments of those matrons. I can go and come as I choose; they will leave me in peace." A silence in which you might have heard an ant run succeeded this outburst. Every one lowered his eyes and hardly dared to breathe; each man was stupefied. Even the gardeners and the people engaged about the works were motionless. The silence lasted more than a quarter of an hour.

The king broke it, leaning on the balustrade, to talk about the carp. No one answered. Then he spoke about them to the builders, who as a usual thing had no conversation with him; but now they talked of the carp. But it all dragged, and the king went away soon after. As soon as we dared we looked at each other out of his sight; our eyes as they met said all. Every one present was for the moment the confidant of everybody else. They wondered, marvelled, shrugged their shoulders. Far as we are to-day from that scene, it is as plain as ever to my sight. M. de La Rochefoucauld was furious, and rightly so this time; the first equerry trembled with horror; I examined these persons with all my eyes and ears; and I was pleased with myself for having long ago discovered that the king loved and cared for no one but himself, and was for himself only, to his dying day. This strange speech of his echoed far beyond Marly.

Chance often conveys through valets things which we think to be carefully hidden. It happened that some of

mine were friends of a saddler in Paris, who was working secretly on equipments for the Duc de Bourgogne at the war. He had the indiscretion to tell this and show his work to my men, requesting them not to tell a secret which he himself was unable to keep. They told me. This opened my eyes about a very queer journey Chamillart had lately made to Flanders. He left Versailles the evening of Easter Sunday and returned to Marly on the 20th of April, being twelve days on the journey. His very languishing state of health made the journey remarkable, which was all the more so for the day on which he started. I made my reflections on the probable destination of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne. I saw nothing for him but the Rhine or Flanders; and this voyage of Chamillart's made me certain it was Flanders.

The Duc de Bourgogne secretly destined to the army in Flanders.

One of the first evenings after we reached Marly, the weather being very fine, M. de Beauvilliers, wanting to talk with me, took me to the lower end of the garden near the pond, where all is very open and no one can be overheard. I had resolved to speak to him about the destination of the Duc de Bourgogne, and I did it now. He was astonished that I knew anything of it; I told him how it was, and he at once began to praise the appointment as the only good resolution that could have been taken. He said that in the great discouragement of affairs it was most important to inspirit them and give fresh vigour to the troops through the presence of an heir to the throne; that it was, moreover, indecent that he should languish in idleness at his age when the house was afire in all directions; that the King of England went to the wars; that it was more than time the Duc de Berry knew something of war, but it was obviously not possible to send him and keep back his elder brother; and

Curious conversation with the Duc de Beauvilliers.

he added that license had got to such a pitch in the army of Flanders, through the very men who ought to have prevented it, that it had come to be the principal cause of disasters, and there was no longer any remedy to be looked for except through the authority of the prince.

I fully agreed to what he said about the idleness of the princes, and the utility of training them to war; but I ventured to contest the rest. I said it was much to be desired that the Duc de Bourgogne had continued to command in the armies; but I insisted that after discontinuing to do so through several campaigns, after so many losses and disasters, with an army in need of everything, with troops accustomed to distrust the capacity of their generals and taught, by force of bad example, a habit of not holding firm before the enemy and of thinking themselves beaten before they were so, it seemed to me that a time so sad, with our troops on the defensive, was not a proper moment to place the Duc de Bourgogne at the head of an army which thought it did well if it did not retreat. "But," I added, "the worst of all these injurious conditions is the presence of the Duc de Vendôme." "Eh!" cried the Duc de Beauvilliers, interrupting me, "it is precisely for that reason that the presence of the Duc de Bourgogne with the army in Flanders is so necessary. There is none but he whose authority can stir the laziness of M. de Vendôme; he alone can foil his obstinacy, and compel him to take precautions his negligence of which has often cost so dear and come so near to losing everything. Nothing but the presence of the Duc de Bourgogne can stir the lethargy of the commanders, teach them promptitude, check the license of the soldiers, and re-establish order and subordination in the army, which M. de Vendôme has totally ruined since he commanded in Flanders."

I could not help smiling at such confidence, nor keep myself from replying that nothing of all that would happen; on the contrary, it would be the ruin of the Duc de Bourgogne. It would be difficult to describe the amazement of the duke at this reply. I let him interrupt me, and when he had finished I asked him to listen patiently to what I had to say, and then I explained myself at length.

I said that to judge as I did it was only necessary to know the men, and to add to that a knowledge of the Court, and of the army, which would become a Court as soon as the Duc de Bourgogne had joined it; that fire and water were not more different, nor more incompatible than the Duc de Bourgogne and M. de Vendôme. The one was pious, shy, conscientious to excess; self-contained, deliberate, weighing and estimating all things; high-strung nevertheless, and peremptory; but, with all his spirit, simple, self-controlled, considerate; fearing evil, reluctant to form suspicions; relying on the true and the good, knowing very little of those with whom he dealt; sometimes uncertain, usually absent-minded, and too much given to minutiæ. The other, on the contrary, was bold, audacious, overbearing, impudent, despising others, self-satisfied, with a confidence that no experience had been able to check; incapable of restraint, discretion, or respect; above all, incapable of bearing a yoke; proud to the zenith in all sorts of ways, bitter and ungovernable in dispute, impossible to convince on any point; accustomed to rule, vindictively insulting under any contradiction, always singular in his opinions, often strange; impatient to excess of a greater than he; debauched, both shamefully and abominably, continually and publicly; proud of the king's liking, so openly shown for himself and his birth, and of the powerful cabal which sustained him; fruitful in wiles, and with much intellect; knowing well the persons with whom he dealt; a man to

whom all means were good; without truth, without honour, without honesty of any kind; with a brazen forehead that dared all, undertook all, maintained all; to whom experience had shown that he could do all, and that for him there was nought to fear. I said that, this being so, it was impossible that these two men should not quarrel; that public affairs should not suffer; that the responsibility for untoward events should not be cast from one to the other; that the army should not take sides; that the stronger should not destroy the weaker; and that the stronger would be Vendôme, whom no curb, no fear would restrain, and who, with the help of his cabal, would ruin the young prince, and ruin him beyond recall.

M. de Beauvilliers, whose patience was coming to an end, wanted to speak at this point, but I conjured him to be so good as to listen to me to the end of a matter that led to something farther. "Is it possible," he answered, "that you have more to say?" "Yes," I replied, "and something more important still, if you will only give me time." I then told him that after considering the army we must come to the Court. But to understand this it is necessary to remember what I have already explained about Mlle. de Lislebonne, Mme. d'Espinoy, their uncle Vaudemont, their union with Mlle. Choin and Mme. la Duchesse, on the one hand, with MM. du Maine and de Vendôme on the other, and their power over Chamillart and Mme. de Maintenon through those persons.

I told M. de Beauvilliers, therefore, that he must add to all I had just represented to him the part that the Court cabals would play in the affair. "The king, monsieur," I said to him, "is old, and you know how people reckon on the future, especially when there is no hope to change the present. Mlle. Choin is frigid to the Duc and Duchesse de Bour-

gogne. She governs Monseigneur between the Prince de Conti and M. de Vendôme. For the present all those people are living together in the closest union; they are a group that make but one person. It is their interest to possess Monseigneur and keep others away by their own solidity, and that interest will last as long as the king lives; but as soon as Monseigneur is on the throne, each will pull for himself or herself, at the cost of the present intimacy, and the race will be to whoever shall get chief possession of a prince too shallow to choose, too blind to see anything whatever by himself. M. de Bourgogne is twenty-six years old. His mind, his virtue, his application have won him a reputation in Europe, and the highest hopes of all Frenchmen. He has succeeded in two campaigns. He succeeds even more in the councils. The Court regards him with a respect it cannot withhold, although it fears his morals, which have already annoyed the king on more than one occasion. An heir to the throne who becomes dauphin with these advantages, will he not naturally be the soul of the government, and the dispenser of favours under a father by that time an old king, and one who has never been educated or taught to apply his mind? Where are the ministers, the princes, the courtiers who could then compete with him? Those who now govern Monseigneur have the most urgent interest in preventing his son from ruling him; but it will be too late if the death of the king finds the young prince with his present reputation; therefore they have no other resource than to attempt to rob him of it in the king's lifetime. To reach this end occasions might not be found in the ordinary life of the Court; but at the war, at the head of troops discouraged, undisciplined, lacking everything, with the fatal habit of expecting reverses, and under a general whose license, ease, and power have won him the heart of the common soldiers and the sub-officers, occa-

sions will be found. The cries of the army will then echo back to the town, the kingdom, the Court. Monseigneur will be primed against him and cast the first stone, and the courtiers, who already dread his austerity, will toss the stone from hand to hand, fearing nothing since Monseigneur threw it. When that happens, what do you think the people I have named to you will do? What gains to themselves will they not draw out of it? What wires will they not pull behind the tapestries? Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne will weep but arguments will be wanted then, not tears, and who is to produce them against this torrent? Mme. de Maintenon will be grieved for her princess, but persuaded over by M. du Maine; and the king, angry and indignant, will listen to the wily, adroit, and underhanded thrusts of that dear son of his loves. You will then see Vendôme issuing glorious, and Mgr. the Duc de Bourgogne ruined, ruined at the Court in France and throughout all Europe."

M. de Beauvilliers, with all his gentleness and patience, had great difficulty in letting me get to an end of what I had to say; then, with severe gravity, he reproved me for letting myself indulge in that way such fantastic ideas, in which there was no possibility, the only foundation for them being in my disgust at M. de Vendôme's defects, my aversion to his rank and birth, and my impatience at the favour in which I saw him. He added that whatever Vendôme might be, he was not so blind as to risk a struggle against an heir to the throne, whose reputation was the consolation of all Frenchmen, the hope of the Court, the surprise of the world, enemy though it be to virtue; one, moreover, whom the king, in spite of what I had said, loved with something more than mere esteem, and whose wife made all his domestic pleasure and Mme. de Maintenon's. Then the duke reverted with some bitterness to my prejudices, to the lengths to which my

imagination and my aversions led me; he did not say my absurdities, because he was much too circumspect to use that word, but he made me feel the weight of it all the same. I answered that, without being convinced by his arguments against mine, I submitted to his knowledge and intelligence, especially as it related to a matter already decided, about which there was nothing to discuss; but that I should always have reproached myself if I had not confided to him my fears; and that no one could wish more ardently than I there might be no grounds for them. On that he became serene and began to talk to me about the conduct which the Duc de Bourgogne ought to propose to himself in the army, as to the importance of which we readily agreed.

I will not omit a trifling event to which I was a witness during this very trip to Marly. The king, about five o'clock in the afternoon, came out on foot and passed before all the pavilions on the Marly side. He stopped before one, which was Desmarets' [then controller of finance], who at that moment appeared with the famous banker, Samuel Bernard, whom he had invited out to dine and work with him. Bernard was the richest banker in Europe, and did the heaviest and safest business in money. He felt his strength, and exacted proportionable deference. The controllers-general, who had more to do with him than he with them, treated him always with much respect and distinction. The king said to Desmarets that he was very glad to see M. Bernard; then, immediately after, he said to the latter: "You are a man who has probably never seen Marly; come and see it with me, and I will return you afterwards to Desmarets." Bernard followed him, and throughout the walk the king spoke to none but him, and took him everywhere and showed him everything with the graces he knew so well how to employ

The king picks Samuel Bernard's pocket agreeably.

when he wanted to flatter. I wondered, and I was not the only one, at this species of prostitution in the king, so chary of his words, to a man of Bernard's stamp. It was not long before I heard the cause, and then I wondered still more at the straits to which great kings are sometimes reduced.

Desmarets was now at his wits' end. All things were lacking, and money was exhausted. He had rapped at every banker's door in Paris. But so often and so curtly had all sorts of agreements been broken that he found closed doors and excuses everywhere. Samuel Bernard, like the rest, would advance him nothing. In vain Desmarets represented to him the pressing need, and the enormous gains he had already made out of the king. Bernard was immovable. The king and the minister were cruelly embarrassed. Desmarets told the king that, looking at the matter all round, there was nobody but Bernard who could get him out of trouble, because he had immense funds everywhere. The question was how to conquer his will, and his insolent obstinacy, and Desmarets suggested that, being a man who was crazy with vanity, he was capable of opening his purse if the king would deign to flatter him. In the pressing necessity of his affairs the king consented; and in order to try this expedient with less indecency and without risking a refusal, Desmarets suggested the little play I have just related. Bernard was duped. He returned from his walk with the king so enchanted that he said of his own accord he would rather risk ruin than leave a prince who had shown him such favour in trouble; and he praised the king with the utmost enthusiasm. Desmarets at once profited by his feelings, and got much more out of him than had been at first proposed.

III

During this same trip to Marly, Mansart died very suddenly. He was superintendent of buildings, and a personage on whom we may well pause for a moment. He was a tall, well-made man with a pleasant face, from the dregs of the people, with a great deal of natural wit turned wholly to clever ingratiation; though he never was purged of the coarseness contracted in his former condition. First a drummer, then a stone-cutter, mason's apprentice, and finally groom, he ingratiated himself with the great Mansart,[1] who has left so fine a reputation among French architects, and who employed him on the king's buildings, and tried to teach him and make something out of him. People suspected him of being François Mansart's bastard, but he said he was his nephew, and sometime after François' death, which happened in 1666, the younger man took his name, hoping to make himself known to the public eye, and succeeded in doing so. He rose by degrees, induced the king to notice him, and profited so well by his familiarity with seigneurs, valets, and masons that the king, finding in him all the charms of obscurity and vagueness, fancied he also found the uncle's talents in him, and hastened to get rid of Villacerf, his former superintendent, in order to put Mansart in his place. He was ignorant

Death, fortune, and character of Mansart.

[1] François Mansart, or Mansard, b. 1598, d. 1666, built the hôtel Carnavalet in Paris, the Château de Maisons, and the Val-de-Grâce. Jules-Hardouin Mansart, b. 1646, d. 1708, built the châteaux of Marly and Dampierre, the palace of Versailles, the great Trianon, and the dome of the Invalides. — Tr.

of his business. De Coste, his brother-in-law, whom he made head architect, knew no more than he. They got their plans, designs, and ideas from a designer of buildings named L'Assurance, whom they kept, as much as they could, under lock and key.

Mansart's cunning lay in coaxing the king by apparent trifles into long and costly enterprises, and by showing him incomplete plans, especially for the gardens, which instantly captured his mind and caused him to make suggestions; then Mansart would exclaim that he never should have thought of what the king proposed, went into raptures, declared he was but a scholar compared to him, and so made the king tumble whichever way he pleased without suspecting it. Plans in hand he made his way into the cabinets, and, little by little, into all of them and at all hours, often without his plans and without having anything to say about his business. Finally, he began to mingle in the conversation, and accustomed the king to talk with him about the news of the day and other matters. Sometimes he hazarded questions, but he chose his moments; he knew the king to perfection, and never mistook the time to be familiar or to keep himself reserved. He would show specimens of this privilege during the king's walks, in order to let people know what he could do; but he never used his power to harm any one; though it might have been dangerous to wound him. He thus acquired a consideration by which he subdued to his interests not only the seigneurs and princes of the blood, but the bastards, the ministers, who carefully kept on good terms with him, and even the principal household valets.

The king, who thought it very bad if the courtiers when ill did not go to Fagon and submit themselves entirely to him, had precisely the same weakness for Mansart; it

would have been a dangerous short-coming in any one who built buildings or made gardens not to have given himself wholly up to Mansart, who on his side thought the same thing himself. But he was not capable. He built the bridge at Moulins, and thought it a masterpiece of solidity, of which he boasted with much complacency. Four or five months after it was finished, Charlus, father of the Duc de Lévi, came to the king's *lever*, on arriving from his estates, which are close to Moulins. He was a clever man, rather discontented, and apt to be caustic. Mansart, who was present, wanted praises about his bridge, and finally asked the king to inquire about it. Charlus said nothing. The king, observing that he did not enter the conversation, asked him for news of the bridge at Moulins. "Sire," replied Charlus, "I don't know anything since it went off, but I think it must be near Nantes at the present moment." "What do you think I am talking about?" said the king. "I mean the bridge at Moulins." "Yes, sire," replied Charlus, tranquilly, "the bridge at Moulins; it got loose the night before I came away and floated off down the river." The king and Mansart were amazed, and the courtiers turned round to laugh. The fact was exactly so. The bridge at Blois, built by Mansart some time previously, had played him the same trick.

He made immense sums out of his works and his contracts, and all else that concerned his buildings, of which he was the absolute master, and with such authority that not a workman, contractor, or person about the buildings would have dared to speak or make the slightest fuss. As he had no taste, nor the king either, he never executed anything fine, nor even convenient, for the vast expenses he incurred. Monseigneur ceased to employ him at Meudon, perceiving (by the help of others) that he was

trying to embark him in extravagant works. The king, who ought to have been very grateful to Monseigneur and displeased with Mansart, did all he could to reconcile them, even offering to share largely in the costs. But Monseigneur, nettled at being taken for a dupe, excused himself. Du Mont told me this fact; he was always angry about it. That fine chapel at Versailles, fine so far as the workmanship and the ornamentation go, which took so many years and cost so many millions, and is so badly proportioned, and looks as if it were going to crush the château, was only built in that way for a scheme. Mansart had reckoned his proportions from the royal pews only, because the king was almost never likely to enter the chapel from below, and he made this horrible excrescence above the roof of the château in order to force the king by that deformity to raise the whole château one story; if the war had not happened just at that time it would have been done; meantime Mansart died. A colic of twelve hours' duration carried him off, and made people talk a good deal. Fagon laid hands on him and condemned him gayly, and would not let them give him anything hot; he declared Mansart had killed himself at dinner with too much ice and green peas and other vegetable delicacies, with which, so Fagon said, he regaled himself before the king had any at his own table. The rumour went that certain *fermiers des postes* were warned that Mansart had undertaken to show the king certain statements against them, and that he had even obtained the promise from the king of a large sum of money if the warning proved true; and also that he had refused forty thousand francs a year which the *fermiers* had offered him to desist in the matter. The unnatural swelling of his body after death, and certain spots found when they opened it, gave ground for singular rumours, whether true or false.

Disasters in Flanders; defeat at Audenarde.

The march of the army under Prince Eugène had divided in two that of the Elector, who had followed it for some time. It seemed easy for our army, by crossing the Scheldt and burning Audenarde, to bar the country from the enemy and render his subsistence very difficult and ours very abundant, coming as it did by water, and to a camp which could not be attacked. M. de Vendôme agreed to all that and alleged nothing to the contrary, but to execute so easy a project it was necessary for him to stir from his present quarters and go into camp. The whole difficulty lay in M. de Vendôme's personal laziness; at ease in his quarters he wanted to enjoy them as long as he could, and he therefore declared that this movement, which they would always be masters of making, could very well be deferred. The Duc de Bourgogne, supported by the whole army and even by several of Vendôme's confidants, represented to him vainly that, since this move in his own judgment was a right one, it was worth more taken then than taken later, that there was no difficulty about making it, but delay might possibly hinder or prevent it, which, by Vendôme's own acknowledgment, would be disastrous. Vendôme, however, was loath to undertake the fatigue of the march and the change of quarters; he regretted as usual the ease he should have to quit, and these considerations were the stronger.

Marlborough saw clearly that Vendôme had nothing better or more important to do than to make that movement, nor he anything better than to prevent it. To make it, Vendôme had only to follow the short string of a bent bow; to stop him, Marlborough had to march round the arch of that bow, which was deeply curved; in other words, Marlborough had twenty-six leagues to make, against Vendôme's six at

the most. The enemy marched with such diligence that they managed to steal three forced marches before Vendôme suspected it. Warned at last, he despised, as he usually did, the warning; convinced that he could easily head them off by marching the next day. The Duc de Bourgogne urged him to march that evening; others, who dared, represented to him the importance and the necessity of doing so. All was useless, in spite of continual news of the march of the enemy. His negligence was so great that he had not even thought of throwing bridges over a stream at the head of the camp. He said it could be done during the night.[1]

The losses sustained in the battle of Audenarde, where there were many killed and wounded, were concealed as much as possible; four thousand soldiers and seven hundred officers were made prisoners (not counting those who were heard of afterwards), and the dispersion of the troops was enormous.

As soon as the Duc de Bourgogne reached Lauendeghem he wrote to the king, in few words, referring him for details to the Duc de Vendôme. At the same time he wrote to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, saying, in so many words, that the usual obstinacy and wilful security of the Duc de Vendôme, which hindered him from marching two days earlier, as he should have done, and as he himself desired, had caused the sad event which had happened; that another such disaster would make him leave the army, if he were not prevented from so doing by orders to which he owed a blind obedience; that he comprehended neither the attack, nor the fight, nor the retreat, and that he felt so outraged he could say no more. The courier who brought these letters took one as he passed

[1] This abridgment does not give space for the story of this campaign. History agrees that the defeat at Oudenarde (which Saint-Simon spells Audenarde), the capture of Lille, and the invasion of French territory, were the results of this lethargy on the part of Vendôme. — TR.

Salon at Fontainebleau

through Ghent, written by Vendôme to the king from that city, in which he tried to persuade him on a single page that the battle was not to our disadvantage. Shortly after he despatched another, also in few words, telling the king that he should have beaten the enemy had he been sustained; and also that if, contrary to his opinion, the retreat had not been obstinately insisted on, he should certainly have beaten them the next day; for all details he referred him to Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne. Thus these details, bandied from one to the other, never came, sharpened curiosity, and created a darkness by which Vendôme expected to save himself. A third courier brought the king a long despatch written by the Duc de Bourgogne, and a very short one from M. de Vendôme, who still excused himself from sending details on divers pretexts, also a number of letters for private individuals. The king took them and read them all, one among them three times over, and returned very few, and those open. This was directly after the king's supper, so that all the ladies who followed the princesses into the cabinet witnessed these readings, about which the king said nothing. The Duchesse de Bourgogne had a letter from her husband, and a short one from the Duc de Berry, who told her that M. de Vendôme was very unlucky, and the whole army was down upon him. As soon as the duchess returned to her own apartments she could not refrain from remarking that the Duc de Bourgogne had very foolish persons about him, but said no more than that.

Biron, who was released by the enemy on parole that he would not go near our army, arrived at Fontainebleau July 25. His reserve was a useful shield against the indiscreet and impetuous questions addressed to him. The king saw him several times in private in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, and promised him secrecy, to which he was strictly

faithful. Biron was a great friend of mine, and I saw him at my ease. He told me much.

Behaviour of the cabal of Meudon.

We must now remember the situation of the Court and its principal personages, their views, their interests, such as I have explained them in various places, and above all my conversation with the Duc de Beauvilliers in the gardens of Marly as to the appointment of the Duc de Bourgogne to the army of Flanders. We have seen the intimate relations of the bastards with Vaudemont, his powerful nieces, and principally with Vendôme. We must not lose sight of the interest all these persons had in destroying and dishonouring the Duc de Bourgogne, in order not to have to reckon with him during the life of the king, and after the king's death to be rid of his influence, and so govern Monseigneur themselves upon the throne. That was the general interest of all, ready, as I have said elsewhere, to eat each other up when the time came, until the power remained to one of them. Mlle. Choin and her intimates were in the plot up to their necks for the same reason; and poor Chamillart, whose interest was just the other way for a thousand reasons, and who was far too good and honourable a man to have dabbled in the plot had he known of it, was their blind instrument.

At first the cabal, bewildered by so disastrous an event, waited for more light and more details, and to avoid making a false step, stopped short to listen. Feeling the danger of its hero, it grew bolder; cast a few whispers around it to gauge their reception; bolder still, it broke out aloud in certain places. Encouraged by these essays, which found little opposition in a bewildered community kept without details, it risked a few praises of Vendôme; after that, disputes with whoever refused to agree with them, until, encouraging each other by these successes, they dared at last

to throw the blame openly on the Duc de Bourgogne, and very soon after they came to invectives because their first attempts had not been repressed. There was no one but the king and Monseigneur who could have done so. The king was still ignorant of those attempts; Monseigneur was ensnared; and besides, he had no courage to overawe any one; the mass of the courtiers, still in the dark as to the details of the affair and afraid of personages of such influence and high degree, knew nothing and dared make no reply; they remained therefore in a state of wonder and expectation. All this raised the courage of the cabal. In the absence of details, which Vendôme took good care not to furnish, they dared to spread about letters and documents the trickery, falsehood, and imposture of which knew no bounds, and went so far that the only term that I can apply to them is an attempt at impeachment.

Before this outburst of the cabal, the Duc de Beauvilliers, remembering all that I had said to him at Marly, and thoroughly informed by his letters from Flanders, had come to my room with his heart full of grief to make me a sort of honourable amends. I contented myself with begging him to see that nothing was gained by ignoring what was happening at Court, the selfish interests, the intimacies, the aims, the motives; and also to be convinced that my dislike of the rank, the pretension, the vices of all these persons did not lead me to imagine chimeras. As to this outbreak I agreed with him heartily that the facts had passed all likelihood, but I begged him to observe that the most unexpected things happened much oftener than people thought, and were not beyond foresight, if, in the temple of ambition, we do not enslave our minds to misconceive ambitious men, and have no scruples in believing people capable of whatever their desire for office, favour, and success inspires them to do.

We had many discussions at various times, he, the Duc de Chevreuse and I, on the best means of opening the eyes of the king and arresting this evil. The trouble was, not that the whole Court was corrupted in favour of the Duc de Vendôme, but that fear held people back; also the apparent uselessness of opposing the torrent induced silence and inaction. Boufflers and many others were in that position.

Duchesse de Bourgogne; her conduct.

We agreed, the two dukes and I, as to what hints we ought to give to the Duc de Bourgogne about his conduct both at the army and here, and also about his letters; and I undertook to warn the Duchesse de Bourgogne, through Mme. de Nogaret, of what we thought she had better know and do. She herself sent that lady to consult with me and to tell me frankly how she stood with the king and Mme. de Maintenon, what she could do and what she could not do. I do not think she had a liking for the Duc de Bourgogne personally, or that his affection for her was not irksome to her. I think she found his piety oppressive, and feared a future in which it might become still more so. But amid all that, she felt the value and usefulness of his friendship, and of what sterling weight his confidence would some day be to her. Nor was she less sensitive to his reputation, on which all his influence rested for many years to come, — until in short, he had an influence of his own as king; and she saw that until then, if forced to succumb to this storm, dishonoured, and consequently an object of shame and distress to the king and to Monseigneur, the greatest misfortunes would result, at any rate a most sad life, in which she herself would have to bear a part. I made her understand, through Mme. de Nogaret, the persons with whom she had to do. She was always very gentle, and still more, very timid; but the importance of this

crisis roused her beyond her natural self. She was, moreover, cruelly stabbed and affronted by the insults of Vendôme to her husband, publicly offered to him, and those, so false and atrocious, that his emissaries were now publishing. However moderate, however self-controlled the Duc de Bourgogne's conscience kept him outwardly, he had not been able to restrain the outpourings of his heart in writing to his wife; and those letters, added to what reached her from other sources, were like stinging goads to her. She did therefore so much, and did it so well, that she carried the day with Mme. de Maintenon against the veiled artifices, the wily charming, of M. du Maine. She won her, she roused her, she induced her to speak to the king, besieged on all sides, whom nothing could reach on the side of truth and his grandson except through her.

The cabal was bewildered to see Mme. de Maintenon escaping M. du Maine and devoting herself to the Duc de Bourgogne, and to hear, as the fruit thereof, of certain words said by the king in council. On reflection, however, they concluded that what the king had said was no more than he owed to his grandson, and to the empire which Mme. de Maintenon had acquired over him. They thought he was more led away than convinced, and that by holding firm they could still keep him balanced between his love for M. du Maine, his liking for Vendôme, bastardy in general, and his principal valets, on the one hand, and his habit of deference to Mme. de Maintenon, and the amusement he took in the Duchesse de Bourgogne, on the other. They therefore redoubled their efforts to spread about their letters and documents and all they could invent that was most atrocious and insidious. They were too well guided to be mistaken. M. du Maine and Bloin knew the king thoroughly; they beset him; he liked it; taste and habit

were both gratified. The efforts of the Duchesse de Bourgogne redoubled as the cabal redoubled its blows; Mme. de Maintenon supported her, and the king became so restive that he scolded the princess harshly several times, and declared he could not stand her temper and bitterness.

Anxiety at Court.

As time went on the public agitation became extreme, even to indecency. The minds of all were occupied in expecting a decisive battle; every one was drawn to desire it by the straits to which things were reduced; there seemed, in fact, nothing else to look to. The fortunate junction of the two armies [those of Berwick and Vendôme], was at first regarded as a presage of success; but delays had sharpened impatience. Every one was uneasy; even the king asked news of the courtiers, and seemed unable to understand what delayed the couriers. The princes and seigneurs and the people about the Court who served them were with the army. All Versailles felt the danger of its nearest relations, of its friends, and the risk to the fortunes of the best-established families. The Forty-hour prayers were offered everywhere. The Duchesse de Bourgogne passed whole nights in the chapel when she was thought to be in bed, and she wore out her ladies with her many vigils. Following her example, women whose husbands were with the army scarcely stirred from the churches. Cards, conversations even, ceased. Fear that was almost shameful was painted on the faces and heard in talk. If a horse passed rapidly every one ran to know where it went. Chamillart's apartment was crowded with lacqueys even to the street, their masters wanting instant news of the arrival of a courier; and this horror lasted nearly a month, until the end of all uncertainty about a battle was reached. Paris, being farther from the source of news, was still more troubled, and the provinces in proportion even

more so. The king had written to all the bishops requesting them to offer public prayers in terms corresponding to the danger; it is easy to imagine the impression this made and the general alarm.

I bet with Cani about Lille.

One evening, during the impatience for a courier who never came, I was talking after supper at Chamillart's with five or six persons, among them La Feuillade. Full of my own conviction, and provoked at the boasting of coming battles and of victories and succour which I heard about me, I suddenly lost patience and proposed to Cani, whom I interrupted, to bet four pistoles that there would be no battle, that Lille would be taken, and not relieved. Great uproar among the few present at so strange a proposal, and many questions as to the reasons that led me to make it. I was careful not to tell my real reason; and answered merely that that was my opinion. Cani and Chamillart protested that beside the ardent desires of Vendôme and the whole army, the most precise and reiterated orders had been sent to relieve Lille; that I was throwing my pistoles into the river; and they warned me that Cani was betting on a certainty. I told them, with the same coolness (which covered what was boiling within me), that I had no doubt of what they said, but all the same I did not change my opinion, but maintained it, in English fashion. I was exhorted, but held firm, and always in just those few words. At last they consented, making fun of me, and Cani thanking me for the little present I was so kind as to make him. We drew out from our pockets, he and I, our four pistoles, and gave them to Chamillart to hold. Never was man more astonished. As he went to lock up the eight pistoles he took me with him to the other end of the room. "In God's name," he said, "do me the kindness to tell me on what you base your conviction; for I repeat, on

the word of a man of honour, that I have sent the most positive orders, and there is no possible way in which they can be evaded." I got out of it by talking of the time already lost of which the enemy would surely have made the most, and the consequent impossibility of executing his orders. I was careful, intimate as we were, not to say more to a tool of Vaudemont and his nieces, who was completely infatuated with Vendôme; a man of honour truly, but too incapable of opening his eyes to allow any hope of making him see a project they had sedulously hidden from him, but which, unknown to himself, he had hitherto so usefully served.

Nothing could have been more simple than this bet and the way in which it was made at a private house in which I spent most of my evenings. I did not even express myself in any way, except in this brief talk with Chamillart, on whose friendship and discretion I could always rely. Yet a very rapid experience, very unfortunate in its results, showed me that I had never done anything more imprudent. The next day this bet was the news of the Court; nothing else was talked of. No one can live at a Court without enemies. I ought not to have been a cause of envy to any one; but the valuable friends I had made there made me regarded as being some-one and some-thing of importance for my age. The Lorrains could not forgive me for certain things which I have told in these Memoirs, and others that were not worth writing about. M. du Maine, whose remarkable advances I had evaded and who could not be ignorant of what I thought about his rank, did not like me, nor, in consequence, did Mme. de Maintenon. As for the cabal itself, I had expressed myself too openly after the fight at Audenarde to be forgiven by them. They did not, therefore, allow my bet to pass. In short, the next day there was a frightful

uproar. Malice went so far as to accuse me of being disloyal, discontented with the war, and of gloating over its ill-success. These remarks were carefully carried to the king and adroitly put into him; the reputation of having a mind and an education, which had been found so conducive to my injury at the time of my choice for Rome, was again brought up and refreshed in his mind with such art that I was wholly lost in his good opinion for more than two months before I became aware of it, — in fact, without my really suspecting anything on his part for a much longer time. All that I could now do was to let this great racket go by, and hold my tongue so as not to give ground for worse.

Chamillart, who had been sent by the king to the army, returned to Versailles during the king's supper on Tuesday, September 18. The king worked with him after leaving the table till he went to bed, and was only a moment with the princesses. Chamillart gave him an account of all he had seen and of the confident hope of M. de Vendôme to capture the waggon trains of the enemy, and so deprive them of subsistence, — in other words, compel them to abandon the siege.

The king needed these intervals of consolation and hope. Master as he was of his words and of his face, he deeply felt the inability into which he was daily sinking more and more to resist his enemies. What I have related of Samuel Bernard, to whom he showed the gardens of Marly in collusion with Desmarets to obtain an assistance he could not procure elsewhere, is a strong proof of this. On the other hand, he had periods of great fortitude, which edified less than they surprised. At the time of the junction of the Duc de Berwick with the grand army he noticed one evening in Mme. de Maintenon's room the sadness and

anxiety of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. He seemed surprised and asked her what was the matter, saying she ought to be reassured by the satisfaction he felt at the junction of the armies. "And the princes, your grandsons?" she said, quickly. "I am anxious about them," he replied, "but I hope all will go well." "So am I," she replied, "and that is why I am sad and troubled." During all the terror and quivering of the Court while waiting, as I have related, for a battle, the king distressed every one by going out from Versailles every day either to hunt or drive, for no one could know until after his return the news that arrived in his absence. Whether this was done because he did not wish by changing his habits to show his uneasiness, or whether he did not feel sufficient uneasiness to yield his amusements, I cannot say.

Indifference of Monseigneur.

As for Monseigneur he seemed wholly exempt from all anxiety, even on the day when Chamillart returned from Flanders. Monseigneur went off to dine at Meudon on that day, saying it would be time enough to hear the news when he returned. He did this more than once while the anxious waiting for the battle in Flanders and the relief of Lille kept every one glued to the windows to watch for the couriers. He was present when Chamillart brought the king the news of the investiture of that place, and while he read the letter. Half way through, Monseigneur went away. The king called him back to hear the rest. He returned and listened. The reading over, he went off without saying a word. The credulity of Monseigneur for those who had captured him went to a point that is incredible to any one who did not see it, as I shall have occasion to show later. He swallowed against his own son all the poison they gave him; he let it be seen that he was primed with it; and he never got over it for the rest of

his life. His tastes were not for him nor for those who had had charge of his education. So precise a piety constrained and annoyed him; his heart was for the King of Spain, and he never belied it. He was fond also of the Duc de Berry, who enlivened him by his taste for liberty and pleasure. The cabal took advantage of this. It had too strong an interest in depriving the Duc de Bourgogne of the esteem, affection, and confidence of Monseigneur not to carefully promote by every possible means the estrangement it was producing.

I had intended to go to La Ferté directly after the return from Fontainebleau, to enjoy what remained of the summer season. Several influential friends desired to prevent this, on account of the great anxiety relating to Flanders. I was fully convinced that nothing would take place, and that Lille would not be relieved. Moreover, I began to feel I could no longer bear the audacity and triumph of the cabal against the Duc de Bourgogne; and I was longing to be at a distance from the Court, when the Duc de Beauvilliers, after exhausting his reasons for detaining me, suddenly asked me if I would not at least for love of the Duc de Bourgogne make an effort to stay some days longer at Court. That disarmed my impatience. I promised to stay until he himself should set me free, but I begged him not to try too far the little self-control I had among these criminal schemes which nothing could successfully oppose. He promised; and, moreover, he sent word to the Duc de Bourgogne of the effort I had made over myself out of regard for him. This delay did me no good, nor did it serve in any way those who wished it. I was odious to the whole cabal. It had muzzled even those who were most convinced of its crimes. I dare to say here that I was perhaps the only man in whom enough courage remained not to keep the truth under lock and key, and to

give counsel. The latter they feared; the former they hated, and it was all the more odious to them because they had strangled it.

I am warned by the Bishop of Chartres of injury done me with the king.

Not long after I finally reached La Ferté, I received a letter from the Bishop of Chartres, dated from Saint-Cyr, which warned me that the worst possible offices had been done me with the king and Mme. de Maintenon, and had taken root. I wrote to him at once by an express, asking for more information on so vague a statement, and also giving him grounds on which to defend me about the tales against me for my bet as to Lille, until I knew more and could ward off the blows with greater certainty. I was not surprised, but rather embarrassed by the limited information he had given me, for when my express reached Saint-Cyr the bishop had already returned to Chartres, and would not after that tell me more. By this affair I was confused and troubled for more than a year; and the way in which I finally got out of it will be found in its proper place. I did not stay long at La Ferté, for I wanted to be at Court on the return of the Duc d'Orléans, and especially on that of the Duc de Bourgogne.

Return of the princes to Court.

Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne was in great agitation as to the reception her husband would receive, and very desirous to have time to talk with him and warn him of the state of things before he could see the king or any one else. The young prince arrived Monday, December the 11th, soon after seven in the evening, and just as Monseigneur had gone to the comedy, where the Duchesse de Bourgogne would not go, in order to await her husband. I do not know why he entered by the Cour des Princes instead of the grand courtyard. I was at that moment in the Comtesse de Roucy's apartment, the windows

of which overlooked the Cour. I went out directly, and on reaching the head of the grand staircase at the end of the gallery, I saw the prince coming up between the Ducs de Beauvilliers and de La Rocheguyon, who had met him as he left his carriage. He looked well and was gay and smiling, bowing right and left. I made my bow beside the stairs. He did me the honour to embrace me, but in a way that showed he was better informed as to what was happening than attentive to what he owed to his dignity, and he spoke to me alone for quite a long distance, during which he slipped into my ear a few words, telling me he was not ignorant how I had talked and behaved on his account. He was met by a group of courtiers, at the head of whom was the Duc de La Rochefoucauld; accompanied by them he passed through the great guard-room, and, instead of entering Mme. de Maintenon's apartment by the antechamber and the back door, which was much the shortest way, he went along the landing of the grand staircase, and entered her apartment by the great door. It was the day on which the king ordinarily worked with Pontchartrain. The latter was there alone with the king and Mme. de Maintenon, and he told me of this curious reception that same evening, for he took great note of it and was its only witness. I say only witness, for the Duchesse de Bourgogne went and came. But to fully understand the scene a moment of dull explanation is necessary.

The apartment of Mme. de Maintenon was on the same floor and directly opposite the king's guard-room. The antechamber was really a long passage leading into another antechamber of the same form. Between the door which led into Mme. de Maintenon's room from this second antechamber and the chimney stood the king's arm-chair, its back against the wall, with a table before it, at the side of which was a folding stool for whichever minister was

working with him. On the other side of the chimney was a niche, draped in red damask, and an arm-chair in which sat Mme. de Maintenon with a table before her. Farther on, was her bed in a recess. Opposite to the foot of the bed were five steps up, and a door leading into a very large cabinet, which opened into the first antechamber of the Duc de Bourgogne's apartments. Every evening the Duchesse de Bourgogne played cards in this large cabinet with such of her ladies as had the *entrée* (who were but few), and from there she could enter as often as she liked the chamber of Mme. de Maintenon, where the latter always sat with the king, the fireplace between them. Monseigneur, after the comedy, usually came up to the large cabinet, which Mme. de Maintenon seldom entered, and the king never. Before the king's supper Mme. de Maintenon's servants brought in her soup and cover and something besides. She ate the supper, her women and one footman serving her, — the king being always present, and nearly always working with a minister. The supper over, and it was short, the table was carried away; Mme. de Maintenon's women remained and immediately undressed her and put her to bed. When the king was informed that his supper was ready, he went to say a word to Mme. de Maintenon, and then rang a bell which sounded in the great cabinet; whereupon Monseigneur, if he was there, the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne, the Duc de Berry, and the ladies of the Duchesse de Bourgogne entered, single file, the chamber of Mme. de Maintenon, merely to pass through it and precede the king, who then went to supper, at which the Duchesse de Bourgogne and her ladies sat down.

As soon as the sounds of the arrival of the young prince were heard in Mme. de Maintenon's chamber, the king

was so disturbed that he changed colour several times. The Duchesse de Bourgogne seemed to tremble, and flitted about from the bedroom to the antechamber or the cabinet, under pretence of watching for the prince, but really to hide her agitation. Presently the doors opened; the young prince advanced to the king, who, master of himself if any man ever was, instantly lost all embarrassment, made a step or two towards his grandson, embraced him with sufficient appearance of tenderness, spoke of his journey, and then, pointing to the princess, added, laughing: "Have you nothing to say to her?" The prince then turned for an instant towards his wife and bowed respectfully, but did not stir from his place. He next bowed to Mme. de Maintenon, who received him very well. Talk of the journey, the roads, the stopping-places lasted, every one standing up, about half a quarter of an hour; then the king said it was not fair to keep him any longer from the pleasure of being alone with the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and sent him away; adding that they should have leisure to see each other again. The prince made his reverence to the king, then to Mme. de Maintenon, and passed up the five steps into the great cabinet, where he embraced the duchess, saluted her ladies, that is to say, kissed them, remained a few moments, and then entered his own apartment, where he shut himself up alone with the Duchesse de Bourgogne.

Reception of the Duc de Bourgogne.

Their *tête-à-tête* lasted two hours; Mme. la duchesse then returned to the grand cabinet. Monseigneur came, as usual, after the comedy. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, troubled that her husband did not hasten to salute Monseigneur, went herself to find him, and returned saying that he was powdering; but observing that Monseigneur was not pleased with this lack of eagerness, she sent to hurry him. The

Maréchale d'Estrées, a silly, giddy creature, possessed to say everything that came into her head, attacked Monseigneur for waiting so tranquilly to see his son, instead of going himself to embrace him. Monseigneur answered curtly that it was not for him to seek the Duc de Bourgogne, but for the Duc de Bourgogne to come to his father. At last he came. The reception was fairly good, but by no means like that of the king. At this moment the king rang, and they all passed to supper. Soon after, the Duc de Berry arrived, and came at once to salute the king at table. At sight of him all hearts seemed joyful. The king embraced him tenderly. Monseigneur looked at him in the same manner, but dared not embrace him in the king's presence. Every one present seemed to court him. He remained standing beside the king during the rest of the supper; the talk was only of post-horses, roads, and trifles of that kind. The king also spoke while at table to the Duc de Bourgogne; but with quite a different air and manner from that he used to the Duc de Berry.

M. de Vendôme arrived at Versailles on the morning of Saturday, December 16, and made his reverence to the king as he left his cabinet to go to his private dinner. The king embraced him with a sort of ardour which made a triumph for the cabal. Vendôme kept the field throughout the whole dinner, though the talk was only of trifles. The king told him that he would see him the next day at Mme. de Maintenon's. This delay, which was a new thing to Vendôme, was not a good omen for him. He then went to pay his respects to the Duc de Bourgogne, who received him well in spite of what had passed. After that he went to Monseigneur, in the Princesse de Conti's apartment, on his return from hunting; there indeed he felt himself strong. His reception was of

Return and reception of the Duc de Vendôme.

the best, and much talk went on about nothing; he wished to profit by the occasion to induce Monseigneur to visit him at Anet. His surprise and that of the company was great at the ambiguous reply made by Monseigneur, who, however, let it be understood, and rather dryly, that he should not go. Vendôme seemed embarrassed, and shortened his visit. The next day he was scarcely an hour with the king and Mme. de Maintenon. His Abbé Alberoni appeared at the king's mass as a courtier with unparalleled effrontery. After a few days they departed for Anet; but before they went Vendôme had seen signs of a downfall, which led him to invite everybody to visit him, — him, who in other years made it the greatest favour to receive people, and then only those who were grand and distinguished, not deigning to notice any others. He now felt his own diminution in that of his company. Some excused themselves; others failed to keep the engagement which they had made with him.

The king had despatched a letter to the Maréchal de Boufflers at Douai, urging his return. He arrived Sunday, December 17, the day after the Duc de Vendôme, that counterfeit hero of favour and cabals; the other a hero in spite of himself, by the voice of all Frenchmen and their enemies. No man ever merited a triumph more, or evaded with greater modesty, although the simplest, whatever seemed to claim it. He sent word of his arrival to the king at once, and awaited the moment to pay his respects. The king, who had just finished his interview with the Duc de Vendôme, sent for him instantly. As he opened the door the king went up to him and embraced him tightly two or three times, gave him the most flattering thanks, and crowned him with praises.[1]

Triumphant reception of the Maréchal de Boufflers.

[1] Maréchal de Boufflers defended Lille in a gallant and noble manner. He was forced to capitulate at last, but he did so on his own terms. The

During these moments they advanced up the room and the door was closed. Mme. de Maintenon had followed the king, who now said, looking at the maréchal, that, "having deserved so nobly of him and of the State, he left it to his choice what reward he should give him." Boufflers stammered his respects, and replied that such marks of satisfaction rewarded him not only above his deserts but beyond his desires. The king pressed him to ask what he would for himself and his family, but the marshal persisted in saying he was paid sufficiently by his kindness and esteem. "Oh! very well, monsieur le maréchal," said the king at last; "since you ask me for nothing, I shall tell you myself what I have thought of, to which I will add whatever you wish, if I have not thought of all that would please you. I make you a peer; I give you the government of Flanders and its survivance to your son; and I give you also the *entrées* of the first gentlemen of the chamber." His son was then only ten or eleven years old. The marshal flung himself on his knees, overcome with favours so far beyond his expectations. He received also the survivance to his son of the salaries of the governorship of Lille. The whole amounted to over one hundred thousand francs a year.

A few days after the return of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, Cheverny, coming out from a *tête-à-tête* with the duke, himself a most truthful man, told me a thing which I cannot deny myself the pleasure of putting here, although I do not write it without confusion. He told me that the prince,

garrison marched out with the honours of war; the sick and wounded, and eight thousand horses were sent under escort to Douai; the rights of the inhabitants were secured to them; and Boufflers himself, with the Chevalier de Luxembourg, was driven out of Lille by Prince Eugène in his own carriage, the prince placing Boufflers and Luxembourg on the back seat and himself on the front. The Prince d'Auvergne, who commanded the escort to Douai, was ordered by Prince Eugène to obey the Maréchal de Boufflers as he would himself. — TR.

speaking to him freely of the talk that had been made about him during the campaign, said that he knew how and with what vehemence I had spoken of him; that he also knew the manner in which the Prince de Conti had expressed himself; and he added that to have the good word of two such men was ground for consolation about all the rest. Cheverny, who was full of this news, came to tell me at once. I felt confusion in being placed beside a man so superior to me in this line, as he was by rank and birth; but I felt with satisfaction that M. de Beauvilliers had good reason to ask me to remain when I wanted to go to La Ferté.

About this time the Court witnessed the change of a ministry which was worn out, through its long duration, to its very root, and yet was only the more acceptable to the king for that reason. Père de La Chaise died on the 20th of January, at the Grands-Jésuites in the rue Saint-Antoine. He was great-nephew of the famous Père Cotton, and paternal nephew of Père d'Aix, who made him a Jesuit; as such he distinguished himself first in the office of professor, and afterwards in those of rector at Grenoble and Lyon, and superior of the houses of his Order in that province. He was noble by birth, and his father, who was well allied and had seen much service, would have been rich for his part of the country if he had not had a dozen children.

1709. Death and character of Père de La Chaise.

Père de La Chaise succeeded Père Ferrier in 1675, as confessor to the king; thus he held that office for nearly thirty-four years. Easter caused him more than one policy-illness during the attachment of the king to Mme. de Montespan. Once when he had an attack, he sent Père Deschamps in his place, who bravely refused absolution. That Jesuit was the well-known superior of his fraternity in Paris, and had the confidence of M. le Prince, the hero, in his last years.

Père de La Chaise was of ordinary mind, but good in character, just, upright, sensible, judicious, kind, and moderate; very much opposed to spying or informing, and to outbreaks and violence. He had honour, integrity, humanity, and loving-kindness; he was affable, polite, modest, and even respectful; also disinterested in every way, though strongly attached to his family; he piqued himself on his nobility, and favoured rank wherever he could. He was careful to make good selections for the episcopate, especially for the highest places, and was always successful whenever he had the sole influence. Easy to convince of a mistake, whenever he made one, he was eager to repair any harm his blunder had caused; judicious and cautious, however; a good man and a good priest; a strong Jesuit, but not rabid, and without servility; knowing his Order better than he showed, and yet among them as one of themselves. He never wished to push Port-Royal des Champs to its destruction, or to take part in anything against Cardinal de Noailles; he favoured as much as he could the Archbishop of Cambrai, and was always a faithful friend to Cardinal de Bouillon, whose way he smoothed at various crises.

On his table he always kept a copy of Père Quesnel's "Nouveau Testament," which made such talk and such a terrible uproar later. When people expressed surprise to see him with such a book, on account of its author, he replied that he loved the good and right wherever he found them; that he knew no better book, nor one of more abundant instruction; that he found everything in it; and as he had but little time to give to pious reading, he preferred that to any other. He alone influenced the distribution of benefices during the fifteen or twenty last years of the life of Harlay, archbishop of Paris. His independence of Mme. de Maintenon was total; he held no relations with her. She hated

him, — partly for that reason, and partly for his opposition to the declaration of her marriage; but she never dared to show him her teeth, for she knew the king's feeling for him.

When he was nearly eighty years of age, Père de La Chaise, whose head and health were still sound, wished to retire; and he made various ineffectual attempts to do so. The failure of body and of mind which he felt soon after warned him to redouble his efforts. The Jesuits, who perceived his decline even more than he did himself, and who foresaw the diminution of his influence, exhorted him to give place to another of their Order, who would have both the charm and the zeal of novelty. He sincerely desired rest, and he urged the king to grant it to him; but in vain. He was forced to bear his burden to the last. Infirmities and decrepitude assailed him. Abscessed legs, extinguished memory, weakened judgment, thoughts confused, a strange and improper condition for a confessor, nothing could repulse the king; to the very last the living corpse was brought into his presence and performed with him the accustomed exercises. Two days after a return from Versailles he failed exceedingly, received the sacraments, and had the courage, even more than the strength, to write a long letter with his own hand to the king, receiving a reply both tender and prompt in the king's handwriting; after that he turned to God only.

Père Tellier and Père Daniel, superiors in the Order, asked him whether he had accomplished what his conscience required, and whether he had duly thought of the honour and prosperity of the Company. He replied as to the first point that his mind was at peace; and as to the second they would soon see by results that he had nothing with which to reproach himself. Shortly after he died very peaceably, at five o'clock in the morning.

The two superiors brought to the king immediately after

his *lever* the keys of the study of Père de La Chaise, where there were many documents and papers. The king received them before all present with the manner of a prince accustomed to meet losses: he praised Père de La Chaise, above all for his kindness; then, smiling at the fathers, he said aloud before the courtiers: "He was so kind that I sometimes blamed him for being so, — to which he answered, 'It is not I who am kind, but you who are hard.'" Truly, the fathers and all who heard this lowered their eyes in surprise. The tale spread rapidly, and no one thought Père de La Chaise mistaken.

Many a blow had he warded from others in his life; many a vile trick or anonymous warning had he suppressed or frustrated; he served numbers and harmed none, unless in self-defence. People were always aware that this death would bring a great loss; but no one imagined the deep and universal wound it was destined to cause, — a wound we were too soon made to feel by the terrible successor of Père de La Chaise, to whom even the enemies of the Jesuits were forced to render justice, admitting him to have been a good and honourable man and well fitted for the post he was called upon to fill.

Maréchal, head-surgeon of the king and much in his confidence, a perfectly truthful and upright man, whom I have quoted already several times, told Madame de Saint-Simon and me a very notable anecdote, which ought not to be forgotten. He said that the king, alone with him in his private cabinet, was one day regretting Père de La Chaise and praising his attachment to his person; and he then went on to relate the following signal proof the confessor had given him of that attachment. A few years before his death, he told the king that he felt he was growing old; that age might come even sooner than he expected, when it would be neces-

sary for the king to choose another confessor; that the attachment he felt for his person alone determined him to entreat the king to take a confessor from his Company; that he *knew* his Company; it was very far from deserving all that was said and written against it, but still, he repeated that he *knew* it; that his attachment to the king's person and to his preservation demanded that he should conjure him to grant what he asked; that the Company was very extensive and composed of all sorts of men and minds for whom no one could answer; that the king ought not to drive it to desperation and put himself thus in the way of a risk, as to which he himself could not answer; for an evil deed was soon done, of which there were many examples. Maréchal felt that he turned pale as the king related to him this story, and hid as best he could the trouble it caused him. It was this consideration, and this alone, which made Henri IV. recall the Jesuits and heap them with benefits.

IV.

Père Tellier confessor; his character.

The king was not superior to Henri IV.; he took heed to the portent of Père de La Chaise and did not risk the vengeance of the Company by choosing a confessor outside of it. He wished to live, and to live in security. Therefore he commissioned the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse to go to Paris and obtain information, with every precaution, as to which Jesuit he had better select from among them all as his confessor. Both dukes were biased in esteem and affection for Saint-Sulpice, and so was M. de Cambrai. La Chétardie, then the rector, was a worthy man but a species of imbecile; led by the Bishop of Chartres he proposed Père Tellier; the Jesuits brought all their batteries to bear for the same man; the two dukes were duped, and the Church and the State were victims. The discussion of the choice lasted a month, from the 20th of January, when Père de La Chaise died, to the 21st of February on which day Père Tellier was appointed. He was, like his predecessor, the confessor of Monseigneur as well; a hard constraint on a prince of that age.

Père Tellier was entirely unknown to the king, who only knew his name from seeing it on a list of five or six Jesuits made by Père de La Chaise as proper to succeed him. He had passed through all the grades of the Company, as professor, theologian, rector, superior of a monastery, and writer. He had been commissioned to write the defence of the worship of Confucius and the Chinese ceremonies; he had taken up

that quarrel, and written a book which he expected would bring strong notice on himself and his Order, but which, by dint of intrigues and influence in Rome, was put in the Index.[1]

His life was hard by choice and habit; he knew nothing but assiduous and uninterrupted toil; he exacted the same from others without mercy, and could not comprehend that any should be shown. His head and his health were of iron, his conduct also, his nature cruel and fierce. Moulded in the maxims and policy of the Company, as much as the hardness of his character could be moulded, he was profoundly false, deceitful, hidden under fold within folds; and when he did show himself in order to be feared, exacting all, giving nothing, scoffing at his own word expressly pledged, when it suited him to break it, and persecuting with fury those who had received it. A terrible man, who aimed at nothing less than destruction, both secret and open, and who, when he reached authority, concealed himself no longer.

Such a man, inaccessible even to the Jesuits, except to three or four of the same strain as himself, became the terror of the rest; even those three or four never approached him without trembling, and dared not oppose him except with the greatest caution, and then only by showing that what he proposed defeated his object, which was ever the despotic reign of his Company, its dogmas, its maxims, and the radical destruction

[1] Saint-Simon says in 1700: "Disputes began to make much talk about the ceremonies of Confucius and the ancients, etc., which the Jesuits permitted their neophytes to practise, but which the foreign missions forbade to theirs; the first declaring they were purely civil, the others that they were superstitious and idolatrous. The struggle between the two has had such terrible results that extensive reports and even whole histories have been written upon it. I shall content myself with saying here that the books of PP. Tellier and Le Comte were referred by the foreign missions to the Sorbonne, and that after long and careful examination they were strongly condemned." — Tr.

of not only all that was contrary to them, but all that was not submissive to them with blind abandonment. An amazing feature of this mad passion (never interrupted for a single moment) is that he wanted nothing for himself; he had neither friends nor relations; he was born malevolent; never was he moved by the pleasure of obliging. He came of the dregs of the people, and did not conceal it; so violent was he that he made the wise Jesuits afraid of him, and even the more numerous ardent ones dreaded lest he should drive them to an overthrow, and cause the Company to be expelled again.

His exterior promised nothing less, and kept its word; he would have frightened any one at the edge of a wood. His face was darksome, false, terrible; the eyes burning, malignant, extremely crafty; they struck as they looked at you.

This is an exact and faithful portrait of a man who had devoted soul and body to his Company, who received no other nourishment than its mysteries, who knew no God but It, who had passed his life in the study of it, whose spirit and whose fibre were of it, but who was in all other respects — and this is not perhaps surprising — coarse and amazingly ignorant, insolent, impudent, vehement; knowing neither the world, nor propriety, nor stations, nor discretion, nor, in fact, anything whatever, and to whom all means were good if they reached his ends. He had perfected himself in Rome in the maxims and policy of his Company, which was forced by the heat of his temper and the rigidity of his nature to send him hastily back to France during the excitement caused in Rome by putting his book in the Index.

The first time he saw the king in his cabinet after he was presented, no one was present but Bloin and Fagon in a corner. Fagon, bent nearly double and leaning on his stick, watched the interview, the countenance of the new person-

age, his bowing and cringing, and his words. The king asked him, among other things, if he was a relative of the MM. Le Tellier. He replied in abject tones: "I, sire, the relative of the MM. Le Tellier! I am far indeed from that; I am only a poor peasant from Normandy, where my father was a farmer." Fagon, who was losing nothing, twisted himself round to Bloin, and said, trying to look up at him: "What a damned ——!" then, shrugging his shoulders, he put himself back on his stick. He found out before long that he was not mistaken in so strange a judgment on a confessor. The latter had assumed the appearance, not to say the hypocritical grimaces, of a man who dreaded the office and was only forced into it by obedience to his Company.

I have enlarged upon this new confessor because through him came all the incredible troubles beneath which Church, State, knowledge, doctrine, and so many worthy persons of all kinds, groan to this day; and also because I had a more immediate and private acquaintance with this terrible personage than any other man about the Court.

My father and mother put me in the hands of the Jesuits to train me to religion, and they chose among them fortunately; for, whatever may be published about the Company it must not be thought that there are no members, here and there, who are not most saintly and enlightened. I continued therefore where my parents put me, but without close relations with any except the one to whom I addressed myself. His name was Père Sanadon, and he had the chief charge of the Retreats to which the Jesuits sent their novices and also secular persons, several times a year. This employment brought him, necessarily, into relations with the superiors, and consequently with Père Tellier at the time he was selected as confessor.

I was much surprised about a fortnight or three weeks

after Père Tellier had entered upon his ministry — for it was a very real ministry, though widely apart from the others — when Père Sanadon came to tell me that the confessor wished to be presented to me; that was the term employed and the one used by Père Tellier himself when he was brought to me the next day. I had never seen him, nor had I called or sent to offer my congratulations on his appointment. He overwhelmed me with compliments, and ended by asking permission to come and see me sometimes, and also that I would do him the favour to receive him kindly. In two words, he wanted to ally himself with me, and I, who distrusted him, and, having no one in my family who belonged to the Church, did not need him and therefore would have preferred to evade him politely, was, so to speak, violated. He paid me frequent visits, talked to me of public matters, and, to tell the truth, worried me by the danger of repulsing him in any open manner, and the equal danger of entering into public matters with him. This forced intimacy, to which I responded only passively, lasted until the death of the king; and through it I learned many things which will appear in their own course of time.

He must have been led to this by Père Sanadon, who apparently told him of my intimate relations with the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse; perhaps also of those I had (though at that time most carefully hidden) with the Duc de Bourgogne, and also with the Duc d'Orléans. It is true that from this time forward I was dawning strongly in public matters, though still under cover; for though I had long taken part in many important matters, the bulk of the Court people knew it very imperfectly.

The Prince de Conti died Thursday, February 21, at nine o'clock in the morning of a long illness which ended in dropsy. Gout had reduced him to milk for his only

nourishment, which had long suited him well; at length his stomach wearied of it, but his doctor insisted upon its use and so killed him. When it was too late, he asked and obtained permission to send to Switzerland for an excellent French doctor who was exiled there, named Trouillon; who, as soon as he arrived, declared there was no hope. The prince was not yet forty-five years old.

Death and character of the Prince de Conti.

His face was charming. Even the defects of his body and those of his mind had infinite graces. Shoulders too high, a head that leaned too much to one side, a laugh that would have been thought a bray in others, and with it all a strange absent-mindedness. Gallant with every woman, in love with several, well-treated by all, he was still more charming to men. He made it a duty to please his shoemaker, his lacquey, the porters who carried his chair, just as he did the ministers of State, the great seigneurs, the generals of the army; and all so naturally that success was certain. He was the constant delight of society, of the Court and the army, the divinity of the people, the idol of the soldiers, the hero of the officers, the hope of all who were most distinguished, the treasure of parliament, the friend, with discernment, of learned men, and often the admiration of the Sorbonne, of astronomers, mathematicians, and lawyers of all kinds. His was a fine mind, luminous, just, exact, vast, widely extended; he had read infinitely and forgotten nothing, possessing general and special history, knowing genealogies, their myths and their realities, certain of where he had learned each thing and each fact, discerning true sources, retaining and judging all that conversation taught him, without confusion, mixture, or blunder, and with singular precision.

M. de Montausier and the Bishop of Meaux, who had seen him grow up beside Monseigneur, loved him tenderly, and

he them confidingly. He was the same with the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, the Archbishop of Cambrai, and the Cardinals d'Estrées and Janson. M. le Prince, the hero, did not conceal a liking for him beyond that for his own children; he was the comfort of his last years. In his exile and retirement he knew all through him, and by his hand he wrote a number of most curious things. The Prince de Conti was also the heart and the confidant of M. de Luxembourg in his last years.

In him the useful and the fruitless, the charming and the learned were each distinct and in their place. He had friends; he knew how to choose them, to cultivate them, to visit them, to live with them, to put himself at their level without assumption and without servility. He also had women friends, independently of love. Gentle to compliance in intercourse, polite, yet always with a politeness which distinguished age, merit, and rank, with circumspection to all. He defrauded no one. He gave what the princes of the blood ought to give, but which they give no longer; he expressed himself clearly on their usurpations and on the record of usages and their many alterations. The history of books and conversations gave him the means of addressing, with imperceptible art, the most obliging things to others on their birth, employments, and actions. His wit was natural, brilliant, lively, and his repartees quick, and amusing, never hurtful; he showed courtesy in everything, but without affectation; though sharing the frivolity of the world, the Court, the women, and talking their language, his mind was nevertheless solid and sensible. He gave of it to all; he put himself always and marvellously within the reach and at the level of others, and spoke the language of each with incomparable facility. Everything about him seemed easy. He had the valour of heroes, their bearing in war, their

simplicity wherever they are, which, all the same, hid a great deal of art. These marks of a hero's talent might be left as the final touch to his portrait, but, like all men, he had his other side.

This man, so amiable, so charming, so delightful, loved nothing. He had and he wanted friends, as we want and have furniture. Although he was self-respecting, he was also a submissive courtier; he steered his way with all and showed too plainly that he sought his own needs in men and things; avaricious, eager for possessions, greedy, unfair. His suits against Mme. de Nemours and his methods of pursuing them did him no honour; still less did his base compliance with the persons and rank of the bastards, whom he could not endure, and with all others of whom he stood in any need.

The king was truly distressed at giving him the consideration he could not refuse him, and he was most careful not to overpass it by a single inch. He had never forgiven him his journey to Hungary. Intercepted letters (which had ruined their writers, though the sons of favourites) had roused a hatred in Mme. de Maintenon and an indignation in the king which nothing could ever efface. The virtues, talents, charms, the great reputation the prince had acquired, the universal love he had won, were turned by them into so many crimes. The contrast with M. du Maine excited the daily vexation of the governess and the tender father, which broke out in spite of them. Moreover, the purity of his blood, the only blood in the family not mingled with bastardy, was another demerit which was felt at all moments. Even his friends were in bad odour, and were made to feel it.

And yet, in spite of servile fear, even the courtiers liked to approach the Prince de Conti. They were flattered by familiar access to him; the most important persons, the

choicest in society, ran after him. In the very salon of Marly he was surrounded by all who were most refined. His conversation was delightful, on any topic that came up casually; young and old found instruction and pleasure in it, from the charm with which he expressed himself, the precision of his memory, and the fulness of his remarks, though he was not what is called a talker. It is not a figure of speech, it is a truth, occurring a hundred times, that in listening to him the hour of meals was forgotten. The king knew this, and was piqued; and sometimes he was not sorry to let his annoyance be seen. And yet, in spite of it, the charm was not lessened; servility, so predominating in the slightest things at Court, failed here.

No man ever had so much art concealed beneath a simplicity so artless, without the slightest affectation in anything. All things flowed easily from him, nothing was forced; nothing was studied; nothing ever cost him any trouble. People were not ignorant that he could not love, or of his other defects, but all was overlooked, and they loved him truly; sometimes they blamed themselves for this, but they never corrected it. Monseigneur, with whom he was brought up, retained as much regard for him as he was capable of feeling, but then he had no less for M. de Vendôme, and the interior of his Court was divided between the two.

Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, brought up in the hands of those who were favourable to the Prince de Conti, was outwardly reserved with him, but the inward tie of esteem and friendship was close and solidly established. They had, both of them, the same friends, the same jealousies to meet, the same enemies, and, without an externally united appearance, their union was perfect.

The Duc d'Orléans and the Prince de Conti were never

compatible; the extreme superiority of the duke's rank galled the princes of the blood, and the Prince de Conti had allowed himself to be influenced by the two others of his family. He and M. le Duc had treated the Duc de Chartres too much as a boy during his first campaign, and with too little deference and consideration in the second. Jealousy of the prince's intellect, his learning, his valour still further parted them. The Duc d'Orléans never had the faculty of drawing people about him, and he could not rid himself of annoyance when he saw them humming around the Prince de Conti incessantly. A domestic love-affair was the crown of his annoyance. Conti charmed a person who, without being constant, never truly cared in all her life for any one but him. It was this love that turned him from Poland, and it ended only with his life; it lasted, in fact, long after in the bosom of her who gave birth to it; perhaps after all these years it still survives in the depths of a heart which has nevertheless abandoned itself elsewhere. M. le Prince never could prevent himself from loving his son-in-law, who paid him great respect. In spite of many domestic reasons against it, his tastes and his instincts led him to this intercourse. It was not always without a cloud; but esteem came ever to the support of liking, and together they surmounted the vexation. The son-in-law was the heart and the whole consolation of Mme. la Princesse.

The Prince de Conti lived with extreme consideration for his wife, even with friendship, though not without some annoyance from her temper, her caprices, and her jealousy. He glided over all that, however, and was always on good terms with her. As for his son, young as he was he could not endure him, and showed his feelings too much in his home. His discernment forewarned him of what his son would some day prove to be. He would rather have had no son, except

for continuing the branch, and time has shown that his judgment was not wrong. His daughter, the Duchesse de Bourbon, had all his tenderness; the other daughter he contented himself with treating well.

With M. du Maine he had none but the most indispensable relations; nor did he fear him. The Prince de Conti knew and felt too much on this matter not to allow himself a certain liberty, which was all the more sweet to him because it was applauded. Courtier as he was, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of touching the subject occasionally on the raw, in a way that the bastards dared not openly take up. The king was never reconciled to him, no matter what pains, art, humiliation, and perseverance he constantly employed; and it was really of this implacable hatred that he died at last, from despair at not attaining to anything whatever, still less, as he had fondly hoped, to the command of the armies, and in being left the only prince without duties, without government, without even a regiment, while all the others, and still more the bastards, were loaded with them. When hope was at an end he tried to drown his disappointment in wine and other amusements which were not of his age, and which his body, enfeebled by the pleasures of his youth, was too weak to bear. Gout seized upon him; and thus, deprived of pleasures and suffering pains of body and of mind, he wasted away; and then, at the last moment, as if to crown his bitterness, a return of fortune too sure and glorious not to be regretted, came to him.

We have seen that he was chosen to command in chief the various troops of the Italian league. Conti quivered with joy. He had never counted much on the execution of that league; he had seen the project vanishing away; he himself no longer expected anything. Therefore when the choice fell upon him he let himself go into the most delight-

François-Louis
Prince de Conti

ful hopes. But it was too late! his health was desperate; he soon felt it himself, and this tardy recognition of him served only to make him regret life more. He perished slowly, grieving that past neglect had brought him to a death from which this unhoped-for change in the king and the opening of so brilliant a career could no longer save him.

He chose Père de La Tour, the general of the Oratoire, to prepare him and help him to die rightly. He clung so much to life and had just been so strongly reattached to it, that he needed the highest courage. For three months a crowd of persons filled his house, and the populace filled the open square in front of it. The churches echoed with the prayers of all, the most obscure as well as those most widely known; it happened several times that the servants of his wife and of his daughters went from church to church to have masses said for him, and found them all engaged by others for that purpose. Nothing so gratifying had ever happened to anyone. At Court, in town, inquiries were ceaseless. Passers in the street asked each other about him; people were stopped at the doors of shops and houses, where questions were put to them.

At last he was unwilling to see any one, even the princesses; and none approached him but those who were strictly necessary, together with Père de La Tour, M. Fleury, who had been his tutor, and two or three other worthy persons. He kept his presence of mind up to the last moment, and used it. He died in the midst of them, seated in his armchair, with the deepest feelings of piety, about which I have heard Père de La Tour relate many interesting things. He chose his burial-place at Saint-André des Arcs, beside his virtuous mother.

Regrets were bitter and universal. His memory is still dear. But let us say all: perhaps he gained by neglect.

Firmness of mind was less in him than gifts of mettle; he was very great by hope; possibly he might have wanted nerve at the head of an army, — still more in the councils of the king, had he entered them.

But now, all things were perishing visibly: the kingdom was entirely exhausted; the troops were not paid, and resentful at being always badly led, and consequently defeated; the finances were without resources; no reliance was placed on the capacity of generals or ministers; no selection of them made except from fancy or through intrigue; nothing was punished, nothing examined, nothing weighed; equal incapacity existed for maintaining the war or for making peace; all things were proceeding in silence, in gloom; and no one dared to put his hand to that tottering arch so near to falling.

Singular coincidence of thought between the Duc de Chevreuse and me.

I had often broken out about these distresses to the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, and still more about their causes. The prudence and piety of the dukes put down my complaints, but did not destroy them. Accustomed as they were to the style of government which they had always seen and in which they bore a part, I put a check on my confidences as to the remedies about which I had long been thinking. I was so full of these remedies, however, that for years I had put them on paper, — more for my own comfort and to prove to myself their utility and possibility, than with any hope that they could ever be used. They had never seen the light, nor had I ever mentioned them to any one, when, one afternoon, the Duc de Chevreuse called to see me in the apartment of the late Maréchal de Lorges which I then occupied, and came up at once to a little entresol with a fireplace where I had my study, with which he was familiar. He was full of the present state of things, spoke of it bitterly, and proposed to me to search for remedies.

In my turn I pressed him; I asked him if he thought any were possible, — not that I believed all remedies hopeless, but that the obstacles seemed so great. He was a man who always hoped, and wanted to advance upon his hopes. I say advance, but never for himself. This method of proceeding satisfied his passion for reasoning, and did no violence to his prudence or his policy; it was that which provoked me; I hate castles in the air, and arguments that do not lead to anything. I saw the manifest impossibility of a wise and fortunate government just so long as the present system lasted; and I also saw the same impossibility of any change, because of the king's habit, and the opinion he held that the power of his ministers and officers was his; which made it impossible to limit that power, or divide it, or to persuade him that he could safely admit to his council persons who did not bring absolute proofs of low birth or novelty [1] — unless it were the chief of the council of finance (because nothing depended upon him). What I had formerly written down as a remedy for all that (for my own satisfaction) I had now consigned to the shades, regarding it as a republic of Plato.

My surprise was therefore great when M. de Chevreuse, unbosoming himself more and more, began to unfold the same ideas as I myself had had. He liked to talk, and he talked well, with accuracy, precision, and selection. Every one liked to hear him. I listened therefore with all attention, amazed to find in him my thoughts, my scheme, my project, from which I had always believed that he and M. de

[1] Louis XIV. says himself in his Memoirs (vol. i. pp. 32, 33): "It was not my interest to take [as ministers] men of eminent quality. It was necessary, above all things, to let the public know, by the rank from which I took them, that my intention was not to share my authority with them. It was important to me that they should not of themselves conceive greater hopes than those which it pleased me to give them. This is difficult with persons of high birth." (Note by French editor.)

Beauvilliers were so far removed that I had carefully kept myself from explaining it to them, because, whatever might be my unreserved confidence in them and theirs in me, I knew the inutility of butting head-foremost against their habit of proceeding by persuasion, and also because of the impossibility of inducing them to do anything, no matter what, with the king. M. de Chevreuse talked long, developed his plan, repeated my own to me, with little change and that so insignificant that I was stupefied.

At the end he noticed my extreme surprise; he wanted to make me speak in my turn about his proposition, and I could only answer him in monosyllables, absorbed as I was in the singularity of this experience. He was now surprised himself, being accustomed to my usual frankness and to hearing me expand to him, and (if I dare to say so, considering the difference between us) praise, approve, dispute, or blame; for the two brothers-in-law allowed me to do all that. He saw me silent, self-contained, dull. "But do speak to me," he said at last. "What is the matter with you to-day? Frankly, have I been talking nonsense?" Then I could hold in no longer, and without answering a word I took a key from my pocket and rose, opened a closet which was behind me, and took out three small *cahiers* in my handwriting and gave them to him. "There, monsieur," I said, "now see what has caused my surprise and silence." He read; then he hastily ran his eye through them all and found his own plan. Never did I see a man so astonished, or rather two men, the one after the other.

He saw the whole embodiment of the form of government he had been proposing to me; he saw the places in the councils filled with names (some of persons who were dead since I wrote them); he saw the harmonizing of their different departments, and that of the ministers with each of the

councils; he saw even to the detail of the salaries, in comparison with those now given by the king. I had formed the Councils of such men as I believed most fitted, replying to myself on objections against persons; and I had written down the salaries, again replying to myself on the question of expense; comparing them with what the king paid for his. These precautions enchanted M. de Chevreuse. Nearly all the selections pleased him, and also the balance of the salaries.

He and I were a long time in recovering from our reciprocal surprise, after which we reasoned; and the more we reasoned, the more we found ourselves perfectly agreed; except that I had gone deeper and drawn out more precisely all the parts of the same plan. He entreated me to lend him my scheme for a few days, as he wanted to examine it at his leisure. Eight or ten days later he brought it back. He and M. de Beauvilliers had discussed it together fully; they found almost nothing to change, and the little that they found was unimportant; but the difficulty lay in the execution. They believed it to be impossible with the king — as I myself had always thought. They begged me earnestly to preserve the paper carefully for future times, when it might be used; the times he meant were those of the Duc de Bourgogne.

We shall see in the end that this project was the source from which came that of the Councils (but very shapeless and ill-digested) on the death of the king, this plan having been found among the papers of the Duc de Bourgogne at his decease. All these things will explain themselves at their own time. Had it come to a question of execution I should have changed certain things, but nothing fundamental or essential; and if the prince had reigned, the execution of this plan, and of several others, would have taken place.

The winter had been terrible; it was such that the memory of man could not recall any that approached it. A frost, which lasted nearly two months at the same severity, had, during the first few days of it, frozen the rivers solid to their mouths and also the edges of the sea, so that carts, heavily laden, passed over them. A false thaw melted the snow which covered the ground, and this was followed by a second frost, as severe as the preceding one and lasting three weeks longer. The severity of the two frosts was such that Queen-of-Hungary water, the strongest elixirs, the most spirituous liquors burst their bottles in rooms with fires and surrounded by chimney flues, in many of the apartments at Versailles. I saw several; and one evening, supping with the Duc de Villeroy in his little bedroom, the ice formed in our glasses while merely coming from his tiny kitchen, where there was a great fire, through a very small antechamber, all on the same level. It is the same apartment his son has to-day.

Terrible winter; frightful poverty.

This second frost was the ruin of everything. The fruit-trees perished; neither chestnut, olive, nor apple trees, nor even vineyards survived, or so few that they are not worth mentioning. Other trees died in great numbers; gardens were ruined, and all seeds were killed in the ground. No one will comprehend the desolation caused by this general ruin. Every man hid away his old grain. Bread grew dearer in proportion to the despair of a harvest. The wisest resowed barley in fields where there had been wheat, and many others followed their example. These were the lucky ones, and salvation came through them. But the police took a notion to forbid it, of which they repented too late. Several edicts were published about wheat; searches were made, stores of it being amassed; but com-

missaries were not sent about the provinces until three months after the time promised; and all this brought to a fatal pitch the dearness and the poverty at a time when it was evident from computations that enough wheat was stored in France to feed the nation for two whole years independently of any harvest.

Many persons believed that the government financiers had seized this occasion to get possession of the wheat by emissaries sent to all the markets of the kingdom, in order to sell it later at any price they chose, for the king's profit, not forgetting their own. A very considerable number of barges laden with wheat (which spoiled on the Loire and was thrown into the river) had been purchased by the king, and this did not diminish the conviction, for it was impossible to hush up the circumstance. It is certain that the price of wheat was uniform in all the provincial markets of the kingdom; that in Paris the commissaries put up the price arbitrarily, and often forced the vendors to raise it against their wishes; that in reply to the cries of the people as to how long the dearness would last, some of the commissaries (and in a market not two steps from my house near Saint-Germain des Près) made this plain answer: "Just so long as you please," — meaning to be understood, they being touched with compassion and indignation, just so long as the people endured that no wheat should enter Paris except on the notes of d'Argenson; at that time it entered in no other manner. D'Argenson, afterwards Keeper of the Seals under the Regency, was at that time lieutenant of police. The severity of this restraint was pushed to extremity on the bakers; and what I here relate soon became prevalent all over France. The intendants did what d'Argenson was doing in Paris; and in all the markets where the wheat was not sold at the price fixed by them, and before

the appointed hour to close the market, it was forcibly removed, and any dealer whose pity led him to sell to any one under that price was cruelly punished.

Maréchal, the head-surgeon of the king, of whom I have more than once spoken, had the courage and the integrity to tell all this to the king, and to add the sinister opinion conceived of it by the people, by those of a better class, and even by better minds. The king seemed touched, and was not displeased with Maréchal; but he did nothing.

Enormous accumulations of wheat were stored in certain places, and as secretly as possible, yet no act was more sternly forbidden to private individuals by the edicts, and denouncements were enjoined. Parliament at first met in various chambers over these distresses; then in the public Chamber with deputies from the other chambers. A resolution was passed to propose to the king that counsellors should be sent throughout the provinces, at the cost of parliament, to examine the wheat, regulate its management, and punish those who disobeyed the decrees; adding a list of counsellors who volunteered to make these journeys to the separate departments. The king, informed of this by the president of the parliament, became strangely irritated and wanted to send a sharp rebuke to parliament, commanding it to meddle with nothing but its own business of judging suits. The chancellor dared not represent to the king that what parliament wished to do was perfectly proper and within its province, but he dwelt on the affection and respect with which it had made the proposal, and its conviction that the king was master to accept or reject the offer. It was not without difficulty that he managed to soothe the king enough to avoid conveying the rebuke; but the king absolutely insisted on parliament being informed that he forbade it to meddle in the matter of the wheat. This scene passed in open council,

where the chancellor alone spoke; all the other ministers kept silence; they apparently knew very well what to think of the affair, and took care to say nothing of a matter which concerned the special ministry of the chancellor. However accustomed parliament, in common with every other public body, was to such humiliations, this one touched it keenly. It obeyed, groaning.

The public was not less irritated; there was not a person but felt that if the finances had been kept clear of all these cruel manœuvres the action of parliament could only have been agreeable to the king, and useful to him by putting this committee between himself and his people; proving thus that they intended no scheming nor any attempt against the absolute and unbounded authority of which he was so vilely jealous.

Meantime the most invariable payments began to slacken. Those of the customs, those of the various loan concerns, the *rentes* of the Hôtel de Ville, at all times so sacred, were suspended; the latter only delayed, but with the delay came curtailment, which harassed nearly all the families in Paris, and many others. At the same time the taxes, being raised, multiplied, and exacted with the utmost vigour, completed the devastation of France. Prices reached a point beyond belief, while at the same time the people had nothing left with which to buy in the cheapest market; and though the cattle were dying for want of food, through the poverty of those who owned them in the country regions, another impost was placed upon them. Great numbers of persons who had relieved the poor during the preceding years were reduced themselves to a difficult subsistence, — many of them being compelled to receive secret alms. It could hardly be told how many others begged for admittance to almshouses, once the shame and dread of the poor, or how many ruined

almshouses vomited back their poor upon the public bounty, that is to say, to death by hunger, or how many worthy families were dying out in garrets.

Neither can it be duly told how so much misery roused zeal and charity, and how immense were the alms bestowed. But, needs growing greater at every instant, it unfortunately happened that an indiscreet and tyrannical charity bethought itself of levying a tax for the poor. This was done with so little reflection, in addition to all other imposts, that the increase put a vast number of almsgiving persons into straitened circumstances, and provoked others whose voluntary charity it stopped; so that, besides the cost of collecting this ill-regulated tax, the poor were far less relieved than before. But what has since proved still more strange, to speak moderately, is that these taxes for the benefit of the poor (a little modified but perpetuated) the king has appropriated; so that the finance department now receives them publicly as a branch of the king's revenues, and even with the frankness of not changing their name.

The same thing occurs with the tax that is laid every year for the maintenance of the highroads; the finance department has appropriated its proceeds in the same way, and again without changing its name. The greater part of the bridges are broken down throughout the kingdom, and the highroads have become impassable. Commerce, which suffers from this immensely, is now waking up. Lescalopier, intendant of Champagne, bethought himself of mending the roads by forced labour, for which he did not even give bread; other regions imitated him, and for this he was made a councillor of State. The monopoly of the government agents employed on these works enriched those agents; the people died of hunger and misery in heaps, until finally the thing could not be carried on any longer, and is now aban-

doned — the roads also. But the tax to make them and maintain them existed all the while these forced gangs worked, and since, and is still collected as a branch of the king's revenues.

This manipulation of wheat has seemed so good a resource and so conformed to humanity, in the opinion of M. le Duc and the brothers Pâris (masters of the kingdom under his ministry), that now as I write they and the controller-general Orry, the most ignorant and most uncivilized man that ever administered finances, have grasped the same resource; only, like themselves, more grossly, and with the same result of a famine which has devastated the kingdom.[1]

But to return to the year 1709: People never ceased to wonder what became of all the money of the kingdom. Nobody could pay because nobody was paid himself; the country people, exhausted by exactions and values reduced to nothing, were insolvent. Commerce, dried up, made no return; good faith and confidence were destroyed. Thus the king had no resource but terror, and the exercise of his boundless power, which, unlimited as it was, often failed for want of knowing on what to take hold and exercise itself. The king no longer paid his troops; and the wonder was all the more as to what became of the many millions that went into his coffers.

This was the frightful state of things when Rouilly, and soon after him Torcy, were sent to Holland to negotiate a peace. This picture is exact, faithful, and not overcharged.

[1] This passage was added by Saint-Simon, like many others, when in after life he prepared his Memoirs for publication. The M. le Duc here mentioned is the son of M. le Duc (Prince de Condé), who married the daughter of the king and Mme. de Montespan. He was member of the Council of Regency, and after the death of the Regent became prime minister in 1723 — 66 years before the outbreak of the French Revolution. How little Saint-Simon dreamed of that, and yet how many a page throughout these Memoirs forewarns of it. — Tr.

It was necessary to present it clearly, in order to explain the hopeless extremities to which we were reduced, the enormity of the sacrifices to which the king was led in order to obtain a peace, and the visible miracle of Him who sets bounds to the sea and calls to that which is not as to that which is, by which He saved France from the hands of all Europe, resolved and ready to destroy her, — saved her with the greatest advantages, considering the state to which she was reduced and the little hope she had of safety.

Recoinage of the currency; and increase to more than intrinsic value.

Meantime the recoining of the currency and its increase to one-third more than its intrinsic value, brought profit to the king but ruin to private persons, and such disorder into commerce as threatened to annihilate it.

Samuel Bernard ruined Lyons by his enormous bankruptcy, the torrent of which produced the most terrible effects. Desmarets helped him as much as possible. Notes for money, and their depreciation, were the cause of it. This celebrated banker had them out for twenty millions, and nearly as much more at Lyons. He was given fourteen millions in good assignations [1] to endeavour to pull him through his affair, with what he could make out of his notes. It was said afterwards that he found means to make a great deal of his bankruptcy; and it is true that while no other private person of his kind ever spent so much, or left so much, or ever had anything like his credit throughout all Europe up to the time of his death, which happened thirty-five years later, Lyons and that part of Italy which adjoins it must be excepted, for he never could re-establish himself in credit there.

[1] Assignations in the former financial system of France meant orders on treasurers to pay a debt from certain given funds, such as those of the salt-tax or the *taille*, etc. Good assignations were those on disposable funds, which could be paid immediately. (Note by French editor.)

M. le Prince [Henri-Jules, son of the great Condé] who for more than two years had not appeared at Court, died in Paris soon after midnight on Easter Sunday, March 31 and April 1, in his sixty-sixth year. He was a little man, very thin and very slender, whose face, with rather small features, was nevertheless imposing from the fire and audacity of his eyes, while his nature was a compound as rare as could well be met with. No man had more mind, and of all sorts, and seldom as much knowledge of every kind, for the most part fundamental, even to arts and mechanics, with an exquisite taste that was universal. Never a more frank and natural courage, or a greater desire to do and be; and when he wished to please, no one with such discernment, grace, charm, nobleness, or so much hidden art working as if spontaneously. Neither was any one more accomplished in invention, execution, industry, in the pleasures of life, in the magnificence of fêtes, by which he often astonished and delighted in every imaginable way; nor yet in so many useless talents, so much unused genius, so lively and active an imagination, solely employed to be his own curse and the scourge of others.

Death of M. le Prince.

He had his *entrées* to the king, and those not the grand ones, solely for the survivance of his office and government to his son in marrying him to the king's bastard daughter; so that while his son and his daughter (married to the Duc du Maine) were at the king's supper, and with the latter in his cabinet with the other bastards and the royal family, M. le Prince, prince of the blood, was mostly asleep on a stool near the door, as I have seen him many and many a time, waiting with the other courtiers till the king came in to undress. The Duchesse du Maine held him in respect. He courted M. du Maine, who paid him little attention and despised him. Mme. la Duchesse put him in despair between courtier

and father; but the courtier carried the day usually. He felt the shame of the double marriage of his children with those of the king, but he had drawn their advantages; though they never brought him nearer to the king, or gave him any pleasurable satisfactions.

Mme. la Princesse was his continual victim. She was equally ugly, virtuous, and silly; but all this did not prevent M. le Prince from being madly jealous of her to the end of his life. Her piety and unwearying attention to him, her gentleness, her novice-like submission, did not protect her from frequent insults and from kicks and blows, which were not altogether rare. She was not her own mistress in the slightest thing; she dared not propose or ask anything. He would make her start the instant a fancy took him to go from one place to another. Often when seated in the carriage he would oblige her to get out again; or go to the end of the street and then return; and do the same again the next day. Once this lasted for fifteen consecutive days at Fontainebleau. At other times he would send after her at church, and make her leave high mass, sometimes at the moment when she was about to communicate; and she had to return instantly and put off her communion to another day. It was not that he wanted her, or that she ever dared to do anything of her own will or without his permission, but his fancies were continual. He himself was just as uncertain. Every day four dinners were made ready for him, — one at Paris, one at Écouen, one at Chantilly, and one wherever the Court might be. However, the expense was not very great: the dinner was only soup, half a chicken on a *croûton* of bread, the other half serving for the next day.

Chantilly was his delight. He walked about there, followed by several secretaries with inkstands and paper, who

wrote down whatever came into his head for its improvement and embellishment. He spent enormous sums upon the place, and yet they were trifles compared to the treasure his grandson has since buried there, and the marvels he has made. M. le Prince amused himself a good deal with works of science and learning; he read them with pleasure, and could judge them with taste, discernment, and profundity. He also entertained himself with matters of art, and with mechanics, about which he knew a great deal.

What is very incomprehensible is that, with so much mind, activity, penetration, courage, and the desire to do and be something, so great a warrior as his father could never make him understand the first principles of the art of war. He made it his study and effort for a long time to do so; the son responded on his side without ever being able to acquire the slightest aptitude in anything relating to the art, about which his father concealed nothing from him, explaining all things at the head of his army. He always took him with him; tried to put him in command, near himself of course, in order to counsel him. This manner of instruction succeeded no better than the others. Finally, he despaired of his son, gifted though he was with such great talents, and ceased to work upon him, with what grief may easily be imagined. He knew him, and knew him better and better; but wisdom restrained him always, and the son lived ever in deep respect of the glory which environed the great Condé.

During the last fifteen or twenty years of his life there was said to be something more about him than mere excitement and vivacity; people thought they remarked aberrations, which were not confined to his own home. It was whispered there were times when he thought himself a dog, or some other animal, whose actions he imitated. Persons very

worthy of belief have assured me that they have seen him at the king's *coucher* while the king said his prayers, he being close behind the chair, throw his head up in the air suddenly several times and open his mouth wide as if to bark, but without making a noise. It is certain that there were considerable periods of time when no one saw him, not even his most familiar servants, except an old valet who had acquired an empire over him and used it.

Fever and gout attacked him at intervals; and he made himself worse by too strict a regimen, by a solitude in which he would see no one, often not even his nearest family, and by anxiety and precautions which sent him at times into fits of fury.

Finot, his doctor, who was at all times ours, and one of our friends, did not know what to do with him. What embarrassed him most, as he related to us more than once, was a whim that he would not take food, said he was dead, and that dead men did not eat. It was necessary to make him in some way take food, or he would have died veritably. But there was no persuading him that he lived, and consequently that he must eat. At last, Finot, and another doctor whom he usually took with him, bethought them of agreeing that he was dead, but declaring to him that dead men ate. They offered to produce some, and did actually take to him certain trustworthy persons, whom he did not know, who enacted dead men as well as he, but ate. This sight convinced him; but still he would not eat except with the dead men and Finot. This being arranged, he ate very well; but the notion lasted a long time, to Finot's despair; who, however, nearly died of laughing in telling us what took place, and the topics of the other world which were discussed at these repasts. The prince lived a long time after this.

The death of the Prince de Conti seemed to the Duc de Vendôme an advantage all the greater because it delivered him of a rival so embarrassing by superiority of birth at the very moment when he was about to take his place at the head of an army, and also because it relieved him of a counterweight beside Monseigneur. We have seen that on his return from Flanders Vendôme had had an audience with the king, a single one which did not last long. In it he did not forget Puységur, of whom he made bitter complaint and said all he wished that was bad of him, with his usual assumption of being believed on his mere word. Puységur, of whom I have had occasion to speak more than once, was well known to the king, in a sort of privileged relation acquired by his constant reports about the king's own regiment of infantry, of which the latter thought himself the real colonel, and in which Puységur had passed the greater part of his life as major and lieutenant-colonel with the king's entire confidence.

Overthrow of M. de Vendôme.

Puységur, accustomed to frequent private interviews with the king, and fully aware that after so thorny a campaign he should be closely questioned if he arrived at Court while matters were hot, prudently lay-to for six weeks or two months at his place in the Soissonois before returning to Paris and Versailles. Curiosity having cooled, and being informed, moreover, of the statements made against him by the Duc de Vendôme, he thought it better not to give cause by a longer stay for the suspicion that he feared to show himself. Consequently, he arrived.

A few days later, the king, who always enjoyed him and was grieved by what M. de Vendôme had said of him, took him into his cabinet and there, *tête-à-tête*, asked him, kindly, the truth about the many foolish things he had heard of him. Puységur then enlightened him so clearly

that the king, in his surprise, admitted it was Vendôme who had told him. At that name, Puységur, feeling irritated, seized his moment. He told the king in the first place what had kept him so long from appearing, and then he detailed, both naïvely and courageously, the faults, the unfitness, the obstinacy, the insolence of M. de Vendôme, with a precision and accuracy which made the king very attentive and full of questions asking for more and still more information. Puységur, seeing his opportunity and the king silent and yet convinced, gave it all, pushed his point, and told him that since Vendôme spared him so little after all the caution and care he had taken for him, he thought it permissible, and even his duty for the good of the service, to make known once for all what he was. Thereupon he depicted the personal conduct of the Duc de Vendôme, his ordinary life in the army, the incapacity of his body, the unsoundness of his judgment, the prejudices of his mind, the falseness and the dangers of his military maxims, the ignorance of his whole conduct in a war. After which reverting to his campaigns in Italy, and to his last two in Flanders, he unmasked him wholly, put the king's eye and finger on all his blunders, and proved to him manifestly that it was only by a series of miracles that such a general had not lost France a hundred times.

The conversation lasted more than two hours. The king, convinced of all, and long before persuaded by experience not only of Puységur's sagacity, but also of his integrity, his fidelity, and his strict truthfulness, opened his eyes all at once on the man whose true character so much art had hitherto concealed while showing him as a hero and the tutelary genius of France. He was mortified and ashamed at his credulity, and from that moment Vendôme was irretrievably lost in his mind, and excluded forever from the

command of the armies, — an exclusion which was not long in becoming known.

Puységur, naturally humble, gentle, and modest, but truthful and persistent in his conduct, and who had moreover no terms to keep with M. de Vendôme after the statements the latter had made about him in public and all he had told the king, feeling well content with the success he had obtained throughout the conversation, at once returned blow for blow in the gallery, and virtuously braved Vendôme and his whole cabal, of which he was well aware.

It trembled with rage; Vendôme still more. They answered by spreading miserable arguments which impressed no one. The wisest heads felt that from henceforth they were set aside. The opposite and until then oppressed party embraced Puységur; and Mme. de Maintenon, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and even the Duc de Beauvilliers made the most with the king of what he had learned at last from him and from him only.

The end came promptly. Vendôme, excluded from serving, sold his equipage of war and retired to Anet, where the grass was beginning to grow.

V.

The king soon after did a very unusual thing, which made people talk a great deal. He received two generals, the Maréchals de Boufflers and de Villars together, in presence of Chamillart. This was on the afternoon of Friday, May 7, at Marly. On leaving, Villars went to Paris, with orders to return to Marly for the following Sunday early. He returned the next day, Saturday, in the evening.

Council of war before the king; very stormy.

If people had been surprised by this very small council of war, they were much more so on the following day, when the king, for the first time in his life at Court, held a real council of war. He had notified the Duc de Bourgogne, adding, rather satirically, "unless you prefer to go to vespers." At this council were Monseigneur, the Duc de Bourgogne, the Maréchals de Boufflers, de Villars, and d'Harcourt, MM. Chamillart and Desmarets, the first for the troops, the other for the money. The operations of the campaign, the state of the frontiers and of the troops were the subjects treated. The marshals, somewhat emancipated from the tutelage of the ministers, harassed them, the one being enfeebled, and the other new and not yet well anchored in his place. All three fell upon Chamillart, Villars with more reserve than the two others. The king did not take his part, but left him to be maltreated by Boufflers and Harcourt, who kept the ball going between them until Chamillart, who, mild and gentle though he was, was not accustomed to be goaded, grew so irritated and angry that

his voice was heard in the little salon adjoining the king's chamber where the scene occurred. The subject was the insufficient provision for the fortresses, and the miserable condition of the troops, about which Desmarets also wanted to say his word, but the king stopped him at once.

The body-guard had not been paid for a very long time. Boufflers, captain of the guards in quarters, had spoken to the king about it. His remarks were ill-received. But he persisted, and the king told him he was ill-informed, and that they were paid. This nettled Boufflers, who supplied himself with a correct pay-roll showing what was due to each man, and put it in his pocket when he came to the meeting. When the council rose, he stopped the company, entreated the king to be convinced that he was well-informed when he spoke to him of certain matters, and, unfolding the pay-roll, he showed him at a glance and very clearly, the poverty of the body-guard and the exact truth of what he had said. The king, who had never supposed it to be so, drew himself up and casting a stern look at Desmarets asked him what that meant, and whether he had not assured him that his guards were paid. Desmarets was taken short, and in much confusion seized the roll and muttered something between his teeth; on which Boufflers, getting warm, spoke to him sharply. Desmarets let the wave break in silence; then he assured the king that he thought the guards had been paid, but saw he was mistaken; whereupon Boufflers, returning to the charge, told him he ought to be sure of his facts before making such statements, and begged the king to believe that he never himself spoke without being properly informed. The other two marshals kept a dead silence, but Chamillart who, up to that moment, had been laughing in his beard, could not refrain from sticking a dart into the controller himself. Boufflers having come to the end of his objurga-

tion, Chamillart added that he entreated the king to believe that that was the way a great many things were going on, that not a single regiment was paid, and proofs could be shown at any moment. This was said with great emotion. The king, fatigued with the conclusion of a council so bitter and so little expected, interrupted Chamillart by telling Desmarets firmly to be more careful of what he said, and to see to things in a better manner, and then dismissed them all.

Small riots in Paris; and threats.

Various disturbances had taken place in the markets of Paris, which required the retention of more companies from the regiments of the French and Suisse guards than usual. D'Argenson, lieutenant of police, had his hands full at Saint-Roch, where there occurred a riot of the populace, swelled to a large size and very insolent, on the occasion of a poor man falling down and being trodden under foot. M. de La Rochefoucauld, now living in retirement at Chenil, received an atrocious anonymous letter against the king, saying in so many words that Ravaillacs could still be found, and adding to that threat a eulogy on Brutus. Thereupon the duke rushed to Marly and, much excited, sent word to the king while a council was sitting that he had something important to say to him. This sudden apparition of a blind recluse and his eagerness to speak to the king made the courtiers wonder. The council over, the king sent for M. de La Rochefoucauld, who in a very emphatic way gave him the letter and told him the tale of it. He was very ill-received. As everything, sooner or later, is known at Courts, it was soon learned what M. de La Rochefoucauld had come for, and also that the Ducs de Bouillon and de Beauvilliers had each received letters of the same kind, had taken them to the king and been better received, because they had done the thing more simply.

Nevertheless the king was very much troubled for several days; but after due reflection he concluded that persons who threatened and warned were less likely to commit a crime than to endeavour to cause uneasiness.

What annoyed the king most was the deluge of intemperate and bold placards against his person, his conduct, his government, which for some time past had been affixed to the doors of Paris, to the churches, the public squares and above all to his statues, which latter were insulted by night in many ways, the marks of which were found the next morning, and the inscriptions defaced. There were also great numbers of verses and squibs, in which no one was spared. This was the state of things when, on the 16th of May, they made the procession of Sainte-Geneviève, which is never done except in some great emergency, and then by virtue of the king's command, the decree of parliament, and the mandate of the Archbishop of Paris and the Abbé of Sainte-Geneviève. Some persons hoped for a real succour from this function; others to amuse a people who were dying of hunger.

The armies, and particularly that of Flanders, lacked everything. Every effort was made to send money to the latter during the early part of June, and to buy wheat in Bretagne and cart it to Picardie. Money and bread came only in driblets; and often that army was reduced to find its own resources during long intervals, with a frontier greatly driven in. The armies of Dauphiné and Catalonia were much better off for subsistence, and the troops in a better condition.

The king, royal family, and courtiers send their plate to the Mint.

I have already said that I should give no account of the negotiations for peace, nor of the journey of Rouilly and Torcy for that purpose. While awaiting results, it was thought well to revive the zeal of all classes in the kingdom by in-

forming them of the enormous extortions, rather than proposals, of the enemy, in a printed letter from the king addressed to the governors of all the provinces, with orders to spread the facts about and make known to what lengths the king had gone to obtain a peace, and how impossible it was to make one. The success of this letter was such as had been hoped for. The reply was a cry of indignation and vengeance, and proposals to sacrifice everything to continue the war, with other such extreme offers to prove the zeal of all.

The new wife of the Duc de Grammont,[1] lacking respect and consideration of every kind, was in despair at finding herself in Paris excluded from the rank and all the honours of her marriage. She thought she saw in the present distress and disturbance the means of obtaining that which was now denied her and which she desired so passionately. She proposed to her husband to offer to the king his silver plate, hoping that this example would be followed, and that she should have the credit of the invention and the reward of having procured a succour so rapid, so easy, and so considerable. Unluckily for her, the Duc de Grammont spoke to his son-in-law, the Maréchal de Boufflers, about this scheme just as he was going to execute it. The maréchal thought it admirable, and was so delighted with it that he went instantly and offered his own, of which he had a great quantity and very beautiful, and he talked so much about it, exhorting others to do their part, that he obtained the credit of the invention, and not the old Grammont nor even her husband, who were thus their own dupes, which infuriated her. Boufflers had spoken to Chamillart, his old friend at billiards, and asked him to speak to the king. The offer

[1] The Duc (not the Comte) de Grammont had married in 1704 an old woman of bad character.

got into the minister's head and through him into that of the king, who sent for Boufflers. He and his father-in-law were much thanked.

This talk about plate made a fine rumpus at Court. No one dared not to offer his; and everybody regretted doing so. Some said they were keeping theirs as a last resource of which they did not like to deprive themselves; others that they feared the uncleanliness of pewter and earthenware; the more abject ones were afflicted at only imitating thanklessly those who would get all the credit of the invention. The next day the king spoke of the matter at the council of finances, and showed a strong inclination to receive everybody's plate.

This expedient had formerly been proposed and rejected by Pontchartrain while he was controller-general, and now as chancellor he was not more favourable to it. In fact he spoke strongly against it, represented the smallness of the profit compared with the effort, so considerable for each individual, — a profit brief, not very useful, and which, soon over, would give no permanent relief; also the shame of the thing in itself; the fantastic appearance of the Court and the nobles eating off earthenware, while private persons in Paris and the provinces kept their silver, if allowed to do so; and if not, general despair and resort to hiding it; the discredit to the finances, which, this resource soon exhausted, would seem to have no other; and finally the noise it would make in foreign countries, the contempt, the boldness, the hopes the enemy would conceive; the recollection of the jests they made when, during the war of 1688, the precious objects of massive silver adorning the gallery and the great and little apartments of Versailles, even to the silver throne, were sent, to the astonishment of foreigners, to the Mint; the little that came of that; and the inestimable loss of those

admirable pieces of handicraft, more precious than the metal itself, which luxury had since introduced into the making of plate, which would thus be a pure loss to every one.

Notwithstanding these sound and evident reasons the king persisted in wishing, not to force any one, but to receive as a free-will offering the plate that might be offered. This was given out verbally; and two ways were indicated by which to play the good citizen: Launay, the king's goldsmith, and the Mint. Those who gave their plate outright were to send it to Launay, who kept a register of names and the number of ounces he received. The king saw this list punctually, at least for the first few days, and promised the donors to return the same weight whenever his affairs permitted (a promise in which no one believed or hoped), and to release them from stamp-duty (a new impost) on the plate they might order hereafter. Those who wished to be secure of a payment sent theirs to the Mint. It was weighed on arrival, the names were inscribed, the ounces and dates, according to which the owners were to be paid whenever there was money enough to do so. Many were not sorry to sell their silver in this way without mortification, and so secure the value of it in the great dearth of money. But the damage was irreparable in the loss of admirable mouldings, chasings, engravings, reliefs, and ornaments of all kinds, with which luxury adorned the plate of wealthy persons of taste and breeding.

The reckoning made, not more than one hundred names appeared on Launay's list, and the total product in gifts and conversions amounted to not over three millions. The Court and Paris and some of the big-wigs of the town did not dare to avoid it, and some few others who thought they were giving a relief followed the rest; but of these there were few in Paris, and scarcely any in the provinces.

I acknowledge that I was in the rear-guard, and, being very weary of taxes, did not subject myself to a voluntary one. When I found myself almost the only man of my class who was eating off silver, I sent a thousand pistoles' worth to the Mint, and locked up the rest. I had a little belonging to my father which was not wrought, so that I regretted it less than I did the inconvenience and uncleanliness. As for M. de Lauzun, who had a quantity of plate that was very beautiful, his vexation was great and carried the day against his courtiership. The Duc de Villeroy asked him if he had sent it; I was present, and so was the Duc de La Rocheguyon. "Not yet," he answered in his low and gentle tones; "I don't know whom to ask to do me the favour to take it; and besides, how do I know it won't go up the Duchesse de Grammont's petticoat?" We all laughed as he turned on his heel and left us.

All the grandest and most considerable people about the Court put themselves on porcelain within a week; the china shops were emptied; the trade went on like wildfire, but the middling class still used their silver. The king talked of putting himself on porcelain; he sent his gold plate to the Mint, and the Duc d'Orléans sent the little he possessed. The king and the royal family used silver-gilt or silver; the princes of the blood, porcelain. But the donors did not long enjoy the hope of pleasing. At the end of three months the king felt the futility of this fine resource and owned he regretted having consented to it. It was thus that things went on in Court and State.

Inundations of the Loire which took place at the same time, destroying the embankments and causing much disaster, did not restore good-humour to the Court nor to private persons, for the losses were great and ruined many by destroying internal commerce.

Dismissal of Chamillart.

It was now that the last signs of Chamillart's approaching downfall became manifest. The king, already used to hear from Mme. de Maintenon, the generals of his armies, and other channels, obscure but powerful, a vast deal of harm of his minister, was shaken in mind, though his heart held firm. He regarded him as his own choice, his own work in all his employments up to the great position in which he had placed him, and in that position [minister of war] his disciple. Not one of his ministers had ever held the reins so slack for him, and ever since full power had been given to Chamillart the king had never been made to feel the yoke. It was much gained, therefore, that so many concerted and redoubled blows had shaken his reason; but still, what great obstacles remained to be overcome!

Things were in this state when Chamillart went to Meudon to render Monseigneur an account of the condition of the frontier and of the army in Flanders. Monseigneur, who had lately spoken against him to the king with a vigour hitherto unknown to his indolence, and which came of the instigations of Mlle. Choin, acting by agreement with Mme. de Maintenon, took this opportunity to reproach Chamillart with all the deficiencies that were due to him; and even went so far as to tell him that his La Cour [intendant of finances under Chamillart] would do much better to furnish provisions to the army, which was his duty, than to build for himself such fine houses. After which he left the new building, in which the conversation had taken place *tête-à-tête*, and went off to boast to Mlle. Choin of what he had said. She applauded his harsh remarks and urged him not to delay in bringing the king to give a deathblow to the minister.

Chance prepared the way. On a Tuesday, June 4, in the

gallery of Versailles, while the Court were waiting for the king to go to mass, the papal nuncio happened to complain bitterly to the Maréchals Tessé and Boufflers of the difficulty he had found in obtaining permission to raise levies and purchase arms for the pope in Avignon; adding that he never could have done so had he not bethought himself of presenting a thousand pistoles to Chamillart's wife, which payment had operated promptly. He spoke to two enemies of Chamillart, and was doubtless aware that he did so. Two hours later, as Tessé was entering the king's cabinet for his audience, Boufflers, who saw the king in the distance through the opening of the door, entered a few steps after Tessé, and taking him by the arm said, in a tone loud enough for the king to hear: "At any rate, monsieur, you owe the king the truth. Tell him all, and do not keep him in ignorance of anything." This he repeated in a still louder voice, and then retired, leaving to the king a subject of great curiosity, and to Tessé the necessity of satisfying him.

On the following Sunday, June 9, the king, on entering the council of State, called the Duc de Beauvilliers, took him aside, and told him to go after dinner to Chamillart and say from him that he was obliged, on account of public affairs, to ask for his resignation of his office, and also that of its survival to his son; that he nevertheless wished him to remain assured of his friendship, his esteem, and the satisfaction he had had in his services; and to give him proofs of all this, he should continue his salary as minister, (which was twenty thousand francs), and should give him another twenty thousand for himself, and still another for his son; and he also wished the son to buy the office of maréchal of his houses; for he would always take care of that son; and also to say that for himself, he should be very

glad to see Chamillart, but that, for the present, it would give him too much pain; adding that it would be best if Chamillart retired that very day; that he could live in Paris and go and come wherever he wished; reiterating at the end the assurances of his friendship. M. de Beauvilliers, grieved to the heart at the thing itself, and at so harsh a mission, tried to avoid it; but the king told him that he had expressly chosen him, as Chamillart's friend, to spare him as much as possible. A moment after he re-entered the council room, followed by the duke, where Torcy, Chamillart, and Desmarets were waiting for him. Nothing in the king's air or manner during the council gave the slightest suspicion of anything amiss. There was even mention of an affair about which the king had asked for a report from Chamillart; the latter spoke of it, and the king told him to bring it that evening when he came to work with him at Mme. de Maintenon's.

Beauvilliers, in great anguish, remained, after the other ministers, alone with the king; to whom he frankly told his distress, entreating to be allowed at least to associate the Duc de Chevreuse in the sad commission in order to share its weight; to this the king consented, but the Duc de Chevreuse was grieved.

His magnanimity.

At four in the afternoon the two dukes wended their way and were announced to Chamillart, who was working alone in his cabinet. They entered with an air of consternation which the unhappy minister felt at once meant something extraordinary, and without giving them time to speak he said, with a serene and tranquil face: "What is it, gentlemen? If it concerns me, you may speak freely; I have long been prepared for all." This gentle firmness moved them still more. They could scarcely tell him what brought them. Chamillart listened without a change of face, and then, in the same tone and manner, said: "The

king is master. I have tried to serve him with my best; I hope another may be more fortunate and please him better. It is much that I can rely upon his kindness, and also that I receive these marks of it at the present moment." He then asked if he was permitted to write to the king, and whether they would do him the kindness to take charge of his letter. On being assured of this, he instantly wrote a page and a half of respects and thanks, which he read to them. He had just finished the report the king had asked for; and saying so to the two dukes as if rejoicing in it, he gave it to them to transmit to the king with his letter.

That evening, Mme. de Saint-Simon being seated at the king's supper immediately behind the Duchesse de Bourgogne, the latter told her of the downfall, the pensions, and the office for the son. After supper, which Mme. de Saint-Simon thought very long, the princess came to her and charged her to take much friendliness from her to the daughters of Chamillart, especially the Duchesse de Lorges, whom she loved, and say to them how she pitied them, and also to assure them of her protection and all the alleviations of their misfortune which might depend on her.

The Duc de Lorges was not satisfied with any of the family; he stayed with us very late and then went to them at l'Étang, persuaded to do his best for their benefit; which he afterwards did, constantly. I charged him with a line of tender friendship for Chamillart, whom I asked, in my note, to send me word verbally whether he absolutely wished to be alone that first day, or whether we might go to him.

We have seen, by all that has been said of him on other occasions, what his nature was; gentle, simple, obliging, true, upright; a hard worker, loving the State and the king like a mistress; never suspicious or spiteful; going his way to what he thought best; with few ideas, obstinate to excess,

never supposing he could be mistaken, confident on all points, and above all, infatuated in the belief that marching straight before him and having the king with him (which he never doubted), all other precautions were useless; and with this opinion ignorant of the Court in the midst of the Court.

Death of the Prince de Carignan.

The Prince de Carignan died at this time, in his seventy-ninth year. He was son of Prince Thomas, and of the daughter of the Comte de Soissons, last princess of the blood of that younger branch of the Bourbons. Prince Thomas was the son of the Infanta Catherine, daughter of Philip II., of Spain, sister of Philip III., grandfather of the queen of Louis XIV., and of the celebrated Charles Emmanuel, Duc de Savoie, vanquished by the skill, courage, and sword of Louis XIII. at the famous pass of Susa. This Prince de Carignan, of whose death I now speak, was born deaf and dumb. He was the elder brother of the Comte de Soissons, husband of Mazarin's niece [Olympia Mancini], uncle, consequently, of the Comte de Soissons, so strangely married in France, and of the celebrated Prince Eugène; of this branch of Soissons-Savoie none remain.

His cruel infirmity distressed the house of Savoie, all the more because the Prince showed the spirit, sense, and intellect of which his station was capable. After trying every remedy, a desperate course was decided on; namely, to give him up wholly to a man who promised to make him speak and hear, provided he were so completely master of him for several years that no one should know what was done with him. The truth is that he treated him as men break dogs, or as those trainers do who from time to time exhibit all sorts of animals for money, whose tricks and obedience astonish the public, and seem to show that the animals themselves

hear and understand their master, through hunger, whipping, privation of light, and rewards in proportion. The success was such that he made him hear (aided by the movement of the lips and a few gestures), comprehend everything, and read, write, and even speak, though with some difficulty. The prince, profiting by the cruel lessons he had received, applied himself with such intelligence, will, and penetration that he possessed several languages, some sciences, and a perfect knowledge of history. He made himself a good statesman, so that he was much consulted on the affairs of the nation, and became in Turin even more of a personage through capacity than by birth. He held his little Court there, and did so with dignity throughout his long life, which may indeed be called a prodigy. He married in 1684 an Este-Modena, daughter of the Marquis de Scandiano, who sent a gentleman to inform the king of his death. The king made a suitable reply, and went into mourning for fifteen days.

Worthy act on the part of M. le Grand.

The Prince de Lambesc, only son of the Comte de Brionne, who was the eldest son of M. le Grand, married early in the year the eldest daughter of the late Duc de Duras, elder brother of the present Maréchal Duc de Duras, who was beautiful as the day, very well formed, and very rich. She had but one sister, who afterwards married Comte d'Egmont. The action taken by M. le Grand some time after this marriage deserves not to be forgotten. The Duchesse de Duras, their mother, had a suit at law against her brother-in-law, for the property of her daughters; she claimed a great deal, and pushed the affair with much energy. M. le Grand refused to sue, and forbade his son and grandson, and even his granddaughter-in-law to do so; saying that if he could do so honourably he would sue for the Maréchal Duc de Duras; that he did not

take his niece to ruin him and his house, and that his granddaughter was rich enough to make three or four hundred thousand francs, more or less, of no consideration in comparison with the ruin of a paternal uncle and the head of her family. Another suit was for the division of property between the two sisters. He insisted that the Abbé de Lorraine, his son, who died Bishop of Bayeux, should be present at the trial, and charged him to cede, and cause to be decided in favour of the younger sister, any of the points that were litigious, because his granddaughter-in-law was rich enough; and it was not a matter of indifference to him that, since she had married his grandson, her sister should have enough to make an alliance that was suitable to them all. Truly, this was thinking and acting with grandeur, for all was done as he directed. But it is also true that Mme. d'Armagnac was dead, or she would never have let M. le Grand do it.

Reasons which inclined me to retire from Court.

For a long time past I had perceived that the Bishop of Chartres had only too rightly warned me of the ill turn that some one had done me with the king, and the strong impression it had made upon him. His change of manner to me could not be more marked, and though I still went upon all the trips to Marly, I could not doubt that it was not upon my own account. Provoked at so many chimney-pots, as it were, falling on my head while I went my way; unable to discover the seat of the evil, nor, consequently, its remedy; weary of having to do with powerful and violent enemies, whom I had done nothing to draw upon me (such as M. le Duc and Mme. la Duchesse, the cabal of Vendôme, and all the envious and inimical persons who fill courts); possessing, on the other hand, only weak or enfeebled friends, such as Chamillart, the chancellor, Maréchal de Boufflers, and the Ducs de Beauvil-

liers and de Chevreuse, who, with all their good will, could be of no help to me; overcome, in short, with vexation, — I wanted to quit the Court and abandon its ideas.

Mme. de Saint-Simon, more judicious than I, represented to me the continual and the unexpected changes in all Courts and those which years brought with them; our dependence upon a life at Court not only for our fortunes, but even for my patrimony; with many other reasons. Finally we agreed to go and spend two years in Guyenne, under pretext of examining for ourselves a large estate we owned there, but had never seen; making thus a long absence without displeasing the king, and seeing later what course existing circumstances might urge us to take.

M. de Beauvilliers, who wished to add M. de Chevreuse to the consultation we had with him, and the chancellor with whom we talked later, were of our opinion, seeing their inability to persuade me to remain at Court; but they advised us to talk about the journey some time beforehand, so as to avoid any appearance of vexation, or allow it to be bruited about that I had received a gentle hint to disappear.

It was necessary to obtain the king's permission for so long an absence to a distant place. But I did not wish to speak to him myself in my present situation. La Vrillière, a very great friend of mine, did so for me, and the king thought well of it. However, for reasons I need not explain here, it became impossible for us to go to Blaye, and I therefore decided to go to La Ferté, resolving to live there one or more years, and only to see the Court occasionally; perhaps not every year if it were possible to avoid it without failing in the strictest and most literal duty.

My assiduity to Chamillart after his downfall, at l'Étang, Mont l'Évêque, and in Paris, had caused displeasure. I went to La Ferté a month after he had gone into the country in

search of an estate on which to live far away from Paris. His daughters came with us and waited for him at La Ferté, where he came also after his journeys, and where I received him with fêtes and amusements which I should not have given him in the days of his favour and office; but now I had no scruple because there was no court to make and nothing to be obtained from him; he was therefore keenly sensible of my attentions. He was with me a long time, and left his daughters with us while he went to Paris to wind up his affairs and conclude the purchase of the estate of Courcelles in Maine. I stayed, as I intended, in my own home, where, however, I was fully informed of all that was going on. I will now return to the affairs of the Court before and after my departure from it, which latter was much delayed, although I continued to sigh for it with ardent vexation.

Sketch of the Court; the three cabals.

Expression fails me for that which I want to make understood. The Court, by the two great changes in the position and fortunes of Vendôme and Chamillart, was more than ever divided against itself. To speak of cabals is perhaps too much to say, but the proper word for what took place does not present itself. Though quite too strong, I shall say cabal, adding, however, that it goes beyond my meaning, although without perpetual paraphrases I could not render that meaning in any other way.

Three parties divided the Court and included its principal personages; very few of whom were manifest, while several others had their nooks and corners and private reservations. The smallest number had nothing in view but the good of the State, the tottering condition of which was felt by all to be their chief concern; the greater number had no other object than themselves, each following what he proposed to

Mme. de Maintenon.

himself in the way of consideration, authority, and acquirement of power; some sought office and a sudden rise to fortune; others, more secretive, or less important, held to some one of the three parties, but formed a sub-order which sometimes gave an impetus to affairs and always kept the civil war of tongues a-going.

In order to be better understood, let us name things, and call these three parties the cabal of the seigneurs (the name given to it at the time), that of the ministers, and that of Meudon. Under the wing of Mme. de Maintenon gathered the first. In the second, with hopes fed by the birth, the virtue, the talents of the Duc de Bourgogne, and bound together in decided affection, were the Duc de Beauvilliers, the most apparent among them, the Duc de Chevreuse, the soul and the combiner of all, the Archbishop of Cambrai from the depths of his exile, the pilot; and in sub-order, Torcy and Desmarets, Père Tellier, the Jesuits, and Saint-Sulpice (the latter all mutually distant from one another). The third, the cabal of Meudon, I have already explained.

The first two held each other in reciprocal misgiving; the second advanced silently; the other, on the contrary, with noise, and seeking all occasions to injure its rival. All the fine fashion of the Court and army belonged to the cabal of the seigneurs, and so did a quantity of the wiser heads, disgusted and impatient with the government and attracted by the honesty of Boufflers and the talents of Harcourt.

My situation among these cabals.

What the world calls chance, which is, like all things else, an arrangement of Providence, had all my life allied me, with marked singularity, to the most opposed persons; and it now did the same for me with regard to the two cabals of the seigneurs and the ministers. Entirely united to the Ducs

de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse and to nearly all their family; intimately allied with Chamillart even to the depths of his downfall; standing very well with the Jesuits and with Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne (as I have shown in connection with the Flanders affair); well also, although at a distance and through the two dukes, with the Archbishop of Cambrai (though not personally knowing him), — my heart was with this cabal, which could count on the Duc de Bourgogne as being with it, against and in spite of all.

On the other side, I was the depositary of the most entire domestic and public confidence of the chancellor and of almost his whole family; in continual intimacy, as will presently be seen, with the Duc and Duchesse de Villeroy, and through them with the Duc de La Roche Guyon, with whom they were one; in full confidence also with the chief equerry, with Du Mont, with Bignon, who, with his wife, was in that of Mlle. Choin; these last belonged to the Meudon cabal (which being still afloat, I could not desire that either of the two others should succumb); and also with Harcourt, always ready to open himself freely to me whenever I wished it.

I may dare to say that the esteem of all these leading personages, joined to the friendship that many of them felt for me, gave them, Harcourt excepted, a freedom, an ease, a perfect confidence in speaking to me of all the most secret and important matters; not perhaps without something escaping them at times that affected my friends who were opposed to them, but without the speakers being in the least troubled at having done so. I knew much more through the chancellor and Maréchal de Boufflers than through the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, who were not vigilant and were often ignorant.

To these more serious connections I added that of a close court intimacy with the best-informed women, and those most freely admitted to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who, young and old, saw many things for themselves and knew of all through the princess; so that from day to day I was informed to the very depths of this curious sphere, and, often by the same means, of many of the secret actions in the sanctuary of Mme. de Maintenon. The gossip was amusing enough, and it was seldom that amid the gossip there was not something important and instructive to one who was thoroughly well-informed about such matters.

I was also at times given a sight of another interior, not less of a sanctuary, through the most confidential valets, who, being at all hours in the king's cabinets, did not keep their eyes nor their ears closed.

Thus it happened that I was daily informed, by genuine, direct, and sure channels, of all things both great and small. My curiosity, independently of other reasons, found its satisfaction; and it must be owned that whoever you may be, personage or nobody, that is the only food you live on at Courts, and without it you languish away.

My continual attention was given to preserving extreme secrecy from one to the other in all matters which concerned them mutually; to a scupulous discernment of things which might have consequences, and to keeping silence about them, indifferent as they might seem; and as for those which really were indifferent, to relate them in a way to give and encourage confidence; which rules made the safety of my intercourse with all, and also the pleasure of it; for I often gave as much and more than I received, without its ever happening to me to meet with either cooling-off, distrust, or less frankness in a single individual, although they all knew very well that I was in the same close relations with

many of the cabal opposed to theirs; they one and all spoke to me freely of those relations when occasion offered, and always moderately about such persons, out of regard for my feelings, except on some occasions when a few vivacities escaped them, to which I shut my eyes.

Affairs in Spain of the Duc d'Orléans.

We must now turn back a trifle to see the result of the affairs of the Duc d'Orléans in Spain, which came to a crisis at this time, and has been the source of all the troubles which later accompanied his life of bitterness and distress, and have even stretched thence over the more free and liberated period of his career during which he has been clothed with sovereign power.

Without saying more at the present time about his character, it suffices to remark that his enforced idleness, continually relieved and amused by trips to Paris, by experiments in chemistry which were very undesirable, and by searchings into the future that were still more so; delivered up to his mistress, Mme. d'Argenton, to debauchery, and to bad company with an air of bravado; spending little of his time at Court, and even less with his wife, — all this had done him great injury in the mind of the world, and still more in that of the king, before the necessities of war obliged the latter to send him to Italy, and induced him, after the misfortunes at Turin (which happened without the duke's concurrence), to console him for that and for his wound by the command of the armies in Spain.

The king had told the duke he desired that he should keep on good terms with Mme. des Ursins, interfere in nothing except the things that concerned the war, and take no part in other public matters. The Duc d'Orléans followed this order strictly; Mme. des Ursins sought only to please him. She affected to write me about him the sort of praises

that are meant to be repeated. I knew the orders of the king about her; I was the friend of both to the very utmost; I desired their union for the good of both, but especially for that of the Duc d'Orléans, and I took good care to let him hear whatever might contribute to it.

By the end of his first campaign, and still more after his stay in Madrid, he felt the faults which ambition and avariciousness were leading the Princesse des Ursins to commit. He had no difficulty in making out that she was extremely feared and hated. Perhaps it was mere curiosity that led him in the first instance to listen to some of the principal malcontents. Princes, above all men, want to be liked. Everything was echoed in Spain, and from Spain here; his praises of every kind resounded: work, details, capacity, valour, courage of mind, energy, resources, affability, kindness; and I don't know that he did not take the homage of desires addressed to rank and power for the homage of hearts; neither do I know exactly to what point he was flattered and seduced. The malcontents of the government and of the Princesse des Ursins gathered about him; and he made so little secret of it that on leaving Madrid for a short absence in Paris he asked for the pardon of several and restored them to favour, obtained for others what they desired, and replied to the complaints that Mme. des Ursins made him, in presence of the king and queen, that he thought he was serving the latter to the best advantage in retaining these people by words and assistance, instead of driving them to Barcelona, where they would have rushed into conspiracy but for him.

Towards the end of the winter the king asked his nephew if he really wanted to return to Spain for the next campaign. The duke replied in a manner which, while proving his willingness to serve, showed no eagerness, and he paid no heed

to the important meaning which might have lurked in the question. He told me about it. I blamed the slackness of his reply, and represented to him how important it was that peace alone should put an end to his campaigns.

A few days later the king asked him how he thought he stood with the Princesse des Ursins, and when he answered that he had reason to suppose that he stood very well with her, the king told him that she feared his return to Spain, and asked very urgently that he should not be sent back, complaining that while she had done all she could to please him, he had allied himself with her enemies.

M. d'Orléans replied that he was extremely surprised by these complaints of Mme. des Ursins; that he had taken the greatest pains, as his Majesty requested, not to meddle in any matter except the war; that he had neglected nothing to prevent Mme. des Ursins from taking umbrage at his interference, and to show that he wished to live in all peace and friendship with her, and in short, that he had really done so. He added that it was true he knew of many malversations and dangerous manœuvres on the part of the Princesse des Ursins, which might prove the ruin of their Catholic Majesties and of their crown; that Mme. des Ursins might perhaps be aware of this knowledge on his part, and was anxious for that reason that he should not return; but he had kept so strictly to what the king had enjoined that he ventured to call his Majesty to witness that this was the first time he had taken the liberty to speak of these matters, and he should still have left them in silence had the king himself not obliged him to break it by speaking of Mme. des Ursins' aversion, which was equally unknown and undeserved by him.

The king thought a moment, and then said that things being thus he thought it best to abstain from sending him

back to Spain; that matters there were at a crisis where they could not remain, and while his grandson was coming through it, it was better not to interfere with Mme. des Ursins' administration; and if the king preserved his crown it would be proper then to discuss the matter of that administration, at which time he should be glad to consult his nephew.

The Duc d'Orléans accepted the situation and told me about it, only moderately annoyed as I thought; but I myself was much more so for reasons already given. He told me that the whole intrigue was conducted by Mme. des Ursins and Mme. de Maintenon, and that the king had told him so; that is to say, that Mme. des Ursins had written to Mme. de Maintenon herself, without any intermediary, for in fact she needed none, especially for a mutual vengeance.

Before long it became public that M. le Duc d'Orléans would not return to the army in Spain, and it needed no more to excite an exasperation against him. The cabal of Meudon had missed their blow on the Duc de Bourgogne, or half-missed it, for they had ruined him with Monseigneur. The present occasion against the only man of the blood royal who could figure with importance was too fine not to profit by it to the fullest extent, and so clear the way. This policy was helped by the personal hatred of Mme. la Duchesse, caused by those jealousies of rank from which the princes of the blood could never free themselves, still more by affairs of gallantry, which, past as they were, were not forgiven, and by envy at his command of the armies, little as she really cared for M. le Duc. The latter also did not restrain himself from saying and doing the worst he could. It was whispered about that the Duc d'Orléans had tried to form a party to place him on the throne of Spain by driving out

Terrible storm against the Duc d'Orleans.

Philippe V., on the ground of his incapacity and of Mme. des Ursins' empire; that he had been in treaty with Stanhope for the protection of the archduke, under the idea that it mattered little to England and Holland who was on the throne of Spain, provided the archduke remained master of all that was outside its borders, and that whoever was King of Spain should be one with them, allied with them, and (no matter what his birth might be) an enemy of, or at least in heart aloof from, France. This was the talk that had most currency.

But some persons went much farther. These spoke of nothing less than a design on the part of the Duc d'Orléans to have his marriage dissolved in Rome, as degrading and compelled by force; and subsequently, at the request of the emperor, declare his children bastards, in order to marry the queen dowager, widow of Charles II. and sister of the empress, who then had enormous wealth, mount the throne of Spain with her, and (certain that she could have no children) marry after her death the d'Argenton; for all of which purposes and to avoid difficulties, he would poison the Duchesse d'Orléans. Considering his dabblings in alembics, chemistry, physics, and the amusements of a laboratory, also his being in the clutches of mystical impostors, it was lucky for the Duc d'Orléans that his wife, who was then pregnant, and had just at this very time a frightful attack of colic, came happily out of it, and soon after gave birth to her child, which served, not a little, to put an end to the latter tale.

I was then, as I have already remarked, in a sort of disgrace. I no longer went to Marly; a disagreeable situation, which was now becoming visible. My close connection with the Duc d'Orléans disquieted my friends; they pressed me to avoid him a little. The experience I had had of what

those who either hated or feared me would do, especially the cabal of Meudon, and in particular M. le Duc and Mme. la Duchesse, made me reflect for myself that in the situation in which I was with the king, this great intimacy gave them a fine chance against me. But, all things considered, I thought that at Court as in war a man needed honour and courage, and to know, with discernment, how to face danger. I did not think, therefore, that I ought to show fear, or make the slightest difference in my old and intimate intercourse with the Duc d'Orléans in these days of his need, from the strange abandonment he now experienced. Never were clamours so universal, never a greater hue and cry, never an abandonment like that in which the Duc d'Orléans now found himself, and all for mere folly; for had there been any wrong, it must have been known in the end; no attempt was made to conceal anything, and no one, no matter who, ever knew more on the subject than I have related, either then or at any future time. I infer that the king and Mme. de Maintenon, and Mme. des Ursins herself, never knew more, — they who pushed the affair to extremes and were consequently the most interested in obtaining proofs.

I went nearly every evening to talk with the chancellor in his cabinet, and this affair had been mentioned between us, but only superficially because of the presence of others. One evening I went early and found him alone, walking up and down with his head bent and his two arms thrust through the slits of his robe, as was his fashion when much absorbed in thought. He began at once to speak of the rumours afloat, which were getting stronger; then, as if to approach the matter gently, he added there had been some talk of a criminal trial, and he questioned me, as if from pure curiosity and in course of con-

Proposal to arraign him.

versation, about the forms to be observed, knowing that I was well informed on all questions of the peerage. I told him what I knew about the trials of peers, and cited examples. He gathered himself in still more, and took several turns up and down, I with him, before either of us uttered a word, he gazing on the ground, I watching him with all my eyes.

Suddenly the chancellor stopped, and turned to me, as if waking with a start. "And you," he said, "if that happens, you are peer of France; all of them will be convoked, and you too; you are the friend of the Duc d'Orléans; I suppose him guilty; how will you get out of it?" "Monsieur," I said boldly, "don't run your nose into that, or you will break it." "But," he said again, "I tell you I suppose him guilty and brought to judgment; and I say again: What will you do?" "What shall I do?" I answered; "that does not trouble me. I shall go there, because the oath of a peer is plain; the convocation necessitates my going. I shall listen tranquilly in my seat to all that is reported and said before me. When my turn comes to speak I shall say that before entering upon any examination of proofs it is necessary to establish the legality of the question; that the matter concerned is a conspiracy, real or supposed, to dethrone the King of Spain and usurp his crown; that act is the worst form of the crime of *lèse-majesté;* but it concerns the king and crown of Spain, and not France at all. Consequently, before proceeding farther, I do not think the Court is supplied with peers (among whom I am) sufficiently competent to judge of the crime of *lèse-majesté* to a foreign king, nor that it consists with the dignity of the crown to deliver up a prince, so near in blood, to a Spanish tribunal, which alone is competent to take cognizance of a crime that concerns the king and crown of Spain. That said, I think the

assembly will find itself surprised and embarrassed, and if there is a debate I shall not have any difficulty in maintaining my opinion." The chancellor was amazed to the last degree, and after a few moments' silence he said, looking at me, stamping his foot and smiling like a man relieved, "You are a friend in need; I never thought of that; but it is solid." He reasoned it over a little while and then dismissed me, which he never did at that hour, because the work of his day was over and he was then given up to his intimate friends. As I went out, the chief equerry went in.

I felt that the impression I had made on the chancellor was so strong that I went at once and related the whole thing to the Duc d'Orléans, who embraced me with all his heart. I have never known what the chancellor did, but the next day he worked alone with the king after the council was over. This was the last of that matter; twenty-four hours later the rumours were suddenly changed; it was first whispered and then said openly that there would be no trial, and immediately after the talk ceased. The king allowed it to be understood among a few persons, in order to spread it about, that he had looked into the affair and was surprised that so much talk had been made about it; and moreover that he thought it very strange so many evil things had been said.

That silenced people in public, but not in private, where the affair was long discussed. Each one believed as he pleased according to his affections and ideas. The king continued alienated from his nephew, and Monseigneur, who never forgave him, made him feel it not only on all public occasions, but in ordinary life in a manner most mortifying. The Court witnessed at all moments the curt manner of the king to his nephew, and his air of constraint. That did not serve to bring society back to the prince, whose discomfort

and restraint sent him, after a short period of cautious conduct, more than ever to Paris to enjoy the liberty he could not have elsewhere, and to drown his troubles in debauchery.

If Mme. des Ursins was mortified at merely touching for an instant the end she aimed for, Mme. de Maintenon with her consorts, and Mlle. Choin with hers were not more content; and they took great pains to foster hatred and turn into odious suspicions the evident estrangement of the king and Monseigneur, and to keep the Court in its belief that it was rash to pay respect to the Duc d'Orléans; consequently his abandonment continued. He felt it, but, depressed by his relations with the king and Monseigneur, he did but little to conciliate society, which, however, did not flee him, as it did in the height of the affair, when it was doubtful what might come of it.

While I reasoned about the disfavour and exile of others it was time, and more than time, to attend to my own in the painful situation in which I now stood. I thought no longer of going to Guyenne, and fell back to the plan of La Ferté, where my intention was to pass several years. But before making this move we thought it was wise to take certain measures.

Conversation of Mme. de Saint-Simon with the Duchesse de Bourgogne on my situation.

Mme. de Saint-Simon had never entered on any of our private affairs with the Duchesse de Bourgogne, but she had always been treated by her on a footing of esteem, friendship, and distinction. We knew also that the princess wanted her in the place of the Duchesse du Lude if the latter, who was old and gouty, should fail, and we could not doubt that she would. Mme. de Saint-Simon therefore sought a conversation with her alone, in her cabinet one morning, in order to discover through her the cause of the position in which I now stood, and the means, if any there were,

to remedy it before taking the final steps to execute our project.

She was received personally with all possible interest and kindness, but with marked coldness as to me; nor was the princess unwilling to give the reason for it. She told Mme. de Saint-Simon that she had heard how extremely opposed I had been to the Duc de Bourgogne during the campaign in Flanders, and that I had not restrained myself from expressing it. The surprise of Mme. de Saint-Simon was all the greater because the princess knew the whole that had passed on that subject, through Mme. de Nogaret, and even from M. de Beauvilliers; nor was it possible that the Duc de Bourgogne had never himself told her how satisfied he was with me on that score. But the princess was volatile, easily a prey to any one, and there were honest folk at Court who had destroyed in the course of the winter all that had come of that strange campaign. I will return to these kind offices in a moment.

Mme. de Saint-Simon exclaimed at the thought; reminded her of what I have just referred to; begged her to question M. de Beauvilliers, with whom she had been in close relations during that long campaign, and also the Duc d'Orléans, for whom she cared much, and with whom I had exchanged letters continually during that period, and was now so intimately allied.

These answers made an impression. The princess opened herself still further as Mme. de Saint-Simon went on to tell her very strong and precise facts in the matter, and to make her see that the cabal of M. de Vendôme, not being able to do worse, had spread this falsehood about me to avenge itself for my freedom and vigour in acting against it, — a falsehood contrary to everything which all the Court had witnessed. She added that Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne was well aware of

my active conduct in this respect, which had drawn these dangerous enemies on me, and that he would be most distressed if she were the only one not convinced of it after hearing and knowing from Mme. de Nogaret the extreme interest that I had felt in his cause. The same volatility which estranged her now brought her easily back to a remembrance of all that others had wiped from her mind; and results showed us that those false impressions were effaced from her memory permanently.

She then told Mme. de Saint-Simon that I had powerful enemies, and a number of them, who lost no occasion to injure me; they had greatly magnified to the king my attachment to my dignity; they accused me of blaming him for all that he did, and for speaking ill on public matters. She said that Mme. de Saint-Simon stood well with the king, that he esteemed and considered her, but that he had conceived a great opposition to me, which time and very wise and cautious conduct could alone diminish; that persons said I had much more intelligence, knowledge, and views than ordinary people; that everybody feared me and watched me; that they saw me allied to persons in office, where, it was feared, I should soon be myself; and that they could not endure my haughtiness and my freedom in expressing myself about people and things in a manner that carried the day; and finally, that my reputation for integrity made all this the more oppressive.

Mme. de Saint-Simon thanked her very much for thus entering fully into the matter, and replied very neatly that as there was nothing essential to blame in my conduct nor in the current of my life, persons were forced to attack me with commonplace generalities, which, by their vagueness, might suit any one they wished to destroy. Mme. de Saint-Simon had the prudence not to tell me for a long time what

she learned from this conversation of the strength of the king's opposition to me, in order not to increase my disgust for the Court, which I longed to abandon forever. I was sensitive to the blackness of the calumny about my feelings to the Duc de Bourgogne, and that alone made me more determined than ever to get away from such open scoundrels. I thought of nothing else now than going to La Ferté.

I have enlarged upon this conversation, because nothing can paint both the king and Court better than what was said to Mme. de Saint-Simon by the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The fear and aversion of so great a king for mind and knowledge above the common, which, for want of a better reason, were made a crime in me, were so worked upon from time to time that those qualities did me more harm than others really bad and dangerous would have done. Even the reputation of integrity injured me with him from the turn they gave to it; and those who knew him well and wished to ruin me without having any grounds, found that exaggerated praises of mind and knowledge and the weight given by integrity fulfilled their purpose. The friendship and confidence shown to me by the principal ministers, and the most distinguished and respected seigneurs, and those nearest to the king's confidence, was another demerit in his eyes, so that all that ought to have pleased him in these respects, and have given him a good opinion of me, only resulted in making his estrangement the greater. And who were they who breathed this poison into him? First, M. du Maine and d'Antin, the two men at his Court with the most mind and the most views. M. du Maine was the soul of the Vendôme cabal, and had never pardoned me for my attachment to the Duc de Bourgogne. He and Mme. du Maine had not forgotten the vain efforts they had made to draw me to their house; and from that moment they feared for

their rank. Hence the blame imputed to me with the king of being so attached to my dignity; hence the hatred of Mme. de Maintenon, who was thenceforth my constant and most dangerous enemy.

Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, who wanted to conceal that fact, let slip, in what she said to Mme. de Saint-Simon, that she would try herself with Mme. de Maintenon, and profit by all occasions to reconcile me with the king. She knew, better than she said, that Mme. de Maintenon was the greatest obstacle. Chamillart knew it too when he saw me ill with the king for having quitted the army, and when he tried to heal matters and have me recalled to Marly. He had many and frequent disputes about it with Mme. de Maintenon, with whom, at that time, he was in the closest intimacy. It was long before he could induce her, not to change her mind about me, for that she never did, but not to oppose my return to Marly, and to cease to injure me. I suspected she was not favourable to me, though I scarcely knew why; but as for her hatred, I never knew that till after the death of the king, when Chamillart one day asked me what I had ever done to that witch to make her hate me so much; and then he told for the first time what I have just related.

VI

The dearness of everything, bread especially, had caused frequent tumults in all the different parts of the kingdom. Paris had often felt them; and although nearly half as many more troops than usual had been kept there to guard the markets and suspected places, this precaution had not prevented various disorders, in several of which d'Argenson, lieutenant of police, had run some risk of life.

The dearness of everything; and want of bread.

Monseigneur, coming and returning from the Opera, had more than once been assailed by the populace and by women in great numbers, crying for "bread!" until at last he was frightened in the midst of his guards, who dared not disperse them for fear of worse. He had got out of it once or twice by throwing them money and promising wonders, but as the wonders did not follow he no longer dared to go to Paris.

The king himself heard pretty loud noises through his window, from the people of Versailles who were shouting in the streets. Talk was bold and frequent, complaints bitter and little restrained against the government and against his own person in the streets and open spaces, where some persons exhorted others not to be so long-suffering, saying that nothing could happen worse to them than to die of hunger, as they were now doing. To divert their minds, idlers and paupers were employed to level a great mound of earth which had been left on the boulevard between the Portes Saint-Denis and Saint-Martin; for which work bad bread was

distributed to the labourers for their only pay, and that in small quantities to each.

It happened that on a Tuesday morning, August 20th, bread was lacking for the greater number. One woman, among others, cried out loudly, which excited the rest; the archers seized her and, very indiscreetly, put her into a pillory that was close at hand. In a moment all the labourers rose, dragged her from the pillory, ran through the streets and pillaged the bakers and confectioners. The shops were closed hastily. The tumult swelled, the crowd filled all the adjoining streets, without doing harm to any one, but crying aloud for "bread! bread!" and taking it everywhere.

Maréchal de Boufflers, thinking of nothing of the kind, had gone that morning to Berenger, his notary, who lived in that neighbourhood. Surprised at the terror he found there and learning its cause, he wished to go himself and try to pacify the people, in spite of all that the Duc de Grammont, who had gone to the same notary, could say to prevent it; finding him resolved, the latter went with him. A hundred steps away from the notary's door they met the Maréchal d'Huxelles in his coach and stopped him to ask news, because he was coming from the direction of the tumult. He told them it was nothing, and tried to prevent them from going on; as for himself, he cleared off like a man who hated noise and to be thrust into an uproar. The maréchal and his father-in-law continued their way; finding as they advanced much terror, and persons calling to them from the windows to go no further or they would certainly be struck down.

When they reached the upper end of the rue Saint-Denis, the crowd and the tumult made the maréchal think it was time to get out of his carriage. He therefore advanced on

foot, with the Duc de Grammont, into the midst of the furious people; the maréchal asking what was the matter, why such noise, promising bread, and speaking to them as best he could, with gentleness and firmness, and telling them that that was not the way they ought to ask for it. He was listened to; shouts arose on all sides of "Vive le Maréchal de Boufflers!" who still advanced among the crowd, speaking his best. He thus walked with the Duc de Grammont the whole length of the rue aux Ours and the adjoining streets, until he reached the very centre of the riot. The people prayed him to represent to the king their misery and get them bread. He promised it, and on his word the crowd was pacified and dispersed with thanks and more acclamations of "Vive le Maréchal de Boufflers!" This was indeed a veritable service. Argenson was marching in with a detachment of the regiment of the French guards and one of the Suisses, and if it had not been for the marshal's action blood would have been shed, and things might have gone very far. They were even mounting the mousquetaires.

The maréchal had scarcely entered his own house in the Place Royale when he was notified that the sedition was greater still in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. He hurried there with the Duc de Grammont and pacified it as he did the other. He returned home to eat a mouthful, and went off to Versailles; he would take only his post-chaise, one footman behind and one person on horseback as far as the Cours; choosing to cross all Paris in that way. He was hardly out of the Place Royale when the people in the streets and in the shops began to cry to him to have pity upon them, to get them bread, and always: "Vive M. le Maréchal de Boufflers!" They accompanied him thus to the quay of the Louvre.

When he reached Versailles he went straight to Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, where he found her with the king, both in great trouble. He told what brought him and received many thanks. The king offered him the command of Paris, troops, bourgeoisie, police, etc.; but the generous marshal preferred the re-establishment of things in their natural way to this honour. He told the king that Paris had a governor whom he would not rob of the functions that belonged to him; that it was shameful how few remained to him since the lieutenant of police and the provost of the merchants had filched them all or shared them, even to the command of the troops, and he advised the king to take advantage of these moments of alarm to return those powers to the Duc de Tresmes, who had so completely lost them, like his immediate predecessors, that a new patent would have to be issued to secure his authority.

It was therefore enjoined on the troops and bourgeois to receive no orders except from the governor, but to obey him in all things and everywhere. The Duc de Tresmes was sent to Paris to exercise his powers, but with orders to do nothing without consulting the Maréchal de Boufflers, to whom d'Argenson, Bignon, provost of the merchants, the bourgeoisie, and the troops were also subjected, but by verbal orders; and the maréchal was immediately sent back to live in Paris. His modesty won him fresh lustre; he gave the credit of everything to the Duc de Tresmes, in whose name and by whose order all was done, and to whom he went for consultations, seldom allowing them to take place in his own house. Master and tutor in reality of the Duc de Tresmes, and the real commander, he called himself his aide-de-camp, and behaved as if he were. Immediately after this, bread was carefully provided. Paris was filled with patrols, rather

too many perhaps, but who managed matters so well that no further trouble was heard of.

The autumn of this year was the last which saw the famous monastery of Port-Royal des Champs still standing; after being so long the abomination of the Jesuits it was finally their victim. I shall not enlarge upon the origin, progress, and events of a dispute and a quarrel so well known, nor upon the two parties, Molinist and Jansenist, whose dogmatical and historical writings would fill a numerous library, and whose energies were displayed for so many years in Rome and at our own Court. I shall content myself with a very short epitome, which will suffice for the understanding of the powerful interest which moved such mighty machinery; because the facts which ought to take their rightful place in the record of what happened must not be suppressed.

Port-Royal; Molinism and Jansenism.

The ineffable and incomprehensible mystery of grace, as little within the reach of our intelligence and explanation as that of the Trinity, has been a stone of stumbling to the Church ever since the doctrine of Saint Augustine on this mystery was controverted, as soon as it appeared, by the priests of Marseilles. Saint Thomas [Aquinas] supported it, as did the most enlightened personages; the Church has adopted it in her general councils, and more especially the Church of Rome and the popes.

Decisions so venerable and so in keeping with the condemnation made and reiterated, by the same authorities, of the doctrine of the Pelagians and the semi-Pelagians, have not prevented a succession of votaries of the opposite doctrines, who, not daring to present themselves full-front, have taken all sorts of forms in order to conceal themselves like the semi-Arians of other days.

In later times, the Jesuits, masters of all Courts as being

the confessors of nearly all the kings and Catholic sovereigns, and of almost the whole public through their instruction of youth, and by their talents and their art; necessary to Rome, in order to insinuate her pretensions to temporal sovereignty and her empire over the spiritual, to the extinction of the episcopate and the councils-general; the Jesuits, now become formidable by their power and by their wealth (wholly employed on their designs); authorized by their knowledge of all kinds and by their power of insinuation everywhere; amiable through easy accommodation and sophistries never before encountered in the tribunal of repentance; protected by Rome as men devoted by a fourth vow to the pope, peculiar to their society and more adapted than all others to extend his supreme domain; recommendable moreover for the hardness of their lives wholly consecrated to study and to the defence of the Church against heretics, and for the sanctity of their establishment and of their earliest fathers; terrible, through their subtle and profound policy; superior to every consideration except that of their own dominating power; governed by a rule of which monarchy, authority, rank, intrigue, secrecy, uniformity in its views, multiplicity in its means are the vital spirit, — the Jesuits, I say, after divers tentatives, and especially after subjugating the schools beyond the frontier and enervating as much as they could those within our borders, risked the putting forth, in a book by their Père Molina, of a doctrine of grace that was wholly opposed to that of Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, all the Fathers and councils-general, the pope and the Church at Rome, which latter, though several times ready to anathematize it, has always delayed doing so. The Church of France, more particularly, revolted against these agreeable novelties which made so many conquests through the facility of salvation and the pride of the human heart.

The Jesuits, hampered by a difficult defence, found means to sow discord in the schools of France, and by a thousand tricks of suppleness, policy and open force, and finally by the support of the Court, contrived to change the face of matters. They invented a heresy, which had neither author nor votary, and they attributed it to a book by Cornelius Jansenius, bishop of Sprès, deceased in the bosom of the Church and in veneration; thus making themselves accusers instead of the defendants that they were, and their adversaries (really their accusers) the defendants. Hence the names of Molinist and Jansenist which distinguish the two parties.

Great and long debates followed over this imaginary heresy, brought to light, or rather invented, by the Jesuits in order to make the adversaries of Molina lose ground; and much discussion was had before a conclave formed for the express purpose and called *De auxiliis*, which held a number of sessions before Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini) and Paul V. (Borghese), who, having already drawn up a decree of anathema against the doctrine of Molina, dared not publish it, and contented themselves with not condemning the doctrine, at the same time not approving it; and consoling the Jesuits with flattery about this imaginary heresy supported by no one, but out of which the Company knew well how to profit.

The famous conclave De auxiliis.

Many saintly and learned persons had from time to time, and one after another, retired to the Abbey of Port-Royal des Champs. Some of them wrote there; others assembled youths, to whom they taught the sciences and piety. The finest works of morality, those which have most enlightened the study of knowledge and the practice of religion, issued from their hands, and such all the world has pronounced them to be.

These gentlemen had friends and intimate connections; they entered into the discussion against Molinism. This was enough to add to the jealousy already conceived by the Jesuits for this dawning school an irreconcilable hatred; out of which grew the persecution of the Jansenists, of the Sorbonne, of M. Arnauld, considered the master of them all, and the dispersion of the recluses at Port-Royal. Hence came also the introduction of a formulary (a thing so often fatal and so often proscribed by the Church) in which the new heresy, put forth and sustained by nobody, was not only proscribed, — which everybody would have agreed to without any difficulty, — but was declared to be contained in a book entitled "Augustinus," written by Cornelius Jansenius, bishop of Sprès; and to this formulary it was necessary to swear a literal and inward belief in its contents.

The rule, that is to say, the proscription of the five heretical propositions (which nobody maintained) caused no difficulty; but the fact, namely, that those propositions were contained in the book of Jansenius, made immense difficulties. Never did any one contrive to extract a single one of them from that book. This difficulty was met by saying they were so diffused that none could be cited; nor were they. To swear upon your God and soul to believe what you do not believe to be founded on fact, and which those who propose to you to believe it cannot show to you, seemed a crime to all honest men. A very great indignation burst forth as soon as the formulary appeared.

But what was most intolerable of all, in order to destroy Port-Royal, which it was rightly judged would never bring itself to take that oath, it was proposed to make all nuns throughout the kingdom sign it. Now to propose to swear that a fact is contained in a book you have never read — in a book, too, which you never can read, because it is written in

Latin and you do not know that language — is a violence beyond example; and yet this violence actually filled the provinces with exiles, the prisons and the monasteries with captives.

Such excesses at length aroused a few bishops, who wrote to the pope, and so exposed themselves to deposition, the first steps to which were already taken when the greater number of their episcopal brethren came to their assistance and sustained the same cause. Then Rome and the king feared a schism. Other bishops interposed. The negotiation ended in what was called *the peace* of Clement IX. (Rospigliosi) which declared authentically that the Holy See did not intend and never had intended that the signing of the formulary obliged any one to believe that the five condemned propositions were implicitly or explicitly in the book of Jansenius; it only required that all should condemn them as heretical in whatever book or place they might be found. This "peace" restored liberty and the sacraments to all persons who had been deprived of them, and it also restored to their places professors and others who had been driven out of them.

The peace of Clement IX.

I shall not say more, because the little I have now explained suffices for an understanding of what is to follow. I shall continue to use the words Jansenist and Jansenism, Molinist and Molinism, for the purpose of abridgment.

The Jesuits and their faithful were indignant at this peace, which all their efforts here and in Rome could not prevent. They managed, however, to cleverly fool the minds of people about Jansenism and Molinism, and instead of being on their defence, they again became the aggressors. The Jansenists, while defending themselves about the five propositions which nobody believed, and about the fact in the formulary, had never let go of the doctrine of Molina,

nor of the evils that must follow that moral; which the famous Pascal made equally palpable and ridiculous in the doctrine and practice of the Jesuits, in those able letters so well known under the title of "Lettres Provinciales." Bitterness and hatred continued, war was perpetuated by writings, and the Jesuits fortified themselves more and more in the various Courts, hoping to overwhelm their adversaries, and drive them and all suspected persons from places in the Church and schools.

In these quarrels Père Tellier played a double part. He was, as I have said, a violent man, whose divinity was his Molinism and the authority of his Company. He saw a fine chance before him: a king, very ignorant on such matters, who had never listened to anything on the subject except from the Jesuits and their adherents; supremely attached to his authority and persuaded by them that the Jansenists were its enemies; a king who wanted to be saved, and who, knowing nothing of religion, had satisfied himself all his life by doing his repentance on the backs of others, and was delighted to do it on that of Jansenists and Huguenots, whom he thought much the same and equally heretics; a king surrounded by persons as ignorant as himself and as full of prejudices, like Mme. de Maintenon, MM. de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse, the Saint-Sulpicians, and the late Bishop of Chartres; or by courtiers and head-valets who knew no more than he, or if they did, thought only of their own fortunes; or else by a clergy long degraded by the Bishop of Chartres, who had larded the episcopate with ignorant and unknown men of low birth who regarded the pope as a divinity and held in horror the maxims of the Church of France, because all antiquity was unknown to them and because, being men of nothing, they had no true sense of the State; and finally, by a parliament muzzled and

trembling, long accustomed to servitude, the few members of which who by their position and their capacity might have spoken out being either bigots, like their president Pelletier or hungry after favours.

There remained, however, a few persons whom the Jesuits feared, at least for their enterprises, like the Cardinals d'Estrées, Janson, and Noailles, and the chancellor; the latter was, as I have said elsewhere, tired out, of which Père Tellier was aware; Estrées was old and a courtier, Janson, also, and, more than that, failing in health. Noailles was different, in all respects; he was, moreover, in the closest relations with Mme. de Maintenon, powerful at Court through the liking of the king, through his family, and the sustained reputation of his life and conduct; he was also archbishop of Paris, and held in veneration by his diocese, and by the clergy, at the head of whom he stood throughout the kingdom. He was eminently objectionable to the Jesuits for his doctrine, which, though not suspicious, was not theirs, and for having been appointed to Chalons and then to Paris without their participation, and more than that, promoted to the purple. They knew the Jansenists were not content with him, because he had never given in to their views, and that he was still less content with them since he had discovered the author of the famous "Case of Conscience." Père Tellier, well anchored by this time near the king, resolved to embroil Cardinal de Noailles with the king on one side and the Jansenists on the other and at the same time complete the work at which the Jesuits had toiled so many years by the total destruction of Port-Royal des Champs.

Père de La Chaise had contented himself, after the peace of Clement IX. had re-established these nuns, with preventing them from receiving any girls as postulants, in order that the house might perish by extinction without resort to

violence. We have seen by what the king said to Maréchal, after the latter's journey to Port-Royal, that he repented having allowed them to be pushed too far, and that in the main he regarded them as saintly women. His new confessor contrived in a very short time to change his ideas.

Bull Vineam Domini Sabaoth.

A new constitution now appeared in Rome, the result of the efforts of the Molinists, always on the watch to entangle matters, and ardent in searching for means to disturb the peace of Clement IX. Rome, which has ever treated them cautiously as the athletes of the claims of ultramontanism (to which she has so often sacrificed the nations), gave out a constitution ambiguous against Jansenism, lightly touching it, and done with some cleverness in the interests of those who were attached to the peace of Clement IX., and who could, without offence to themselves, receive this constitution, which was in other respects perfectly useless. The Molinists were disconsolate at obtaining nothing better than so feeble an instrument, which really did no more than proscribe the five propositions already proscribed, which no one had ever defended. But, as always happens in long disputes in which the secular power takes sides and proceeds to persecution, minds grew heated, and from one thing to another the discussion passed all bounds.

Père Tellier resolved to make use of this new constitution, for want of a better, in the hope of getting something out of it against Port-Royal, more sensitive than others on the subject of Jansenism, and to entangle the Cardinal de Noailles, by making the king command him to have the constitution signed. As it did not interfere essentially with the peace of Clement IX., the cardinal dared not object, and began by having it signed first by those who were easiest to manage, and then, from one to another, winning over the rest.

This method of proceeding succeeded so well that even Gif signed. Gif is an abbey of nuns, five or six leagues from Versailles, which has always been considered by friends and enemies as the younger sister of Port-Royal des Champs; and the two houses have at all times preserved the closest union with each other.

Port-Royal des Champs refuses to sign it.

With this signature the cardinal thought himself strong, feeling sure that Port-Royal would make no difficulties. He was mistaken. These nuns, so often and so cruelly maltreated, on their guard against specious signatures repeatedly demanded of them, in a solitude ceaselessly watched and scarcely approached without danger of exile and even of prison, consequently deprived of all outside counsel, could not be brought to sign the constitution. No one who appealed to them could move them, not even the nuns of Gif. In vain the cardinal exhorted; explaining to them that what was required did not attack in any way the peace of Clement IX., or the truths to which they were attached; nothing could remove the fears of these saintly and timorous souls. They could not believe that a new signature did not cover some venomous trap, and their courage was not shaken by the thought of the threatened evils their refusal would bring upon them.

This was precisely what the Jesuits hoped; namely, to involve the Cardinal de Noailles, and succeed through him in destroying a house they detested, and whose ruin they had never for so many years ceased to machinate. They were dying of fear lest the remaining nuns should survive the king, and that after his life they could not be prevented from receiving postulants; in which case this enemy would rise again and be always regarded as the centre, the headquarters, the rallying point of the Jansenist party as soon as its leaders dared to show their heads there.

The cardinal, who foresaw a storm, but not a destruction beyond all belief, urged the sisters constantly, by others as well as by himself. He went there several times, always uselessly. The king, pushed on by his confessor, pressed him eagerly, so that finally the cardinal gave way and deprived them of the sacraments. Thereupon Père Tellier blackened them to the king with all the old stains he could collect, making them appear to the king's mind as rebels, who alone of all the Church refused a signature pronounced orthodox, and persuaded him he would never be at peace upon these questions so long as that monastery, famous for its rebellion against both powers, existed; and, in short, that his conscience as well as his authority demanded of him so necessary a destruction, too long delayed. The worthy father goaded and twisted the king so successfully that the irons were put in the fire for destruction.

Port-Royal of Paris was only an appendage to Port-Royal des Champs. The latter had been removed to Paris for some years, during which time the buildings of the monastery des Champs, which up to that time was only a farm-house, were erected. Subsequently, the nuns, whom they had taken care to divide in the various persecutions to which they had been subjected, were separated into two monasteries. Those who did all that was wanted of them formed the Paris house, the others Port-Royal des Champs, which had no greater enemies than the nuns of Paris, to whom nearly all the property of the establishment was given, in the hope of reducing the Champs by famine; instead of which they supported themselves by labour, economy, and alms.

When the question of the destruction came up, Voysin, still councillor of State, but a sure man and ready to do anything to make his fortune, was made commissioner on

the question against the Champs, and we can judge from that of the equity that was shown. But what surprised everybody was that the nuns of the Champs, doing everything in due form, appealed to Rome, where they obtained a hearing. As the bull, that is, the constitution *Vineam Domini Sabaoth*, had never been given to destroy the peace of Clement IX., the reluctance of the nuns to sign it without the addition of the words they proposed, and to which they adhered, namely, "without prejudice to the peace of Clement IX.," was not thought improper. That which was made their crime in France, requiring complete eradication and deserving of the utmost personal penalties, seemed very innocent in Rome. They submitted to the bull in the same spirit in which it had been given; and more than that, Rome did not ask.

Port-Royal innocent in Rome, guilty in Paris.

This made the Jesuits change their batteries, because it clearly revealed the criminal use they wanted to make of the bull; for they knew they could not succeed now that Rome, on whom they had counted, failed them. They feared still more the delay of judicial proceedings in Paris, Lyons, Rome, or with commissioners *in partibus*. It was a gordian knot, which seemed to them more easy to cut than to loose. Accordingly, they raised the principle that there was but one Port-Royal; that tolerance alone had made two of the same abbey; that of the two it was much better to maintain the one in Paris than the other, which had scarcely enough to subsist upon, was built in a very unhealthy situation, and occupied solely by obstinate old women, who for years had been forbidden to receive postulants.

A decree of the council was therefore given, in virtue of which, on the night of the 28th and 29th of October, the abbey of Port-Royal des Champs was secretly invested by detachments from the regiments of the French and Suisse

guards; and towards morning D'Argenson arrived at the convent with squads of archers and patrols. He commanded the doors to be opened, and assembled the whole community in the chapel, showed a *lettre de cachet*, and without giving them more than one quarter of an hour, carried off all the nuns bodily. He had brought many carriages with him, in each of which was a woman of middle age; he distributed the nuns among them according to their places of destination, which were in different monasteries at ten, twenty, thirty, forty, and even fifty leagues' distance, and made them start immediately, each carriage being accompanied by archers on horseback, precisely as public women are carried away from a bad house. I pass in silence all that accompanied a scene so touching, and so unheard-of. Whole books are in it.

After their departure, d'Argenson searched the house from garret to cellar, seized all he thought useful and carried it off; setting aside whatever he considered should belong to Port-Royal of Paris, and the little that he could not refuse to the abducted nuns. He then returned to Versailles to render an account to the king and Père Tellier of his happy expedition.

The various treatments which these nuns received in their different prisons to force them to sign the constitution without the reservation they insisted on, were the subject of many works which, in spite of the vigilance of the oppressors, were soon in the hands of all the world, whose indignation burst forth publicly to such a point that the Court and even the Jesuits themselves were harassed.

But Père Tellier was not a man to stop short in so fine a path. I must end this matter now, although it really belongs to the first months of the following year. Decrees after decrees, *lettres de cachet* after *lettres de cachet* were issued. Families

Military destruction of Port-Royal des Champs.

who had relatives buried at Port-Royal des Champs were enjoined to exhume the bodies and carry them elsewhere; all the other bodies were flung hap-hazard into the cemetery of a neighbouring parish church, with an indecency scarcely imaginable. After which they proceeded to raze the house, the church, and all the buildings, as is done with the houses of the murderers of kings, so that not one stone remained upon another. All the materials were sold, and the earth ploughed up and sown — not with salt, and that was the only mercy granted. The scandal was great, even in Rome. I confine myself to this simple and brief recital of so violent and odious a deed.

Cardinal de Noailles felt the enormity after he had put himself out of all chance to ward off a blow which exceeded his foresight, and which, in fact, could not have been imagined. He stood no better with the Molinists, but very much worse with the Jansenists, as the Jesuits had intended he should. After this fatal period he had no health; I mean to say that he was almost immediately attacked, and, little by little, was brought to the last extremities until he died.

Discussion about my retirement.

The different events that I have related retarded my retirement; but after being for some time at La Ferté we had leisure, Mme. de Saint-Simon and I, to reason together as to the decision that I ought to make. I thought that complete abandonment of the Court was the only course that suited me. I was not reproached with anything whatever; I did not feel myself to blame in any way; I had no ground for justification, nor for excuse, nor for any hope of again floating on the stream. I was thought to have too much mind and education. The important friends I had at Court, the ministers, the principal seigneurs, the ladies of great consideration, were another matter that did me harm; my enemies feared their influence

in my behalf and that I should use it to carry me to power. It is surprising that no one brought up against me the relations between myself and the Duc d'Orléans, although they were so public and so little restrained, and he was in such bad odour with the king. Nothing shows more plainly the motives that were acting against me. My enemies did not fear the use I could make of him; they feared only that which I might make of others. But with all this there were no means whatever of recovering myself with the king, who was prejudiced against me as something dangerous, although nothing could be alleged against me. I therefore considered the evil without remedy, for the very reason that there was no substance in it on which remedies could act; and I felt no longer disposed to swallow perpetual mortifications by remaining at Court, or submit to a base servitude I had never practised and for which I felt I was not born, in the hope of attaining to something, no matter what, that was better, — and, likely enough, to no purpose.

Mme. de Saint-Simon, without considering herself in any way, represented to me gently the dangerous consequences of the course I wished to follow: the deadening influence of disappointment; the weariness of a life unoccupied; the sterility of aimless walks and books to a man of my nature, whose mind needed fresh food, and who had long been accustomed to think and do; the regrets I should feel at my uselessness, which would weigh upon me; the many years they would endure at my age; the harassment and loss which would result to my children when they entered the world and the service; the continual need of the Court in order to preserve my patrimony, and the ruinous results if that were meddled with; and, finally, the consideration of changes that might arise, and which, indeed, must come with years and age.

We had reached the point of settling that I would spend four months of the winter in Paris and eight months at La Ferté, leaving Mme. de Saint-Simon at liberty to make a shorter stay in the country, when we learned of the death of one who, for thirty years, had taken charge of our property with all the affection, capacity, and reputation one could wish. This misfortune required our return to Paris. Mme. de Saint-Simon proposed to me to go from La Ferté to Pontchartrain and sleep there. She arranged the time during a trip of the Court to Marly, knowing the chancellor would then be at home. In fact, she had already informed him of our discussion, and he awaited me. I fell into the trap without suspecting it, and we reached Pontchartrain December 19.

A wise trap laid for me at Pontchartrain.

The next day the chancellor took me into his cabinet with his wife and mine, and asked me where I now was since he had last seen me, and whether reflection had not come to my assistance. I explained myself at full length, as reported above. He let me say it all; then he took up my arguments, and tried with his natural cleverness and sense, to turn them inside out. After which he censured me, but with touching grace and friendship. He showed me that by such a course the enemies of whom I complained would be well paid for being so; and he pointed out that in a situation common at my age I spared them little, and concealed little. It was true that I spoke seldom, and sometimes not at all; but when I did speak the energy of my expressions, even my ordinary ones, alarmed them; and my silence was not less eloquent in certain encounters. He added that he did not mean that I should do anything marked or clumsy, but merely show in the future, by more circumspection, that I was not incapable of reflecting and of correcting myself. He insisted that as there was nothing

definite against me except that bet about Lille, which would soon grow stale and be forgottten, it was a mistake to think myself without resources, and a still greater one to fancy that a man of my sort could fail if he chose to have patience and perseverance.

The next day he and his wife spoke to me about Mme. de Saint-Simon, in her absence, pointing out to me the sad life that my retirement would oblige her to lead; and also the loss of all the good she could do me at Court, where she was universally and unanimously loved, esteemed, and highly considered, beginning with the king.

All these conversations gratified me by their friendship, troubled me by the struggle they involved, but did not vanquish my disgust nor my resolution. They only threw me into an inward conflict which, although it did not appear on the surface, made me ill at ease.

I was three nights at Pontchartrain; and there I informed myself as to the situation of the Duc d'Orléans. The chancellor told me that nothing could be more melancholy. The estrangement of the king being very marked, and that of Monseigneur incomparably more so, the duke was driven to an embarrassment, a discomfort, which was openly visible, to complete isolation, even in public places, where no one now approached him, and where he on his side seldom approached any one, remaining almost wholly alone while at Court, but entirely abandoned to Mme. d'Argenton and to bad company in Paris, where he went very often; in short, never was a prince so strangely extinguished. I had expected a part of these things, but not to hear of such a cruel position. It added to my other reflections.

We were obliged to pass through and stop at Versailles, where we dined with the chancellor Saturday, December 21, the day the king returned from Marly. In the evening, the

Court having returned, I found myself surrounded by friends, who, as if by mutual agreement, gathered about me, men and women, Chevreuse, Beauvilliers, Lévi, Saint-Géran, Boufflers, Villeroy, and many others, who all presented the same considerations already made to me, and formed, as it were, a conspiracy against my resolution, of which some were informed, and others suspicious through my absence. They took me in relays, one after another, as if determined not to leave me in peace.

Decision I make, alone; and its motives.

Surprised at a reception so warm, and touched by friendship so faithful from persons of such consideration to one who was lost to favour and could never, even if he came to the surface again, be of use to a single one of them, — these reflections taken together overthrew me. I resolved, that same evening unknown to a single soul, to attempt a thing which should decide me forever, either to remain at Court with some success, or to abandon it, and so deliver myself from the sort of persecution I endured there.

However little susceptible things so vague and without foundation were of an explanation with the king, it was nevertheless my last resource and I embraced it, led by the fact that this course had once before succeeded with me. I therefore went to Maréchal, whose attachment to me as well as his nature I have shown elsewhere. He was one of those who had urged me the most not to leave the Court and he had written me strongly at La Ferté to hasten my return. I found him at home. The conversation soon turned on my position. After a few general arguments about it, I said, suddenly, that the trouble was I had to do with an unapproachable master, and that if I could only speak with him, I was sure I could put an end to all the rascalities employed to make my conduct disagreeable

to him; and then I added, abruptly, that it had come into my mind to make him, Maréchal, a proposition, without, at the same time, wishing to ask anything beyond his power, because I had every reason to rely on his friendship and knew that his will was not wanting; in brief, therefore, I wanted him to answer me truly, and do nothing that he did not himself wish. I then said my proposition was that he would take his time to say to the king how troubled he saw me at feeling that I stood ill with him; that I should have no peace till I could speak with him frankly and at leisure; and that I entreated him to listen to me with kindness and leisure whenever it so pleased him; adding that by his refusal of an audience I should know that I had nothing further to look for.

Maréchal thought a moment; then he looked at me and said with ardour: "I will do it; in fact there is nothing else to be done. You have already spoken to him at other times, and he was satisfied with you; he will not fear what you have to say to him because of that past experience. I will not answer, however, for what he will do if he is very determined against you; but let me take my time, and do it my own way." We agreed that he should write me in Paris by an express the moment he had spoken.

When I left him I went to tell the chancellor and Mme. de Saint-Simon the plan I had conceived and undertaken, telling them at the same time that it was the fruit of their persecutions and those of my other friends, who were responsible for the course I took. Both of them were much pleased; but the chancellor feared that the king, having nothing tangible against me, would not hear me; and Mme. de Saint-Simon feared it still more, knowing as she did from the Duchesse de Bourgogne the king's extreme disap-

proval of me, which she had so judiciously kept to herself. However, there was nothing now to do but wait and hope. I could not have done better than I had done as to the privacy with which this interview would be asked for. If it were granted it would be a good sign; and in any event I should be on my feet to decide later if the audience were refused.

Proposal that I make to the Duc d'Orléans.

While I was putting the irons in the fire on my own account, I did not lose sight of the melancholy situation of the Duc d'Orléans. He had gone from Marly to Paris, therefore I had not seen him, and at Paris, as I have said, I never saw him. Shocked at the depth of his fall, I saw but one sole means by which to raise him, — truly terrible, and even dangerous, if proposed to him in vain, very difficult to hope to make him take; but yet, such as it was, it did not frighten me, — namely: to induce him to separate from his mistress and never see her again. I felt the weight and the peril, but also I felt the necessity and the possible fruit so deeply that I resolved to undertake it. But I dared not risk alone an enterprise so full of dangers. I cast my eyes on Maréchal Besons, the only man who was in a position and who had the will to help me, although I knew him but slightly; but he was closely attached to the Duc d'Orléans, who had great confidence in him and had contributed much to his elevation.

Maréchal obtains for me an audience with the king.

On the last day but one of this year, while supping alone with Mme. de Saint-Simon, I received by express a note from Maréchal, telling me that he had done my mission, which had not been ill received and that I could speak as I wished, but it was desirable that he should see me himself before others. This note gave sincere joy to Mme. de Saint-Simon and to

me. We thought the certainty of an audience a great step gained; the question now was, would it be delayed or strangled? Success could only be judged from the audience itself. We resolved to go the next day to Versailles, in order to show the king impatience, and to stay there without pressing him, and wait quietly till he was willing to hear me. I wanted Mme. de Saint-Simon with me to have her counsel in a conjuncture on which depended entirely the sort of life we should in future adopt, a thing most critical for us and for our family.

Arriving at Versailles on the last day of the year I went to see Maréchal, who told me that two nights before, having found the king almost alone and in better humour than usual, he thought to sound him, by speaking to him first of a matter of his own; that the king having favourably answered, he told him that that was not all, that he had another to mention which was nearer his heart; the king then asked him with a frank air what it was, and he told him. On which the king, without frowning, but certainly chilled, replied he had nothing against me, and he did not see why I should think to the contrary; thereupon Maréchal redoubled his efforts and said that an audience was what I desired most in the world, and that if he granted it he would give him, Maréchal, the greatest pleasure. The king, thus pressed, replied, without agreeing to the audience, "But what does he want to say to me? There's nothing at all. It is true a few trifles have reached me, but nothing of consequence. Tell him to rest easy; I have nothing against him." But Maréchal insisted again about the audience, begging him to grant me that satisfaction; but at his leisure, not one day more than another, provided it could be alone in his cabinet; to which the king replied with some indifference: "Very good, I am willing; whenever he likes."

Maréchal assured me he felt an estrangement in the king, but no anger; and he said that he hoped I should have a private and tranquil audience; that I must explain my case clearly once for all, and not fear being too long, because it was a question of explaining away trifles swelled out of nothing, and would need much detail. He advised me to speak to him with frankness and freedom, and to mingle a sort of friendship with my respect; as for the rest, I had better keep myself in view before him, in order to give him an opportunity to choose his own time to speak to me.

1710.
My first attempt with the Duc d'Orléans.

The first four days of the year 1710 were passed by me in matters that deserve a sort of journal, because, besides the part I had in them, they laid the foundation of a long series of important events. The first day of this year, which came on a Wednesday, recalled the Duc d'Orléans to Versailles, to take part in the ceremonies and visits of the day. I saw him after the king's vespers; and he took me at once into his dark back cabinet which opens on the gallery. At first the conversation was disjointed and tumultuous, as usually happens after a long separation. But soon I asked him for news of how he stood with the king, Monseigneur, and the other royal persons. He answered, vaguely enough, "Neither well nor ill;" and on my telling him that that was not enough, he said that he had lately given a fête at Saint-Cloud to the Elector of Bavaria, where there had been a quantity of ladies, among them Mme. d'Arco, mother of the Chevalier of Bavaria, and he saw no harm in having Mme. d'Argenton; but the king had thought very ill of it, and told him so; but after a few days' sulking things were as usual. I asked him what he meant by that expression "as usual," which explained nothing to me at the end of four months' absence;

on which he began to ramble like a man who fears to touch depths. I pressed him, and as he saw that I knew more, he asked me what I knew. I told him frankly that I was informed he was ill with the king, so ill that he could not be worse; that the king was indignant against him at all points, and Monseigneur infinitely more so; that society was leaving him, and I had heard such grievous things about all this that I felt in despair. He listened to me attentively and, after letting the conversation drop for a time, he told me that all I had said to him was true.

Moved by the picture that I drew of his situation, which he could not conceal from himself any longer, he rose, after a long silence, and began to walk about the room. I rose too, and leaning against the wall was watching him attentively, when, raising his head and sighing, he exclaimed suddenly, "What can I do?" like a man who, after profoundly thinking, finds no answer. Then, seeing that fine and natural opportunity, I seized it without hesitating. "What can you do?" I said in a firm and significant tone, "I know well what you can do. I shall not tell you; and yet it is the only thing to do." "Ah! I understand you," he cried; and with that he threw himself upon a seat at the farther end of the room. Sure that he had really understood me, bewildered myself at the great blow I had just struck, I turned a little toward the wall to recover myself, and to spare him the embarrassment of being looked at. The silence was long. I could hear him moving impetuously on his chair, and I waited in painful suspense as to how the conversation would renew itself.[1]

[1] The story of this struggle cannot be abridged; but it is too long, in proportion to the limits of this translation to give entire; it will be found in Vol. V. of the Memoirs pp. 90 to 123. It is one of the most powerful and graphic descriptions of the struggle of two minds that was ever penned. We think of these historical personages in their satin coats and

I was alone in the cabinet of the Duc d'Orléans when he returned, as I supposed, from Mme. de Maintenon. He took me immediately into his inner room. There he stood with his back to the fireplace and said not a word, like a man bewildered. After considering him for a moment I thought it was better to importune him with questions rather than leave him to himself in these critical moments which needed so much support, because two hours must yet elapse before he could speak to the king to ask him to take steps to part him from his mistress. I asked him, therefore, if he was satisfied with Mme. de Maintenon, and whether she had entered truly into what he had said to her. He answered with a "yes" so curt that I hastened to ask if he were fully resolved to go to the king before his dinner. He terrified me by his answer. He said in the same tone that he should not go. "What, monsieur! I said firmly, "you will not go?" "No," he replied, with a dreadful sigh, "all is done." "All is done?" I answered quickly; "what do you mean by that? *All is done* because you have spoken to Mme. de Maintenon?" "Ah! no," he said, "I have spoken to the king." "To the king!" I cried; "and have you told him what you meant just now to tell him?" "Yes," he said, "I have told him all." "Ah! monsieur," I cried with transport, "all *is* done, and how I love you! and," throwing

their flowing wigs as if they were actors playing their part upon a stage; but here are two living souls in the throes of a great inward struggle; one struggling, against his strongest feelings, to throw off a curse; the other working with intense passion but a clear mind to force him to do so. The struggle lasted three whole days, and then the Duc d'Orléans violently forced himself to go to Mme. de Maintenon and resign his mistress (on whom he made enormous settlements), and ask her to see the king and have her sent away. Mme. de Maintenon seems to have acted with judgment and great kindness; she urged him to see the king himself, and not to leave the negotiation to go through her. The result is given in the text. Saint-Simon says incidentally at the close of one of these days that his body and mind were both exhausted.— Tr.

myself upon him, "how happy I am to see you delivered; how did you do it?" "I feared myself," he answered. "I was so violently agitated after I had spoken to Mme. de Maintenon that I was afraid of what I might do in the course of the morning, and, my determination at last being taken, I resolved to carry it out in haste. I returned to the king after mass." Then, overcome with his sorrow, his voice was choked and he burst into sobs and tears. I retired to a corner of the room. A moment after Besons entered; the scene and the deep silence astonished him. He lowered his eyes and stood still. I made a sign to him which he did not understand; then, approaching him softly, I told him it was done; that the Duc d'Orléans had conquered, and had spoken to the king.

Louise de la Vallière

VII.

FRIDAY, January 3, was the fourth day I had presented myself before the king, in expectation of the audience he had promised Maréchal to give me, and I began to be troubled at its not coming. I went to his dinner, which I found half over; I stood with my back to the balustrade and towards the end of the fruit I advanced to a corner of the king's arm-chair, and said that I entreated him to be so kind as to remember that he had let me hope for the favour of being heard. The king turned to me and replied in a civil manner: "When you like; I could do so now, but I have business, and that might make it too short;" then, a moment after, he turned again and added: "But to-morrow morning, if you like." I answered that I was there to await his time and pleasure, and that I should have the honour to present myself before him the next morning. This manner of answering me seemed of good augury; his air was affable and not importuned, and as if he had even a desire to hear me at leisure. Maréchal, the chancellor, and Mme. de Saint-Simon thought as I did.

The king names an hour for my audience.

The next day, Saturday, January 4, the last of the four, of so much consequence to me in their results, which began this year of 1710, I went to the issue of the king's *lever* and saw him pass to his *prie-dieu* without speaking to me. It was a Court hour which was not a usual one with me. I contented myself generally with merely seeing him go and come from mass; because, after a long attack of gout, he

dressed himself almost entirely on his bed, where the service left scarcely any room. The order of the day given, those who had the *entrées* left the apartment, and everybody went off to the gallery, to wait until the king should go to mass. Scarcely any one remained in his room but the captain of the guards and one of the messengers. I waited; Harcourt was the captain of the guards on duty, and, being much surprised to see me remaining there, he asked me what I wanted. As he would presently see me called into the cabinet, I made no difficulty in telling him I had a word to say to the king, and I thought he would call me into his cabinet before mass. Père Tellier, whose chief business was done on a Friday, passed out just then, and, almost immediately after, Nyert, first *valet de chambre* on duty, came out of the cabinet, looked round to find me, and said that the king wanted me.

My audience.

I entered the cabinet at once. I found the king alone, sitting on the lower end of the council table, which he had a habit of doing when he wanted to speak to any one at his ease and at leisure. I thanked him as I approached for the favour he was so good as to grant me, and I prolonged my compliment a little, in order to better observe his air and his attention; the first seemed to me stern, the second complete. Then, without his answering me a word, I entered upon my subject. I told him that I could not any longer live in disgrace with him (I avoided that word by circumlocutions, so as not to startle him, but I use it here to abridge) without endeavouring to learn how I had fallen into it; that he might ask me by what I judged there was a change in his kindness for me; to which I should reply that having been for four years on all the trips to Marly, the privation had seemed to me a sign, to which I was very sensitive, both for the disgrace and for the privation

for so long a time of the honour of paying my court to him. The king, who until then had said nothing, replied, with a haughty air and his head high, that that was nothing and meant nothing on his part. Even if I had not known what that privation meant his air and tone would have shown me his answer was not sincere; but I had to take it as he gave it; so I told him that what he did me the honour to say was a great comfort; and since he accorded me a hearing I entreated him to allow that I should unburden my heart in his presence (that was my expression), and that I should tell him various things that troubled me infinitely; about which I knew persons had done me very ill turns with him ever since there had been rumours, which my age and incompetency prevented me from believing, that he had cast his eyes upon me as ambassador to Rome (they were of course very true, as we have seen elsewhere, but I had to speak in this way, because he had never made me the actual proposal); and I went on to say that envy and jealousy had been since then so heated against me, as against a man who might become something and ought to be stopped at the start, that I had never been able to say or do a single innocent thing; that even my silence was not innocent, for M. d'Antin never ceased to attack me. "D'Antin!" interrupted the king, but with a kinder air, "he never named your name to me." I answered that that testimony gave me great pleasure, but that d'Antin had so persistently pursued me in society on all occasions that I could not help fearing his evil offices with him.

At this point the king, who was already beginning to get serene, took a still more open expression, and showing a sort of kindness and even satisfaction in listening to me, he cut me short just as I was beginning another discourse with the words, "There is still another man —" by saying:

"But you, too, monsieur, you talk and you find fault, and that is what makes people talk against you." I answered that I had taken great care not to say harm of any one, "and as for saying it of his Majesty I would rather be dead," looking at him with fire, straight in the eye; "but as for others, though I did control myself a great deal, it was difficult when occasions arose not to speak out sometimes rather naturally." "But," said the king, "you talk about everything, about public affairs, about, I say, these unpleasant public affairs, with bitterness—" Then I interrupted him in my turn, observing that he spoke to me with more and more kindness. I told him that I usually spoke very little and very cautiously about public affairs; but it was true that, vexed sometimes by ill successes, I had, out of the abundance of my heart, both blamed and argued; and, in fact, that a circumstance had occurred which made a great noise against me and did me much harm; and that I would make him a judge of it, and ask his pardon very humbly if it displeased him, or make him see, if he judged favourably, that I was not guilty.

I knew beyond a doubt that a malignant use had been made of my bet about Lille, and I was resolved to relate it to the king; I therefore seized the fine opportunity which he gave me, but with the lightness of touch that was expedient in all actors with him. I went on to tell him that during the siege of Lille, full of the importance of our keeping the place, in despair at seeing the way the enemy was intrenching and the slowness with which our army put itself in motion after three couriers had been despatched ordering it to march at once to the relief, impatient at being continually assured of the glorious raising of the siege, which I saw to be impossible because of the time our slowness gave to the enemy to put themselves beyond all danger, I had,

in my vexation, bet four pistoles that Lille would not be relieved and would be taken. "But," said the king, "if you only spoke and bet out of interest in the matter and from vexation at seeing it must fail, there is no harm in that; on the contrary, it was very right; but who is this other man you were going to speak to me about?" I told him it was M. le Duc; on which he kept silence and did not say, as he did about d'Antin, that he had never spoken to him of me. I then related, in as few words as I could without omitting anything essential, the facts and suit of Mme. de Lussan.

The king, who let me say all, and on whom I saw that I was making an impression, answered with the air and manner of a man who wants to instruct, that I was considered to be very keen about rank; that I meddled in a great many ways; that I instigated others, and put myself at their head. I replied that, to tell the truth, that had happened sometimes, but I believed I had never done anything that would displease him; and I entreated him to remember that since the affair of the *quête*, now four years ago, I had never been concerned in any affair whatever. I reminded him in two words of that affair and the other affair of the Princesse d'Harcourt; and on my saying that I had had reason then to think him content with me, he agreed, and added a few words on those matters himself. The tone of familiarity I had usurped in this parenthesis about the Lorrains, and the attention, openness, and kindness, apparently not wearied, of the king made me add that there was no use in my trying to keep out of things, because during my late absence I had been extremely blamed about an affair between the carriages of Mme. de Mantoue and Mme. de Montbazon, and I would venture to ask him how I could escape such malice, and such gratuitous talk, I being absent and in

perfect ignorance of the whole affair. "That shows you," said the king, taking a true fatherly air, "on what footing you stand with the world, and you must allow that you deserve your reputation a little. If you had never had so many quarrels about rank, or at least, if you had never been so sharp when such affairs came up, and about rank itself, people would not have that to say against you. This shows you that you ought to avoid all that, so as to stop what people may say and get rid of this reputation by a wise and consistent conduct in the matter which will give no grounds against you." I replied that that was what I had continually tried to do for the last four years, as I had had the honour of telling him, and should continually try to do in the future; but at least I entreated him to see how little share I had had in these later things.

Success of my audience.

The king was so pleased with what I said that he several times interjected monosyllables of praise so as not to interrupt the thread of my remarks, and when I had finished he praised me outright and applauded me at his ease, without, however, entering into the quarrels in Guyenne, so much did he abhor discussion and, above all, decision. I spoke to him also of my long absence from Court on account of the grief I felt at standing ill with him; in saying which I took occasion to speak less with respect than with attachment to his person and of my desire to please him, which I did with a sort of effusion and familiarity because I felt from his air and words and tone and manner that it was within my reach to do so. What I said was received with a readiness that surprised me, and showed plainly that I was perfectly restored in his mind. I begged him to warn me if in future he should hear anything against me that displeased him, and he should know the truth, — either to pardon my ignorance, or teach me a

lesson, or find that I was not in fault. He waited a moment to see if I had anything more to say, and then he rose from his table. I asked him to remember me for a lodging because of my desire to pay my court to him assiduously; he replied that there was none vacant, and then with a half-bow, very smiling and gracious, he went to his other cabinet, and I, with a profound bow, went out the way I came.

I went straight to Maréchal, as a just tribute, to tell him what had happened, which I owed solely to him; he was delighted and augured the best from it. Then I went to the chancellor. He assured me that, knowing the king as he did on the reverse side as one might say, I could rely not only that no impression remained on his mind against me, but also that he was very glad himself that none remained. What surprised me most, and gave me even more confidence, was the full agreement of M. de Beauvilliers in this opinion, and his assurance that he did not know another man with whom the king had been so open or had entered into a matter in that way.

It is impossible to express the joy of these friends and how the chancellor enlarged upon the topic of my retirement, which his cleverness had put a stop to, and how I felt and showed my obligation to him. Then I went to relieve Mme. de Saint-Simon of her uneasiness, which I turned into great joy. It was she who had set the chancellor and all my friends upon me, and who had thus forced me, as I have said, to this last remedy, the success of which was such that the king ever after treated me, not only well, but with marked distinction, considering my age, and without break until his death. I say for my age, for though at thirty-five I was not in youth, still I was young in regard to him; moreover I was a man who held no office and had no familiarity about his person. Now that is the treasure of having a

sensible and virtuous wife. She admitted to me at last the extreme alienation the king felt to me, as she heard it from the Duchesse de Bourgogne; which she had prudently hidden from me in order not to increase my estrangement. She thought wisely that, having had recourse to the princess who had received her so well, she ought now to tell her what had happened; on which the princess showed great joy and all sorts of kindness. As nothing was more unusual than an audience with the king for those who had no particular business with him, the one I had just had, especially its length, made much noise. I kept silence and let people talk; because no one is obliged to render an account of his private affairs. Maréchal told me two days later that the king had praised me very much to him, and had shown all sorts of satisfaction at the audience. Let us now return to the Duc d'Orléans, with whom I spent the whole of that same afternoon.

Joy of the king over the rupture.

The king gave himself up to the greatest joy at the new course pursued by the Duc d'Orléans, and showed it to him from that day forth, treating him then and afterwards better and better. Mme. de Maintenon could not do less under the circumstances; and the Jesuits served him well, for the prince had attached them to him. The Duchesse de Bourgogne did marvels all by herself, and so did the Duc de Bourgogne, instigated by M. de Beauvilliers. Monseigneur alone remained the same as ever, embittered about the Spanish affair by Mme. la Duchesse and by all the others, who obsessed him with art and power. The hope of marrying the eldest daughter of Mme. la Duchesse to the Duc de Berry redoubled their efforts to keep Monseigneur estranged from the Duc d'Orléans.

The rupture thus achieved and terminated, I thought of

how to get the most advantage that was possible from it for the Duc d'Orléans, and I saw no better, in all respects, than to bind him closely to his wife in this favourable conjuncture. He had been infinitely pleased with her manner of taking the rupture. She restrained her joy with moderation and a wisdom that did not forsake her, and which had great force in drawing the duke back to her. Judging that I might be useful to them I told him that up to the present time I had made a sort of public profession of never seeing her, or any of the other princesses, to whom I never went except for an instant on formal occasions; but now that they were no longer parted it was for him to prescribe my conduct in that respect, and for my attachment to him to make me conform. He instantly begged me to go and see her, with an eagerness that surprised me. He said it was a thing he had resolved to ask me; adding that he should be extremely glad if the intimacy between himself and me could be extended to her; and he enlarged upon his reasons and his desire for it.

I was also strongly urged by herself to visit her. After allowing a few days to pass, during which the Duc d'Orléans pressed me again to do so, I agreed with the Duchesse de Villeroy for the best hour, because she desired to see me in private. I was announced therefore one evening after her cards were over, the few familiar persons who remained going away immediately. She was in her cabinet lying on a little day couch, convalescing from her confinement with the future Queen of Spain. A seat was brought for me beside her, and I sat down. There *tête-à-tête*, the gracious things she said to me cannot be duly repeated. Joy and gratitude were expressed with a choice of words so correct, so precise, so strong, that I was greatly surprised. Above

Intimate relation between the Duchesse d'Orléans and me.

all, she thanked me for having served her so well without having known her; and dwelt on the generosity (that was the word she used) of having avoided her, the better to deliver her. There was no protestation she did not make me of friendship, of memory, of eternal gratitude; and the words she used in asking for my personal friendship were kind and strong. After a while she said to me, still blushing, — for she had blushed more than once and with charming grace in the course of her thanks, — that I might perhaps be surprised that she, who was justly thought to be little confiding, should speak to me with such perfect openness during a first interview; but that my intimacy with the Duc d'Orléans, and what I had just done for them, permitted it and even required it. After this little preface she entered with me into a discussion of the utmost confidence as to the conduct the Duc d'Orléans ought to follow to clear himself from the position in which he now stood.

I was extremely surprised to find such intelligence, sense, and rightmindedness; and they led me to decide within myself even more strongly to spare no effort to unite the husband and wife as closely as I could; firmly persuaded, among a crowd of other reasons, that he could nowhere find a better counsellor than she. We agreed, therefore, at this first interview on a number of things, resolving to work together to replace the duke in his proper position in society, — a thing which we found, nevertheless, more difficult than we expected. But at any rate I succeeded, rather easily, in uniting him with his wife and making him live with her as agreeably and even as intimately as it was in him to do, to the great surprise of the Court and the great vexation of Mme. la Duchesse and his other enemies, who could not dissimulate it. Becoming in this way the author of their union, I also became its continual instrument and

was a third in equal intimacy and confidence with both of them. Their enemies before long began to dread its effects; and mine to bruit about that I steered the ship. One thing I thought I ought chiefly to work for was to bring the Duc d'Orléans back to the social world. I did what I could to coax him into making the necessary advances, aided by the duchess, and favoured by the great and public change of the king towards him; but he was still so agitated and startled that he feared both solitude and company alike, and could not bring himself to use the means and the facilities for bringing the world once more about him.

This year the king did not give the usual New Year's gifts which his family received from him annually; and the forty thousand pistoles which he took himself for his own gift, he distributed for the needs of the frontier of Flanders, — a thing that had never before happened; but all sorts of things were lacking everywhere this winter.

No New Year's gifts from the king this year.

The conversation that I had with the Duc de Beauvilliers about the Abbé de Polignac will be remembered, and the manner in which he received what I said. Never, therefore, had we made mention of him to each other, nor of anything that approached the subject. My return to Marly was one of the first fruits of my audience with the king. On the first trip I made there, having gone one evening to converse with the Duc de Beauvilliers, and talking of anything except the Abbé de Polignac, the duke suddenly looked at me fixedly with a smile, saying he had a confidence he ought to make to me, in fact a reparation which he owed me and could no longer withhold. I could not imagine what he wanted to say. "You must remember," he said, "the conversation we had

Curious admission of M. de Beauvilliers about the Abbé de Polignac.

together in this very room some four years ago about the Abbé de Polignac. Well, you were a prophet. I must own that everything happened from point to point just as you predicted, and the Abbé de Polignac, by ingratiating himself with the Duc de Bourgogne through the sciences, and seeing him often alone, did absolutely estrange him from me." I began to exclaim, but he silenced me. "Hear it all," he said. "I was not very long in finding it out. I tried to win the prince back, but I only estranged him further. No more consultations, no more friendly discussions, until I found my presence was a burden. M. de Chevreuse found himself in the same position. I took the course of saying nothing to the Duc de Bourgogne, merely answering in two words when he spoke to me, doing the duties of my office so that the public should notice nothing, and continuing in my functions like a total stranger, making no complaint and merely answering when spoken to. That, if you please, monsieur, lasted one whole year. At last he came back of himself; he warmed up, he seemed embarrassed by my reserve, and he felt his way on several occasions. I saw his approach respectfully, but I gave him no opening, until one fine day he took me into his cabinet and unbuttoned himself. I received what he said as I ought, and I told him at the same time what I thought right about attachment and confidence; I said that I held to him by ties of the heart only, and the desire for his good and the good of the State, and for no other thing whatever; that he had seen me retire in proportion to himself, and hold myself to the respect and simple function of my office. Then, under this return on his part of friendship and confidence, he acknowledged to me that it was the Abbé de Polignac who had alienated him; that he was a very dangerous enchanter, a siren —" "Well, monsieur," I interrupted, "did you still hold to your cruel char-

ity, instead of breaking that abbé's neck when you had the chance?" "Oh! as for that," he answered, "it would not have been charity, it would have been abandoning the Duc de Bourgogne, and lacking in charity to him. I assure you that I made him feel all that I ought in the matter for his own sake; and as for what you call breaking a man's neck, you may rely upon it I have so well and so completely broken that of the Abbé de Polignac that he will never in all his life come near the Duc de Bourgogne again." I praised him highly, as a man who had surpassed himself; after which I licensed myself to rail at him a little for never letting himself know people, or letting others make them known to him.

Birth of King Louis XV.

Saturday, February 15, the king was awakened at seven o'clock, an hour earlier than usual, because the Duchesse de Bourgogne was taken ill in childbirth. He dressed rapidly to be near her. She did not keep him waiting long. At eight o'clock, three minutes and three seconds, she gave birth to a Duc d'Anjou, who is now King Louis XV. reigning at the present moment; an event which caused much joy. The prince was incontinently baptized privately by Cardinal Janson in the room where he was born, and then taken on the knees of the Duchesse de Ventadour in a sedan chair to the king in his apartment, accompanied by the Maréchal de Boufflers and by the bodyguard with their officers. Soon after, La Vrillière brought him the *cordon bleu*, and all the Court went to see him, — two things which much displeased Monsieur his brother, who did not restrain himself in letting it be known. Mme. de Saint-Simon, who was in the chamber of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, happened to be among the first to behold the newly born prince. The delivery and its results were all most fortunate.

A marriage occurred about this time in which I took great interest. The Duc de Chevreuse, for all his penetrating, well-regulated, and metaphysical mind, was so thoroughly ruined by insisting on managing his own affairs and expecting them always to get better, that without the revenue of the government of Guyenne he would not have had anything to live on. He had done many fine things at Dampierre. He had cut a canal from his forests of Montfort and Saint-Leger to Mantes, at infinite cost and immense damages paid to the abuttors, in order to carry his wood to the Seine; through which canal there never flowed a hogshead of water. He paved his forests to get out the wood — all to no purpose; and then he suffered by a great bankruptcy of his merchants. After that he looked out for a rich marriage for the Duc de Luynes, son of the Duc de Montfort, his eldest son, though he was still very young. The Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg left two granddaughters. The eldest had eighty thousand francs a year in fine estates, besides jewels, and her sister had almost as much. M. de Luxembourg, their uncle, son-in-law to M. and Mme. de Chevreuse, a widower without children and always closely allied with them, made the marriage. The person and property of the young lady were all that could be wished.

Marriage of the Duc de Luynes with Mlle. de Neufchâtel.

M. du Maine, finding the ground cleared by the deaths of three princes of the blood, the Prince de Conti, M. le Prince, and M. le Duc [who died March 4, 1710], leaving minor children, the eldest only seventeen years of age, bethought himself of making the most of the opportunity and of obtaining, at one dash, for his children the honours and rank which he had himself acquired through insensible degrees; degrees grafted one upon another by usurpations, by the introduction of customs,

The children of M. du Maine given equal rank with himself.

verbal confirmations, and by acquired facts, like his right to a seat in parliament — such as it was.

His chief means was Mme. de Maintenon, who had brought him up, and to whom he had sacrificed his mother. He managed her with all the art of which he was a past-master, while she, on the other hand, loved him more tenderly than any nurse or foster-mother, and with the most entire abandonment. She entered into all his wishes for the aggrandizement of his children; especially now in the opportunity afforded by the lack of princes of the blood, who were all either dead or minors, and in the condition of a Court entirely subdued and submissive. He had no difficulty in persuading her that there was nothing to fear on the part of the sons of France or of the Duc d'Orléans, who would yield at the slightest sign of the king's will.

Whatever weakness the king had shown for his bastards, and for this one in particular above all the others, however absolute he was and piqued himself on being, it is noticeable that, except in the marriages of his daughters and in the governments and offices of his sons, what he did for them was done little by little, without forms, without writings of any kind, simply by usurpation, habit, repetition; and even then that he was always swept along beyond his own feeling. On this occasion the same thing occurred; same resistance, same sense of the enormity of what was proposed to him, and, in the end, the same dragging along, as if against his will, and without either forms or documents. The struggle was not long, for it only began after March 4, the day of the death of M. le Duc, and ended on the 16th of the same month by the victory of M. du Maine.

When the matter was resolved upon by the king, Mme. de Maintenon, and M. du Maine, it became a question of declaring it; and this declaration produced the most novel

and singular scene of this long reign to any one who knew the king and the intoxication of his omnipotence in which he lived. Entering his cabinet at Versailles, after supper on the evening of Saturday, March 16, he paused to give the order of the day, after which he advanced gravely into the second cabinet, placed himself beside his chair without sitting down, passed his eyes slowly over the whole company, and said, without addressing any one, that he gave to the children of M. du Maine the same honours and the same rank as those which M. du Maine himself enjoyed; then, without a moment's interval, he walked to the farthest end of the cabinet and called Monseigneur and the Duc de Bourgogne to come to him. There, for the first time in his life, that monarch so haughty, that father so stern and so masterful, humiliated himself before his son and grandson. He said to them that as both would successively reign after him, he begged them to consent to the rank he had now given to the children of M. du Maine; to grant this to the tenderness he hoped they felt for him, and to that which he himself felt for those children and their father; and he added that, old as he was and considering that his death could not be far distant, he recommended these children to them with all the earnestness of which he was capable, and he hoped that after he was gone they would protect them out of friendship for his memory. He prolonged this touching speech for quite a time, during which the two princes, somewhat moved, stood pressed against each other, with their eyes to the ground, motionless with amazement at the thing and at the speech, and proffering not a word in reply. The king, who apparently expected something better and wanted to force them to it, called to M. du Maine, who went to him from the other end of the cabinet where the deepest silence reigned; then

Very singular scene at its announcement in the king's cabinet.

the king took him by the shoulders and leaning upon them as if to make him bend low to the princes, he presented him to them, repeating in his presence that from them he hoped protection for his son after his death, that he asked it with great earnestness, that he hoped for this favour from their natural goodness and from their friendship for him and for his memory; and he ended by saying that he asked their pledge.

At that moment the two princes looked at each other, hardly knowing whether what was happening was a dream or a reality, and not answering by a single word, until, pressed more vehemently by the king, they stammered I know not what, which said nothing definite. M. du Maine, embarrassed by their confusion, and much disturbed at obtaining nothing clearly from their lips, put himself in a posture to clasp their knees. Then the king, his eyes wet with tears, begged them to embrace him in his presence and to assure him, by that mark, of their friendship. From that he went on to entreat them to give him their word that they would not take away the rank he had now given; and the two princes, more and more bewildered by a scene so extraordinary, muttered again as best they could, but without promising. I shall not undertake here to comment upon so great a mistake, nor upon the little value of such a promise, had they given it in this way. I content myself with writing down, word for word, what I learned from M. de Beauvilliers, to whom the Duc de Bourgogne related all that had taken place the next morning, the duke repeating it to me the same afternoon. It was also known through Monseigneur, who told it to his intimates, not concealing from them how shocked he was by this bestowal of rank. He had never liked the Duc du Maine; he had always been wounded by the difference between them in the heart of the king and his

fatherly familiarity; and there had been times in the days of his youth when the Duc du Maine, without actual lack of respect, had little considered Monseigneur, — very different in this from the Comte de Toulouse, who had won his friendship. As for the poor Duc de Bourgogne, I was not long in knowing what he thought of this fresh enormity; and neither the one nor the other was sorry that his feelings were divined about it — another strange blunder! After the last indistinct muttering of the two princes, the king, seeing that he had nothing further to hope, returned to his chair, but without showing the least displeasure, and the cabinet resumed its usual appearance.

As soon as the king was seated, he noticed the gloom that prevailed; and he hastened to say a few words about the rank he had given, adding that he should be very glad if everybody showed their satisfaction and testified it to the Duc du Maine; on which the latter was incontinently greeted by every one. The remainder of the evening was short, and all were ill at ease.

The next day the news burst forth; it was learned that there would be no documents, except a simple note on the register of the master of ceremonies, in the absence of the grand-master, who was serving this winter on the frontier. The note was in these words: —

"The king, being at Versailles, has ruled that in future the children of M. le Duc du Maine shall have, as grandsons of his Majesty, the same rank, the same honours, and the same allowances, enjoyed up to the present time by the said Sieur the Duc du Maine; and his Majesty has ordered me to make this mention of it on my register."

That said all and yet said nothing, and did not express anything whatever, except that it referred all to the custom of the position of the Duc du Maine, without explaining

what that was, nor by what title it was held; but it insinuates much in speaking of the grandsons of his Majesty, and in the absolute use of that term without qualification.

Never was anything received by the public in a manner so gloomy; no one at Court could venture to say a word out loud, but everybody whispered, and everybody detested the affair. It was seen that representations about it would be not only useless, but considered criminal; and after the declaration in the cabinet was made public and it was known that the king had invited congratulations to M. du Maine, no one dared to omit them. People had openly declared against the first rank given to M. du Maine; but when it was thus capped everybody was afraid to say a word, and the crowd went to see him with gloomy faces and a mere bow, seeming more to pay a penalty than a compliment.

I return to Marly with the king.

The lying-in of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, followed by Lent, had kept the king for several months at Versailles without making trips to Marly. He went there on the Monday following the first Sunday after Easter, April 18, and stayed till Saturday, May 17. I had gone for a while to La Ferté; Mme. de Saint-Simon presented herself for this trip, which was the first the king had made after the audience he had given me. We were of it. I arrived at Marly from La Ferté, and from that time I never missed a trip until the death of the king, not even those from which Mme. de Saint-Simon was necessarily absent. I noticed from the first that the king spoke to me and distinguished me more than he did any man of my age who had no office and no familiarity with him.

Returning thus to my accustomed life, I often discussed with the ministers and the principal courtiers who were friends of mine, the melancholy condition of public affairs,

which they did not conceal from one another and about which they thought with me. A few days after the return to Versailles I went, as I often did, to spend a day at Vaucresson, where the Duc de Beauvilliers had made himself the prettiest retreat in the world, in which he usually spent the Thursday and Friday of every week, inaccessible to everybody except his nearest family and four or five intimate friends who were at liberty to go there. Talking *tête-à-tête* with him in the garden, we fell insensibly on the Duc de Bourgogne, and I did not conceal from him what I thought of his future conduct. Though this subject had often been mentioned between the Duc de Beauvilliers and me, it so happened that we had never talked it over so extensively, nor had he ever been so much struck with my sentiments on the subject. The conversation turned after a while to other things, and we did not leave the garden and this long *tête-à-tête* till dinner was served. On leaving the table M. de Beauvilliers, who had been reflecting on our conversation, asked me to take another turn in the garden with him, and to repeat what I had already said to him about the Duc de Bourgogne, and to add whatever came into my mind now that we had more time and leisure than in the morning. I objected, on the ground that he could not have forgotten what I had said, and moreover, I thought that I had said nearly all that there was to say. He urged me and I obeyed. The conversation was long and little was contradicted. When it was over he asked me to put in writing what I thought about the conduct of the prince, and how it might be corrected and improved. The proposal surprised me; he urged me; I objected, and I asked him what he wanted to do with it. He replied that a discourse of that nature might do great good to the Duc de Bourgogne, or at any rate be use-

Conversation with the Duc de Beauvilliers.

ful to himself in speaking to the prince. I still objected; intrenching myself on the danger of letting these royal people discover how well we understood them. He assured me as to that, on the virtue and the manner of thinking of the Duc de Bourgogne; and finally we mutually capitulated, — I that I would write the paper, he that he would make no use of it without my consent. We then separated to return to the company in the house; I being much surprised at what he required of me, but resolved nevertheless to obey him by a so-called discourse on the Duc de Bourgogne. I began to work at it a few days later.

Crayon of the Duc de Bourgogne.

It must be said, in the first place, that the Duc de Bourgogne was born with a nature to make one tremble. He was passionate to a degree that made him break his clocks when they struck the hour to do something he did not wish to do, and fly into a rage in the strangest manner against the rain if it prevented him from doing as he wanted. Resistance made him furious; I was often a witness of it in his early youth. Moreover, an ardent liking led him to all that is forbidden to both body and mind. His satire was the more cruel because it was witty and spiced; and he caught all absurdities with the keenest accuracy. All this was still further sharpened by a vivacity of body and mind which amounted to impetuosity, and in those early days would not allow him to learn anything except by doing two things at once. All that was pleasure he loved with a violent passion, and with a pride and haughtiness impossible to express; he was dangerous, moreover, in his discernment of men and things, and in perceiving the weakness of an argument, and arguing himself more powerfully and profoundly than his masters. But also, as soon as the passion had passed, reason asserted itself and surmounted all; he felt his faults, he acknowledged

them, and sometimes with such vexation that he recalled their fury. His was a spirit keen, active, piercing, stiffening itself against difficulties, and literally superior in all directions. The wonder is that in a very short time after God had touched him religion and grace made another man of him, and changed these great and formidable defects into virtues that were absolutely contrary.

This prince, who had always had a taste and a facility for the abstract sciences, now put them in the place of pleasures; the attraction of which continuing to exist for him made him shun them with fear, even the most innocent. All of which, joined to the slavery of charity to the neighbour (if I dare hazard that remark), in a novice who at first aimed in everything toward perfection, who was ignorant of the limitations of things, and whose timidity embarrassed him for want of knowing what to say and what to do between God, whom he feared to offend, and the world, with whom this perpetual restraint put him wrong, — all this, I say, threw him into a lonely life, because he found no freedom unless alone, and also because his own mind and the sciences supplied him with the means to escape ennui; besides which, prayer took up much of his time. The violence he had done himself in regard to so many defects and all so vehement, this desire for perfection, the ignorance, the fear, the little discernment which always accompanies a dawning devotion, made him excessive in this assault upon his faults, and inspired him with an austerity which exaggerated everything and gave him a constrained and, without his knowing it, a censorious air, which alienated Monseigneur more and more, and even irritated the king. I will give an instance among a thousand, which, starting from an excellent principle, enraged the king and revolted the whole Court. We were at Marly, where there was to

be a ball on the evening of the Epiphany. The Duc de Bourgogne refused to be present, and let it be known in time for the king, who thought it wrong, to speak to him, first in a jesting way, then bitterly, and finally very seriously and much piqued to feel himself condemned by his grandson. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, her ladies, and even M. de Beauvilliers could not persuade him. He confined himself to saying that the king was master, and he did not take the liberty of blaming him for anything he did, but that the Epiphany was a triple festival, that of Christians especially, on account of the worship of the gentiles and the baptism of Jesus Christ, and he believed that he ought not to profane it by turning from the duties he owed to so holy a day to a spectacle which, at the best, was only endurable on ordinary occasions. It was useless to point out to him that, having given the morning and the afternoon to the services of the Church, and several other hours to prayer in his cabinet, he could, and ought, to give up his evening with the respect and compliance of a son and a subject. It was all in vain; except for the time of the king's supper, he shut himself up the whole evening in his cabinet.

With this austerity, he had retained from his education a preciseness and literalness which spread themselves over everything, and hampered him and others with him, among whom he was like a man uneasy and in haste to get away, as if he had something else to do and felt that he was losing time that might be better employed. Yet in another respect he was very like those young seminary lads who, chained down all day to their exercises, get their compensation during recreation by making all the noise and silly nonsense that they can. The young prince was passionately in love with his wife; he gave himself up to it like a man

severely restrained in other ways, and sometimes he amused himself with her younger ladies in private like a schoolboy on a holiday, they being giddy and audacious in their youthfulness.

His first two campaigns had been extremely favourable to him, especially in this that being removed from the objects of his great timidity and that of his love, he was more himself, and showed his nature more openly, delivered as he was from the shackles of charity to one's neighbour by the circumstances of war, which form the chief topic of conversation in a campaign; so that the intelligence, frankness, and penetration that he manifested gave the highest hopes of him. The third campaign was disastrous to him, as I have already related, because he felt from the start, and ever more and more, that he had to do (a thing as monstrous as it is true) with something stronger than himself in the Court and world; and because the overbearing Vendôme, seconded by the cabal, seized upon his weakness and worked it to the last point. This weakness of the prince was that misplaced scrupulosity, that piety so ill-understood, which made, strangely enough, of the hammer an anvil and of the anvil a hammer, from which he never afterwards recovered.

M. de Beauvilliers wished, when I gave him the discourse I had prepared, to show it to the prince in my name, telling him naturally how it happened that he had asked for it. I exclaimed upon the danger; and after a long struggle neither he could obtain my consent nor I his promise to give up the idea; he proposed to me, in fact, to refer the question to the Duc de Chevreuse. Mme. de Saint-Simon had been greatly vexed at the engagement I had been led to make at Vaucresson, in the fear that after I had written my paper I should no longer be master of it. But she was

very much more so when she heard of the Duc de Beauvilliers' passion for showing it, and she resisted the idea with all her force. I was much torn between her trouble and her great good sense, so often proved, and my extreme deference for M. de Beauvilliers, increased on this occasion, to tell the truth, by a little silly vanity. We agreed, she and I, to take the advice of a very great friend, and a person most proper to consult from his honesty, his intellect, his knowledge of the world, and particularly of the Duc de Bourgogne. This was Cheverny, whom the king had attached to his grandson, and whom I have already mentioned once or twice. My paper was read between us three; I was paid in praises and Mme. de Saint-Simon's approbation. Cheverny thought as she did, that it was very dangerous to show it to the man about whom it was written; or even to let him see parts of it without naming me, because my style was recognizable, and because it was impossible that the Duc de Beauvilliers would ask for such a paper from anybody else. Therefore we agreed that, no matter what the two dukes might say and wish, I should not allow my discourse to be given to the Duc de Bourgogne, who, saint as he was, might be irritated (if not now, at least in future years) to see himself so transparent to my eyes, and also blamed for things he would not change, such change indeed being difficult to hope for.

This wise resolution taken, I submitted my paper to the examination of the Duc de Chevreuse, to whom I had sent a copy that he might have time to think it over. He approved of the work extremely, but was fortunately of opinion that it ought not to be shown; which got me out of my embarrassment; but he condemned me to leave my paper in their hands, in perfect security that it would not leave them, and to consent that from time to time they should let

fly some detached portions of it on the prince, which could be done without danger. M. de Beauvilliers submitted, and I too, after Cheverny and Mme. de Saint-Simon had judged that in this there would be no impropriety. The two dukes never knew that Mme. de Saint-Simon and I had taken Cheverny into confidence. It is the misfortune of the best princes, those most concerned about their salvation and their humility, to be more able to bear opprobrium, to the last point of indecency and danger, than to accept the salutary and cautious warnings of their most faithful servants.

Efforts of the Duchesse d'Orléans to make Mme. de Saint-Simon lady of honour to the future Duchesse de Berry.

During the period when the first effective steps were taken for the marriage of the Duc de Berry with Mademoiselle, the Duchesse d'Orléans asked me one day, in a tone too significant not to be understood, who, I thought, could be given as lady of honour to her daughter in case she became Duchesse de Berry. I at once perceived her meaning, and answered, in a firm and decided tone, that it was best to think only of making the marriage, after which it would be time enough to select the lady of honour, for which place persons would not be lacking. She was silent at once; the Duc d'Orléans said not a word, and I changed the topic of conversation. From that moment, throughout the great struggle about the marriage,[1] she said no more about the lady of honour, until one day when she was in her bed and I was with her, *tête-à-tête*, suddenly, in the midst of a very important conversation about the marriage, she interrupted herself to say: "If this affair succeeds, we should only be too happy to have Mme. de Saint-Simon for lady of honour." "Madame," I answered, "your kindness

[1] Too long and complicated for this abridgment. Saint-Simon was very instrumental in bringing the marriage about through the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, the Jesuits and Père Tellier, and other persons in the cabal of the seigneurs. — TR.

for her makes you say that. She is too young, and not at all capable of that employment." "But why?" she continued; and then she praised her in every way.

After listening for some moments I interrupted her myself, assuring her that Mme. de Saint-Simon was not suitable for the place; and then I began to name others, who were more in her intimacy or connection. To all of them she found some objection, which I, in turn, argued about vainly. I told her finally that I would bring her a list of all the titled ladies, from which it was impossible not to find several suitable persons, and that she herself would see it so. Then I changed the conversation instantly.

This attack, so keen and undisguised, gave me much uneasiness, and still more to Mme. de Saint-Simon. She and I abhorred a situation so much beneath our birth and dignity, and while we understood that royal pride would require a woman of high position and a duchess, we did not wish to have the degradation fall on us. We thought it best to take our measures to prevent it early; I to speak plainly to the Duc de Beauvilliers, and Mme. de Saint-Simon to the Duchesse de Bourgogne. This resolution taken, I spoke to the Duc de Beauvilliers and told him of my aversion and that of Mme. de Saint-Simon for such a place. I assured him that if it were offered to us we should refuse it, and I conjured him to prevent the idea if those who would make the choice communicated it to him. He approved of this and promised me.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne had continued for many years to profess a solid friendship for Mme. de Saint-Simon, to whom she had given many proofs of it. The audience was no sooner asked than granted. After the first compliments, Mme. de Saint-Simon told her that she being her great resource, and her tried resource, she had come with confidence to ask a favour after hesitating a long time; but

the matter was now so imminent, and as it concerned a marriage which the princess desired and was promoting herself — At these words the Duchesse de Bourgogne interrupted her, and kissing her warmly said, "The marriage of the Duc de Berry, and you want the place of lady of honour; I have already thought of it; you must have it." "But it is precisely not to have it that I have come to you."

Who can describe the amazement of the Duchesse de Bourgogne at this answer? After a moment's silence she asked the reason. Mme. de Saint-Simon replied that all her desire was to be a lady of the palace near herself, that she, the princess, had all her heart and all her respect, that she should never feel to another princess as she did to her, and if she could not become a lady of the palace she should be content and happy to remain as she was and be able to make her court to her. The Duchesse de Bourgogne then told her it was out of friendship for her and interest for herself that she had thought of her as lady of honour as soon as she saw that the marriage was likely to be made; that the Duchesse du Lude, already so infirm, was not eternal; and that Mme. de Saint-Simon could very well and very properly replace her, which, she said, she passionately desired, and that with this idea she had thought of making her lady of honour to the Duchesse de Berry, so as to remove the objection of her youth and bring her nearer to the king, in the event of her soon needing a new lady of honour. To this she added that this refusal would irritate the king. Mme. de Saint-Simon agreed that a refusal would ruin us beyond redemption, and said it was for that very reason she had come to her, because we were firmly resolved to refuse if the matter should come to a point. After much general talk the princess said that she saw no lady suitable for the place nor one that would please the king; but she promised to do her best to prevent its

being offered to Mme. de Saint-Simon, adding, however, that the appointment might be done without her knowledge and she not be able to prevent it; but she promised in good faith to do her best, although it was against her wishes and against her feelings.

Announcement of the marriage of the Duc de Berry to Mademoiselle.

Returning from Saint-Maur, where we had passed nearly the whole day with the Abbé de Verneuil, brother of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, whom we took with us, I found a note on reaching home at seven in the evening from the Duc d'Orléans, which one of his servants had delivered soon after mid-day. I did not open the note till I went up to my mother's room, where I was alone with her and Mme. de Saint-Simon. The outside was in the writing of the Duc d'Orléans, but the inside, very short, was in that of the Duchesse d'Orléans, and the first three words were: *Veni, vidi, vici.* To which she added that I should know it was the Duc d'Orléans that dictated them; and without saying more she charged me to secrecy until the declaration was made public. After my first effusion of joy, in which Mme. de Saint-Simon, as if from a secret presentiment, took only a share from civility, I began to be uneasy at the delay of the declaration. While I was wondering what could retard it, a footman of the Duc d'Orléans was announced to me, who, without a letter, brought me a message from Mademoiselle, informing me of the declaration of her marriage, which she sent me as soon as she heard it herself and by the same messenger. Then indeed my joy was complete. The triumph and safety of those to whom I was attached, the surprise and vexation of those to whom I was not attached,[1] the gratified self-love of such a success in which I had had

[1] The Meudon cabal had endeavoured to marry the Duc de Berry to Mlle. de Bourbon, daughter of Mme. la Duchesse. — Tr.

so principal a share, the total difference that would result for my present and future position, — all these things pleased and flattered me.

We hesitated, Mme. de Saint-Simon and I, whether to go or not to go to Versailles until a lady of honour was appointed. But we thought it too marked not to present ourselves before the king on an occasion when courtesy would have required us to do so in the case of a private person. The morning after our arrival I met the Duc d'Orléans walking before the king on his way to mass. He joined me at once and whispered in my ear (the first time in his life he had ever done so): "Do you know that much is said about Mme. de Saint-Simon for lady of honour?" "Yes, monsieur," I replied with a very grave air, "I have heard it with surprise, for nothing would suit us less." "But why?" he answered with embarrassment. "Because," I replied, "since you will know it, a second place does not suit us and never will suit us." "Shall you refuse it?" "No," I said hotly, "for I am not like Cardinal de Bouillon. I am a subject of the king and bound to obey him; but he must command; then I will obey; but it will be with the sharpest grief of which I am capable, which will not be blunted by your quality as father of the princess; that does not prevent us from feeling it a dreadful bitterness." So saying we reached the chapel. The Duc de Bourgogne, who followed at our heels, advanced closer to listen to what my emotion made him curious to hear; he smiled when I turned my head and saw him. The Duc d'Orléans made no reply.

The king declared the choice of Mme. de Saint-Simon, Sunday morning, June 15. The Duc d'Orléans told me at the close of the king's mass that he would do so, and two hours later he related to me that, being with the king and Monseigneur

The king declares Mme. de Saint-Simon lady of honour.

before mass and talking over this matter, the king said to him with some uneasiness: "But your friend — I know him; he is sometimes odd, he may refuse me." On which he reassured the king by quoting what I had said of the Cardinal de Bouillon, and the king then spoke of my vivacity about various matters, but vaguely, and with esteem, though still as if uneasy about the present matter and desirous that I should take care what I did; all of which he assuredly said to his nephew in order to have it come round to me.

On returning from mass, the king called to me in the gallery, said he wanted to speak to me, and told me to follow him into his cabinet. He went to a little table against the wall, far away from all who were in the cabinet. There he told me he had chosen Mme. de Saint-Simon as lady of honour to the future Duchesse de Berry; that it was as a peculiar mark of the esteem he felt for her virtue and merit that he confided to her at the age of thirty-two the care of a princess so young and so near to him; and also a mark that he was fully persuaded of what I had said to him some months ago of my desire to be nearer to him. I made a medium sort of bow, and replied that I was touched by the honour of his confidence in Mme. de Saint-Simon at her age, but what gave me most pleasure was the assurance I received from his Majesty that he was satisfied with me. After this laconic response, which let him see in all respects what I felt about the place, he went on for some time to say very obliging things of Mme. de Saint-Simon and me, as he knew better than any other man in the world how to do when he liked, and above all when he presented a bitter pill which he wanted to have swallowed. Then, looking at me more attentively, with a smile that was meant to please, he added: "But you must hold your tongue," — in a tone of familiarity which seemed to demand the same on my part;

and so I replied that I had held it, especially of late, and I intended to hold it always. At which he smiled with more expansion than ever, like a man who understood the thing well and was comforted not to have met with the resistance he apprehended; and one also who was content with the sort of freedom he met with, which let him feel the sacrifice that was made to him without his ears being wounded by it. He immediately turned round with his back against the wall, and, looking a little at me, and then all about him, he said to the company in a grave, magisterial tone, but loudly: "Mme. la Duchesse de Saint-Simon is lady of honour to the future Duchesse de Berry." Instantly a chorus of applause at the choice, and of praises for the chosen; and the king, without saying another word, passed into his inner cabinet.

The king put in much seasoning to make the place less intolerable, and without our having said or insinuated the slightest desires. He declared that so long as the Duc de Berry continued to be grandson or son of the king, the places of the Duchesse du Lude and that of the Duchesse de Saint-Simon were equal. He willed that the emoluments should be the same, and of the same sort; that is, twenty thousand francs, and nine thousand francs in other ways. He took marked pains to give us the most agreeable apartment at Versailles; dislodging for that purpose d'Antin and the Duchesse Sforza, to make us one complete suite of rooms out of two. He added kitchens on the court below, a most unusual thing at the château, because we had always had company to dinner, and often to supper, ever since we had been at the Court. At the same time the king announced that the rest of the household of the future Duchesse de Berry would be on the footing of that of Madame. Thus all the distinction was pointedly shown to be for Mme. de Saint-Simon personally, and that made another great noise.

VIII.

Marriage of the Duc de Berry and Mademoiselle.

On Sunday, July 6, the marriage of the Duc de Berry and Mademoiselle was celebrated in the chapel by Cardinal de Janson, the grand almoner. Two almoners of the king held the canopy; the king, the royal personages, the princes and princesses of the blood, and the bastards were present; many duchesses on their hassocks, in the suite of the princesses of the blood; and the Ducs de la Trémoille, de Chevreuse, de Luynes, his grandson, seventeen years old, Beauvilliers, Aumont, Charost, de Rohan and several others on theirs; none of the foreign princes, but some of the foreign princesses on their hassocks among the duchesses; and a magnificent array in the tribunes, where I put myself to gaze down at my ease on the ceremony; many ladies were below the hassocks, and men behind the ladies. After the mass was over, the rector brought his register to the king's *prie-dieu*, where he and the royal personages signed it, but no prince or princess of the blood, except the children of the Duc d'Orléans. It was then that Mme. de Saint-Simon left her hassock, which was on the left near the gate of the chancel, and came over and placed herself behind the Duchesse de Berry as she was about to sign. The signing over, the company left the chapel. All persons dined in their own apartments, the king at his private dinner, and the bride and bridegroom with the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who kept them until evening, with cards in the salon which connects the gallery with her apartment. The whole Court flocked there.

The next day the king, coming from mass, made a visit on the Duchesse de Berry. When she was seated at her toilet, Mme. de Saint-Simon presented and named to her the whole Court as though she were a stranger, and made her kiss all the titled men and women. After which, the royal persons, and the princes and princesses of the blood came to the toilet. When dinner was over, cards, as before, in the salon; where the king had ordered the ladies to appear in full dress to receive the Queen and the Princess of England; the King of England being with the army in Flanders, as the year before.

The queen and the princess, her daughter, went to see Monseigneur, who was playing cards in the apartment of the Princesse de Conti, then to Mme. de Maintenon's room, where the king was. Afterwards they came to the salon to see the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne, and ended by visiting the newly married pair; after which, they returned to Chaillot, and there was no further mention of the wedding. The Queen and Princess of England, who had always hoped that the princess herself would make this marriage, as indeed it was generally supposed she would, did not do themselves any justice in this affair. They were broken-hearted. For that reason, the king wished to spare them the wedding, and even the ceremonies of this visit, which he ruled to be managed as I have just reported.

The following Wednesday the Court went to Marly, the king, who had made a very mediocre present of jewelry to the Duchesse de Berry, gave nothing to the Duc de Berry, who had so little money he was unable to play cards during the first days of this trip. Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne told this to the king, who, feeling the condition he was in himself, consulted her, saying that he had only five hundred pistoles that he could give him; and the Duchesse

de Bourgogne, justly thinking that a little was better than nothing and not being able to play at all, the king gave them to his grandson, with excuses about the badness of the times.

This trip to Marly caused the return of the Duchesse de Berry's sisters to their convent at Chelles, whence they had been brought for the ceremony, and the release of Mme. de Maré. The latter had been governess of Monsieur's children, and had always remained with those of the Duc d'Orléans, enjoying the highest consideration. The king and Mme. de Maintenon hoped she would be lady of the bedchamber to the Duchesse de Berry, whom she had brought up, and to whom she seemed much attached, and Mademoiselle to her. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans wished it also. But no matter how long or how pressing the entreaties were, even from Mme. de Maintenon, she could not be persuaded to agree to them.

We were not long, alas! in discovering the cause of her obstinate resistance to continue near the Duchesse de Berry.

Melancholy reflections.

The more that princess allowed herself to be known (and she now did not restrain herself), the more we found that Mme. de Maré had acted wisely; the more we wondered by what miracle of care and prudence nothing had been suffered to transpire; the more we felt how blindly people act in what they desire with passion, finding that success brings only pain, and joy but travail; and the more we groaned over the disaster of having triumphed in an affair of which had I but known a semi-quarter — what am I saying? a thousandth part — of what we now so unhappily witnessed, I would have thwarted it with all my power. I shall say no more for the present; and in the future I shall only say that which cannot be concealed. I merely mention the matter now because the many strange

things of all sorts that soon occurred began to dawn, and even to develop, during this very trip to Marly.

Death of Mme. de La Vallière.

Mme. de La Vallière died about this time at the Carmelites in the rue Saint-Jacques, where she had taken the veil in June, 1675, under the name of Sister Mary of Mercy, being then thirty-one years old. Her favour and her shame; the modesty and kindness she exhibited; the good faith of her heart, without any mixture; the efforts she employed to prevent the king from eternalizing the memory of her weakness and sin by recognizing and legitimating the children he had by her; what she suffered from the king and from Mme. de Montespan; her two flights from Court, one to the Benedictines of Saint-Cloud, where the king went in person to demand her return, ready to burn the convent if opposed, the other to the Filles de Sainte-Marie de Chaillot, where the king sent Monsieur de Lauzun, captain of his guards, with orders to batter in the convent, and who brought her back to him; that public farewell, so touching, to the queen, whom she had always respected and spared, and that humble pardon she asked of her, prostrate at her feet before the whole Court, on leaving for the Carmelites; the repentance so fully maintained all the days of her life and far beyond the austerities of her Order; that continual recollection of her sin, that constant estrangement from the interests of life and from taking part in anything, no matter what, — all these things mostly belong to a period that is not of my time, and but little of my subject; nor is the faith, humility, and strength she showed at the death of her son, the Comte de Vermandois, any more so.

The Princesse de Conti invariably rendered her great duty and great attentions, which she avoided and shortened all she could. Her natural delicacy of health had suffered

The Princesse de Conti

much from the sincere harshness of her repentance, affecting both body and mind and a sensitive heart, sufferings which she hid as much as possible. It was discovered that she had entirely abstained from drinking during a whole year, from which she fell ill, and came near dying. Her infirmities increased, and she died at last of a rupture, in great suffering, with all the signs of sanctity, in the midst of the Sisters, to whom her gentleness and virtues had made her a delight; she herself always believing and saying that she was the lowest among them, and not worthy to live among virgins. The Princesse de Conti was not informed of her illness, which was rapid, until the last. She rushed there, arriving only in time to see her die. At first she seemed afflicted, but was soon consoled. She received visits of condolence from all the Court on the occasion of this loss. She expected to receive one from the king, and it was much remarked upon that he did not go to her.

He had retained for Mme. de La Vallière a cold esteem and consideration which he expressed on rare occasions and briefly. Still, he wanted the queen and the two dauphines to go and see her, and make her sit in their presence, both her and Mme. d'Épernon, who, although they were nuns, had been duchesses. He seemed very little touched by her death, and even told the reason, namely, that she was dead to him the day she entered the Carmelites. The children of Mme. de Montespan were greatly mortified by the visits paid to the Princesse de Conti on this occasion, — they who in like circumstances had not dared to receive condolences. They were still more mortified when they saw the Princesse de Conti in the deepest mourning for a mere nun, although her mother, — they who wore none, not having ventured to put on the very slightest sign of mourning at the death of Mme. de Montespan. The king could not refuse this favour

to the Princesse de Conti, who asked it urgently, but it was not to his liking. The other bastards had to swallow a mortification which single adultery cast upon the double adultery from which they came; thus making visible to the eyes of everybody the monstrous horror of their more tarnished birth, which hurt them cruelly.

The impossibility, too pitifully experienced, of obtaining peace, and the exhaustion of the kingdom, threw the king into the most cruel distress of mind, and Desmarets into frightful embarrassment. The paper of all kinds with which commerce was now inundated, all of which had more or less lost credit, made a chaos for which no one could conceive a remedy. State notes, notes for currency, notes of the receivers-general, notes on the *taille*-tax, notes on implements, were the ruin of those whom the king forced to take them as payment due from him, for they lost upon them one half or two thirds or more. These discounts enriched the money-dealers and the financiers, at the cost of the public; the circulation of money ceased because specie was lacking, because the king no longer paid it to any one, but drew it continually, and what there was of specie was hoarded in the coffers of the tax-collectors. The poll-tax was doubled or trebled at the arbitrary will of the intendants of the provinces; merchandise and produce of all descriptions were rated at the quadruple of their value; taxes were laid on commodities of all kinds and on all sorts of things; all of which crushed nobles and commoners, the seigneurs and the clergy, without producing revenues enough to the king to suffice him, though he drew the blood of all his subjects without distinction, squeezing out their very marrow, the collection of which enriched an army of agents and employés on the divers forms of taxation, in whose hands the greater part remained.

The tithe-tax.

Desmarets, in whom, at last, the king was reduced to put all his confidence as to the finances, now imagined a scheme to establish, in addition to the existing taxation, that royal tithe upon all the property of every community and every private person in the kingdom which Maréchal Vauban in one form and Boisguilbert in another had formerly proposed (I have heretofore reported it) as a single and only tax, which should suffice for all, and enter, entire, into the coffers of the king; all other taxes being abolished, even the *taille* and its very name. We have seen in its place how the financiers had shuddered and the ministers had howled at this idea, and with what anathemas it had been rejected. All that must be remembered now, because Desmarets, who had never lost sight of the system, had recourse to it, not as a relief and remedy, crime irredeemable in financial doctrine, but as an additional taxation.

Without saying a word to any one he made his plan and gave it to be examined and drawn up by a bureau composed by himself expressly and solely, of Bouville, councillor of State, husband of his sister; Nointel, councillor of State, brother of his wife; Vaubourg, councillor of State, his brother; Bercy, intendant of finances, his son-in-law; Harlay-Cœli, master of petitions, his confidential man, and three leading financiers. To these men, so well-tutored, it was given to digest the affair, draw up the edict, and direct its execution. Nointel alone had a horror of the monstrous exaction, and under pretence of the work at his office for provisioning the armies, he excused himself from taking part in the affair, and was imitated by one of the three financiers, in whom apparently some sort of soul remained. People were surprised that Vaubourg too did not withdraw, he being a man of integrity and piety, who had retired from an intendancy, long held by him, for scruples of conscience.

These commissioners worked with assiduity and took great pains to surmount the difficulties which appeared on all sides. In the first place there was that of getting from every individual a confession in good faith, clear and precise, as to his property, his debts, active and passive, and the nature of it all. Proofs had to be exacted and means found to prevent deception. Here alone they admitted difficulties. No heed was paid to the desolation brought by the tax itself upon multitudes of men of all conditions, to their despair at being compelled themselves to reveal the secrets of their families, — the turpitude of some, the means supplied to others by reputation and credit (cessation of which would produce inevitable ruin), the discussion of each man's capabilities, the explosion in families through these cruel exhibitions and the lamp thus held to their secret shames, — in a word, all that was most akin to those impious registrations which have always brought down the wrath of the Creator and the weight of his hand, nearly always in startling chastisement, on those who have made them.

Less than a month sufficed to the penetration of these commissaries of human beings to render a good account of this tender project of the Cyclops who had charged them with it. He reviewed with them the edict they had drawn up, bristling with penalties against convicted delinquents, but having no regard to the costs which property entails by its very nature. After this, it was only a question of getting it passed.

Desmarets then proposed his project to the king, making his court out of so excellent a plan. But the king, however accustomed he might be to levy enormous taxes, was frightened by this one. For a long time he had heard of nothing but the extreme distress of the people; this increase

Père Tellier persuades the king that all the property of his subjects is his.

of their burdens made him so uneasy and saddened him in so visible a manner, that his valets noticed it in his cabinets for several days together, enough to be anxious about him, and Maréchal (who related to me the whole of this curious anecdote) was induced to speak to him of his sadness, which was so great for several days that he feared for his health. The king acknowledged to him that he was infinitely distressed, but threw it vaguely on the general situation of affairs. Eight or ten days later, the same melancholy having continued, the king suddenly recovered his usual calmness. Calling to Maréchal, and being alone with him, he said that now that he felt relieved he was willing to tell him what had troubled him so keenly, and also what had just put an end to his trouble.

He then related how the extreme need of his affairs forced him to frightful taxation; that the state to which they were reduced made it a necessity that he should increase the taxes very considerably; that, besides his compassion, a scruple about taking the property of everybody had greatly tormented him; but that finally he had opened his mind to Père Tellier, who had asked him for a few days in which to think the matter over. The confessor had now returned after a consultation with the ablest doctors of the Sorbonne, who had decided clearly that the property of his subjects belonged to him of right, and that when he took it he only took what was really his.[1] The king acknowledged that this decision had greatly relieved him, removed all his scruples, and restored him to the calmness and the tranquillity he had lost. Maréchal was so astonished, so aghast, at this statement that he could not

[1] Louis XIV. said himself to his son (Œuvres de Louis XIV., vol. i., p. 57): "You must be convinced that kings have naturally the full and free disposition of all property possessed either by the Church or the laity to use at all times with wise discretion, that is to say, for the general need of the State." (Note by the French editor.)

utter a word. Fortunately the king left him as soon as he had made it, and Maréchal remained some time alone rooted in the same place and not knowing precisely where he was. This anecdote, which he related to me a few days later, and about which he was still in his first horror, needs no comment. It shows, without need of saying, what a king is when delivered over to such a confessor and consults with him alone; and also what is likely to become of a State in such hands.

The establishment of the poll-tax had been proposed and passed without examination at the council of finance; a singularity added to the enormity of that species of census. The same enormity was now undertaken by Desmarets for the tithe-tax at the same ceremony, or rather the same farce. The king, freed by Père Tellier and the Sorbonne, never doubted that all the property of his subjects was his, and that what he did not take but left to its owners was pure favour. Consequently, he made no difficulty in taking it with both hands and of all kinds; he now came to like the tithe in addition to all the other taxes, levies, and extra duties, and Desmarets had only to put it in force. Therefore, on Tuesday morning, September 30, Desmarets entered the council of finance with the decree of the tithe in his bag.

For some days past it was known that a bombshell was in the air, and everybody shuddered with the remains of a hope that is founded only on desire, and all the Court, as well as all Paris, waited in gloomy silence for what would happen. People whispered it in each other's ear; for although the project about to be brought forth was already intentionally bruited about, no one dared speak of it aloud. The members of the council of finance who entered the cabinet on that day knew as little definitely as the public; nor did they even

know whether or not the matter would come under the control of the bureau of the council.

Every one being seated and Desmarets having drawn a huge document from his bag, the king took speech and said that the impossibility of obtaining a peace and the extreme difficulty of maintaining the war had caused Desmarets to seek for some extraordinary means of raising money in ways that he thought advisable; that he had rendered to him an account of the means proposed, and although he, the king, was grieved to be reduced to such succour, he agreed to the plan, and doubted not that they would all agree when Desmarets had explained it to them.

The council of finance.

After this decisive preface, which was contrary to the usual custom of the king, Desmarets made a pathetic speech, about the obstinacy of the enemy and the exhaustion of the treasury, which was short and very authoritative, and he concluded by saying that between leaving the country a prey to the enemy's arms or taking the only expedient that remained (he knowing no other), he believed the latter would be less hard than to allow the enemy to enter and overrun the provinces of France; and that the expedient thus proposed was the levying of the tithe [*dixième denier*] on all persons without exception. To which he added that besides the impossibility above-mentioned, every one would find it to his advantage, because this levy, which would be moderate on all in view of what they would obtain from the king in payment of salaries and other benefits (but besides this crying iniquity to those persons, how many others there were who never had anything from the king or by the king!), which payments would in consequence be regularly made; all of which would result in the recovery of means to special persons and consequently a circulation for the general public

which would restore the movement of money and a certain abundance of it. He said that he had tried to prevent discomforts both for the king and for his subjects, and that these gentlemen could better judge of the matter from the reading of the decree, which he would now proceed to do. Thereupon, without waiting for any remarks, he read the decree from end to end without interruption, after which he was silent.

No one saying a word, the king asked the opinion of d'Aguesseau, who, being the last of the council, was the one to speak first. That worthy magistrate replied that the matter seemed to him of such great importance that he could not give his opinion on the spot; he should wish time to form it by examining the decree in his own house slowly, both as to the thing itself and as to the form of it; he therefore requested the king to excuse him from giving an opinion. The king remarked that d'Aguesseau was right; that the examination he wanted was useless, inasmuch as it could not be more thorough than that already given to it by Desmarets, whose opinion was to issue the decree such as they had now heard it; this was his own opinion also on the account rendered to him by Desmarets, and therefore it would be loss of time to discuss the matter further.

Every one was silent, except the Duc de Beauvillers, who, seduced by the nephew of his father-in-law, Colbert, whom he thought an oracle in finance, and moved by a sense that the affairs of the country were now reduced to the impossible, said, in a few words, that grievous as he conceived this succour to be, he could not but prefer it to seeing the enemy ravage France, and he believed that those who would suffer most from it would feel the same.

Thus was forced through this infamous decree, which was instantly signed, sealed, recorded, and published amid

choking sobs, and put in practice amid gentle but most pitiful complaints. Neither the levying nor the product amounted to anything like what that conclave of anthropophagi expected, and the king never paid one farthing the more to any one than he did previously. Thus went up in smoke this fine relief, this "certain abundance," this circulation and movement of money, the sole emollient of Desmarets' beautiful address. I knew on the morrow all the details that I have now reported, from the chancellor. Some days after the promulgation of the decree it was spread about that the chancellor had vigorously opposed it at the council; this won him great honour; but what did him far truer honour was that he loudly rejected the report as false. He told every one who mentioned the subject to him that he had not said one word, and was glad of it; for no matter what he might have said, nothing could change a resolution absolutely taken, and which was only mentioned to the council as a matter of form, a ceremony that even surprised him. But he did not conceal that he blamed this dreadful invention with all the bitterness that a remedy turned to poison deserved.

Maréchal Vauban died of grief at the non-success of his zeal and his book, as I have related in its place. Poor Boisguilbert, who survived in the exile that his had cost him, now felt the deepest affliction that he, having thought only of the good of the State and the general comfort and welfare of all its members, should have been the innocent giver of the idea of this execrable tax — he, who had never imagined or proposed the tithe except in hatred of and for the total destruction of the *taille* and the other monopolies, having constantly insisted that this tithe, if imposed with other taxes, would produce next to nothing, owing to lack of circulation and outlay and its consequent impotence; the

event showed speedily that he was not mistaken. Thus every man, without exception, found himself at the mercy of extortioners; reduced to appraise and discuss with them his patrimony; to receive their certification and protection under horrible penalties; to expose in public the secrets of his family; to produce, himself, in open day domestic turpitudes hitherto concealed within the folds of wise and multiplied precautions. Many owners of property vainly endeavoured to secure one-tenth of their property. The whole of Languedoc (though under the yoke of the Bâville committee) offered in a body to abandon all their property without reserve to the king on condition of a clear tenth being secured to them; and they asked it as a favour. The proposal was not only not listened to, but considered an insult and roughly jeered. It was but too manifest that the greater number paid a fifth, a quarter, a third of all their property for this tithe alone, and consequently they were reduced to the last extremities. The financiers alone escaped by the secrecy of their books and through the protection of their fellows, who had now become masters of all the property of Frenchmen of all classes. The protectors of the tithe saw clearly all these horrors and yet were incapable of being touched by them.

Some days after the publication of the decree, Monseigneur, by an extraordinary chance, had gone to dine at the Ménagerie with the princes his sons, their wives, and a small number of ladies. There the Duc de Bourgogne, less hampered than usual, began to talk about the taxes and those who imposed them, saying that he *must* speak, for he was full of them to his very throat. He declaimed against the tithe and the multitude of other taxes, expressing himself with more than harshness about the financiers, the farmers of the public revenues, and even the treasury officers, and with a just and

holy anger recalling memories of Saint-Louis, of Louis XII., Father of the people, and of Louis the Just. Monseigneur, moved by the passionate ardour of his son, so little usual with him, entered into the matter somewhat and showed anger at the exactions, as injurious, he said, as they were barbarous; and at so many men rising out of nothing to enrich themselves thus monstrously with blood. The two, the father and son, caused infinite surprise to the few witnesses who heard them, and who were comforted a little, hoping to find in this direction a resource.

But the decree was destined to bear fruit; the true successor of Louis XIV. was the son of a *rat de cave* [tax-gatherer], who added, during his long and disastrous government, to all that had been previously invented in this line; who made the extortioners and their vast armies a terror; held them up to honour, if that were possible, by the veneration he showed them, the power and the boundless influence he gave them, the odious respect in which he forced the great of the earth to hold them, through the favour and distinctions of Court, Church, and public service which they shared with the seigneurs, being even preferred to them; a condition to which not one of them had ever until then dared to raise his eyes.[1]

The tithe established allowed of the whole infantry being increased by five men to each company. A tax was laid on usurers, who had made so much by trafficking with the king's paper, that is to say, by profiting from the needs of those to whom the king gave it in payment. These people were called *agioteurs* (jobbers) and their system, following always the need of the holders of the notes, was to pay, for example, three or four hundred francs (and often half of that in produce) for a

Recoinage and profit on the currency.

[1] Cardinal Fleury, prime minister under the Regency. — Tr.

note of a thousand francs; this system, I say, was called *agio* (a job). It was said that thirty millions were obtained from the tax on these men. Many persons gained enormously, but I don't know that the king gained anything. Soon after this the currency was recoined, which gave a great profit to the king and did great wrong to private persons and to commerce. In all ages it has always been regarded as a great evil, and even something worse, to meddle with wheat and currency. Desmarets accustomed us to the manipulation of the currency, M. le Duc and Cardinal Fleury in coming years to that of wheat and factitious famine.

Balls, fêtes, and pleasures at Court all the winter.

At the beginning of December the king announced that he wished there should be comedies and *appartements* at Versailles, even when Monseigneur was at Meudon; which was unusual. Apparently he thought he ought to keep the Court in amusements to hide his straits from foreign countries without, and from his own within, as best he could. The same reason led to the carnival beginning early, and there were many balls at Court of all sorts, and the wives of the ministers gave some that were magnificent, even species of fêtes, to Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne and all the Court. But Paris continued gloomy, and the provinces desolate.

Boudin, his position and character.

During the last days of the year there suddenly appeared one of those swindling adventurers who pretend to possess the grand secret of making gold. Boudin, chief physician to Monseigneur, had this man work with him, under his own eye and key. We shall see Boudin again before long as a bold and dangerous personage for a man of his kind. It is well, therefore, to say a word of him here, as it comes naturally to hand. He was *boudin* in face [pudding-faced] as well as in name, the son of an apothecary of the king, of whom nobody thought

much. He studied medicine, was laborious, inquiring, and learned. Had he continued to apply himself to serious things, he would have had both a good and a fine mind. He was extremely well furnished in literature and history, and had moreover a natural charm that was full of vivacity and repartee, and so naïvely jocose that people were continually diverted by him, without liking to be so. He was the dean of the Faculty of Paris, physician to the king, and finally chief physician to Monseigneur, with whom he stood well. He subjugated Fagon, that tyrant of medicine and enemy of all doctors, to the point of doing everything that he wanted; and he went in to him at all hours, to him, Fagon, who lived behind forty bolts. A man who was such good company soon succeeded at a Court where no one could be jealous of him. He was at all the familiar suppers of M. le Duc and the Prince de Conti. It was who should have him, among men and women of the highest degree and the best company, and not all who wanted him had him; the old wanted him for their dinners, the young for their parties; libertine and debauched to excess, a gourmand at table, and all this with a sincerity and wit which fascinated. In this way Boudin was soon spoiled. He was in other respects a bold and audacious companion, who denied himself little, and spared none if he feared no return or when he was pushed, becoming very familiar if permitted, and from that very soon impertinent. Initiated in this way into the choicest society, he took to intrigue, and he knew and shared in many important and secret things at Court.

Though Boudin liked his profession, he rusted in it because he would not take the trouble to see patients; but his curiosity about all sorts of remedies and secrets never failed him. About such he had the strongest faith in the world, and he fell upon the Faculty, who never listen to any

remedies but their own and will let a man die in their rules. He loved chemistry and was learned in it, and also a good experimenter, but he went further and dabbled in hidden things. He took it into his head that it was not impossible to find the philosopher's stone, and with all his knowledge and all his mind he was constantly duped. It cost him much money, and though he loved gain, nothing was too costly for this fancy; he would leave parties and the best company for his alembics and the rascals who swindled him. Trapped a thousand times, he was caught again a thousand times more. He laughed at himself in the midst of his terrors, for he feared everything and would tell the most comical stories about it. This new maker of gold amused and deceived him like all the rest, and cost him a great deal of money, which he regretted heartily, for he lost no chance to amass the most that his general favour could furnish him. Seigneurs and ministers reckoned with him and treated him cautiously as a very dangerous man; and he too, provided he was not pushed, knew those with whom he had to deal, and treated them as cautiously himself. He belonged chiefly to the Meudon cabal, and somewhat to that of the seigneurs.

1711. Death and short eulogy of the Maréchal de Choiseul.

On the 15th of March of this year I lost a friend whom I shall regret all my life, one of those friends who are never found again. This was the Maréchal de Choiseul, senior of the marshals of France (there were then seventeen), chevalier of the Order, and governor of Valenciennes. Without property and without relatives, although of the highest birth, he owed nothing except to his virtue and his merit; great enough, both the one and the other, to support him, though he had not much mind, against the persecutions of Louvois and his son, with a haughtiness he showed to no others,

Boileau-Despréaux

and a courage which he proved in all the other events of his career. Truth, equity, disinterestedness in the midst of the greatest need, dignity, honour, equanimity were the companions of his life and won him many friends and public veneration. Valued everywhere, though without influence; esteemed by the king, though without distinctions and without favours; welcomed wherever he went, though not amusing, he had no enemies or envious friends unless they were those of virtue itself, or ministers who hated and feared capacity, courage, and high birth. We have seen already how truly he was a captain, and for this he had the affection and esteem of the armies. Poor as he was, he asked nothing. He was jealous of no man and spoke no evil of any; and he managed to make both ends meet without debts, at the end of the year; keeping a modest and simple establishment and table, which satisfied honest people and those of the highest position, who felt honoured in being invited to it. He was seventy-seven years old and had never prostituted himself either at Court, where he appeared at rare moments from duty, or in the world, where he showed himself as rarely; but he had good company in his own house; and it may be said that in the midst of a corrupt society virtue triumphed in him over all the favours and pleasures that society seeks. He died with great firmness, his head clear to the last, and his body sound, having scarcely been ill at all; he received the sacraments with great piety. He left no children by the sister of the Marquis de Renti, whom he had lost, but from whom he had been separated for a great number of years.

Death of Boileau-Despréaux.

About the same time died Boileau-Despréaux, so well known for his intellect, his writings, and above all for his satires. It may be said that in this latter way he excelled, although he was one of the best men in the world. He had been charged with the duty

of writing a history of the king; but it was found he had scarcely worked upon it.

This same month of March saw the dawning of the first beginnings of the affair which produced the constitution Unigenitus, so fatal to the Church and State, so shameful to Rome, so disastrous to religion, so profitable to the Jesuits, the Sulpicians, the ultramontanes, to ignorant persons and persons of no account, and above all to all kinds of rascals and villains; the results of which, following as much as possible on the model of those of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have put disorder, ignorance, deception, confusion everywhere, with a violence that still lasts, under the oppression of which the whole kingdom groans and trembles and at the present moment, after more than thirty years of unbridled persecution, still feels its weight extending everywhere, on all professions and in all ways, and daily growing heavier. I shall be very careful not to undertake a theological history, nor one that is limited to mere acts and proceedings; the latter alone would require many volumes. It is to be desired that fewer had been given to the public on the doctrine, in which repetitions are multiplied, and more on the history of the birth, course, and progress of this terrible affair, of its results, of its ramifications, of the fortunes, even secular, which were born of it, and ruined by it, of the effects produced, so widespread and so stupendous, by the opening of this Pandora's box; effects so far beyond the hopes of the one side and the conceptions of the other; which silenced laws, tribunals, systems, to make way for a military inquisition which inundated France with *lettres de cachet* and annihilated justice. I shall confine myself to the brief history of what passed before my eyes, and sometimes through my hands, in order to treat this matter as I have treated all others, leaving what I have

Commencement of the affair that produced the bull Unigenitus.

not seen myself nor heard from the actors themselves to better, more informed, and less lazy pens than mine.

To understand the little that from time to time will be reported of an affair which so principally occupied all the remainder of the reign of Louis XIV., the minority of Louis XV., and his subsequent reign; which was concealed under M. le Duc, and openly brought forth, after his fall, under Cardinal Fleury, we must remember many things scattered through these Memoirs which would be too long and too tiresome to here repeat; first, the storm about "quietism," the overthrow of M. de Cambrai, the triumvirate against him; the secret conduct of the Jesuits, of whom the main body with their public ministry declared against him, but without injuring him, while the dark and mysterious sanhedrim served him with all its strength, and the union that resulted; we must also remember what was said of Saint-Sulpice, and especially of Père Tellier; of the condition of the episcopate carefully filled with men of no name, no ideas, and many of them without conscience and without honour, some being publicly sold to the most undisguised ambition, and to perfect servitude to the party that could elevate them; also the Chinese affair, and the mortifying position of the Jesuits in that respect, particularly the personal part taken therein by Père Tellier; the hatred of the Jesuits, and that of Père Tellier, more particularly for Cardinal de Noailles; the lucky use they had always contrived to make of Jansenism; finally, the character of Cardinal de Noailles, and what we have now seen of the king and Mme. de Maintenon.

These things being recalled to mind and memory, it is easy to understand the extreme desire of Père Tellier to save the Jesuits from the opprobrium to which their condemnation on the China affair consigned them; and also to hurl down Cardinal de Noailles. In order to strike two such powerful

blows some startling affair was needed, and one that should touch Rome on a sensitive spot, to relieve which she could hope nothing except through the influence of Père Tellier. He was therefore incessantly occupied in seeking for the means to bring about this conjuncture.

The present time seemed favourable to Père Tellier. He had the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, through M. de Cambrai; he had also Pontchartrain, in opposition to his father, the chancellor; and for baser purposes and policy he had d'Argenson. The alliance and personal intimacy of Cardinal de Noailles and Mme. de Maintenon no longer troubled him; they were wearing out already in her fickle mind. We must not forget, moreover, that with all the aversion and fear of the Saint-Sulpicians for the Jesuits, and the hatred and jealousy of the latter for the former, they were wholly agreed in holding Jansenism in detestation, and Rome in adoration: the Jesuits from powerful self-interest, the others from the grossest ignorance. Therefore, the Jesuits in this affair led Saint-Sulpice in a leash, with its eyes bandaged, where they chose, and put it to all the uses they pleased.

The scheme made and the first measures taken, it was determined to raise the storm without appearing in it, and to make it fall on a book entitled "Moral Reflections on the New Testament," by Père Quesnel; an edition of which had received the approval of Cardinal de Noailles. Who Père Quesnel was is universally known, and it would be superfluous to explain him here. His book had been approved by a great number of prelates and theologians. Père de La Chaise kept it on his table, because, he said, when he had a few moments to spare he opened it and always found something to edify and instruct him.

It would seem that a book so universally read and valued

for many years, the excellence and soundness of which had been announced by so great a number of celebrated approvers, would surely have been sheltered from all attack; but the example of the success obtained against the book "On frequent Communion," by M. Arnauld (more illustrious still, through the name of its author and the number, dignity, and reputation of its approvers, and the plaudits with which it was received and read) relieved Père Tellier of all fears, and he prepared to have it attacked conjointly with Cardinal de Noailles, who had approved it. For so bold a stroke he used two men, the most unknown, isolated, and lowest in rank in the Church that he could find, in order that they should be less easily approached, and more under his complete control: Champflour, bishop of La Rochelle, and Valderies de Lescure, bishop of Luçon.

To train them to what he intended them to do, he sent them a priest named Chalmet, a pupil of Saint-Sulpice, perfected at Cambrai, and well instructed by Fénelon; that prelate always hoping for his own return and the flattering prospects that might follow it, for the downfall of the cardinal, the last of his three conquerors, and for the support of Père Tellier. Chalmet had the spirit and the vehemence of a hard and iron-bound pedant, delivered over to the ultramontane maxims of Saint-Sulpice, devoted to M. de Cambrai, abandoned without reserve to the Jesuits, and particularly to Père Tellier. He went off secretly, — first to La Rochelle, and then to Luçon, keeping well hidden in the beginning, all the while indoctrinating the two prelates; but so harshly, and in so high-handed a way that they often complained of their domineering tutor.

He made them draw up in common a charge to their clergy, condemning the "Nouveau Testament" of Père Quesnel, in the edition recommended by Cardinal de Noailles,

with a censure of that prelate (the authorship of which was so recognizable that no one could mistake it) as an abettor of heretics, and in the strongest colours, without any sort of circumspection. This charge, which was properly speaking a tocsin, was not made to stay buried in the dioceses of La Rochelle and Luçon. It was sent to Paris, which was flooded with it, and there affixed to the doors of all the churches and the archiepiscopal palace; and it was in this way that Cardinal de Noailles and all Paris obtained their first notion of it.

Meantime Père Tellier worked upon the king, who liked and respected the cardinal; but the latter, not doubting that he could easily obtain justice in so crying a matter, was lax in urging his cause. A ready-made letter was sent to the two bishops for their signatures, addressed to the king, who received it from the hands of Père Tellier, through whom it was ostensibly forwarded as the natural minister of all the bishops, and who presented it to the king as a function of his post that he could not decline. The letter was equally furious and adroit. It was enough to cast one's eyes upon it (it was soon made public) to see that those two mitred animals had no part in it, beyond their signatures; but that it came from the able and cunning hand of a courtier who was also a most malignantly passionate writer. After loading the king with praises, and comparing him to Constantine and Theodosius for his love and protection of the Church, they, that is, the bishops, prayed him, not for themselves, prostrate before his feet, but for the Church, for the episcopate, for the freedom of sound doctrine and justice against those who attempted to oppress it. After a long and vehement dissertation against Père Quesnel and his "Moral Reflections on the New Testament," approved by Cardinal de Noailles, they represented that cardinal as an enemy of

the Church, the pope, and the king, such as, under Constantine and his first successors, were those bishops of the imperial city who made all men tremble under their authority and the orthodox bishops groan. The letter was long and sustained throughout with a style and art through which the trick was visible. This picture of Cardinal de Noailles, so unlike the natural man, his life, his morals, his conduct, the fury of the whole document laid bare the mystery of the iniquity, and plainly showed that a letter so bold, so shrewd, and so strong had never been composed at La Rochelle nor at Luçon.

The cardinal had an audience with the king, but being slow, gentle, not born for Courts nor for intrigues, full of confidence moreover in his conscience, in what he was within himself, and also with the king, he was content with having, as he thought, replaced matters at the end of his audience where they were before the letter of the two bishops was received, and never doubted that he should obtain eventually a suitable satisfaction. But Père Tellier in his turn had an audience. He found means to pique the king on his authority and on the protection which he owed to these distant and neglected prelates, who found themselves about to be persecuted for sound doctrine. The Bishop of Meaux also worked in the same manner on Mme. de Maintenon, so that when Cardinal de Noailles had his next audience he was much astonished when the king shut his mouth abruptly on the affair, declared that he must get out of it as best he could without mixing him in it, and that that was all he could do in his favour.

In this unfortunate dilemma the cardinal told the king that inasmuch as he abandoned him to calumny and insult, without his having deserved, or even imagined the possibility of, what had happened to him, he entreated him to think

it right that he should defend himself; and he withdrew with a curt permission to do whatever he thought proper. Two days later he published a short but strong charge, in which he pointed to various errors in that of the two bishops. He called their charge a libel issued under cover of their name, of which he said (rather foolishly) that he thought them incapable; inveighed against the restlessness of the times about doctrine, against the license of some bishops in meddling with the missions of others, and forbade, under penalty, the reading of their mandate, which he blasted in various ways. It seemed as though he had the right to defend himself in this way by the abandonment, and also the permission of the king; and considering the nature of the attack upon him he showed some forbearance. Nevertheless, it was made a crime, and he was forbidden to appear at Court unless he was summoned there.

The affair in itself had roused the indignation of every one who was not devoted to the Jesuits, or to making his own fortune, or blinded by the abuse made of the word "Jansenism" to decry and destroy whomsoever the Jesuits would. Even neutral minds were roused, and the effect was such that the aggressors were frightened, and sought for surer and more efficacious means to profit by their advantages and push forward in their noble work. I shall say no more for the present, it being time now to return to other matters.

Easter Sunday of this year fell on the 5th of April. The following Wednesday, 8th, Monseigneur, on leaving the council, went to dine at Meudon, *en parvulo*, taking the Duchesse de Bourgogne *tête-à-tête* in his carriage. It has been explained elsewhere what these *parvulos* were.

My embarrassment with regard to Monseigneur and his private Court.

The courtiers had asked for Meudon, where the stay was to be eight days until the next trip to Marly, announced for the Wednesday following. The Meudons embarrassed me terribly; for to me the place was infested by demons. Mme. la Duchesse had returned to reign there; d'Antin governed; Mlle. de Lislebonne and her sister ruled. They were all my personal enemies and they governed Monseigneur. Consequently I tried to avoid the trips to Meudon and all its company; never presenting myself there voluntarily, and dreading still more one of these visits.

But if the present caused me anxiety, how many other reflections there were that were still more grievous; the prospect of a future, advancing nearer and nearer every day, which would put Monseigneur on the throne; and amid the wrangle of those who governed him, some of whom would then strive to do so to the exclusion of the others, enemies of mine who longed for my destruction would very certainly be on the throne with him, where they had only to will it! Unable to do better, I lived on courage. I told myself that human beings never experience all the good nor all the evil they have, or appear to have, the best reasons to foresee. I hoped thus against hope in the uncertainty of all things attached to this life, and I calmly saw the time slip by as regards the future, though much embarrassed as to the present about Meudon.

During this Easter fortnight I went away to dream and refresh myself at my ease, far from the world and the Court, where, with the exception of Monseigneur, all other things smiled upon me. But that sting, without a remedy, was cruelly piercing, when it pleased God to deliver me from it at a most unexpected moment. I had with me at La Ferté only M. de Saint-Louis, an old cavalry colonel, much esteemed by the king, by M. de Turenne, and by all under whom he

had served, but retired for the last thirty years to the abbatial house of La Trappe, where he led a most saintly life, and a gentleman from Normandy, who had been a captain in my regiment and was much attached to me. I had taken a walk with them on the morning of Saturday, 11th, the day preceding the first Sunday after Easter, and on my return I had entered my cabinet alone for a short time before dinner, when a courier, sent by Mme. de Saint-Simon, brought me a letter from her informing me of the illness of Monseigneur.

IX.

The prince, driving, as I have already said, to Meudon on the day after the fêtes of Easter, met on his way, at Chaville, a priest who was bearing Our Lord to a dying person, and he left his carriage, together with the Duchesse de Bourgogne, to adore upon his knees. He asked what the illness of the dying man was, and was told that it was small-pox. It was much about. He had had it very lightly, when a child, and greatly feared it. He was shocked, and that night told Boudin, his physician, that he should not be surprised if he had taken it. The next day passed as usual.

Illness of Monseigneur.

On Thursday, the 9th, he rose, intending to hunt the stag, but a weakness seized him while dressing, and Boudin put him to bed again. The whole day was alarming on account of his pulse. The king, slightly informed of it by Fagon, thought it was nothing, and drove to Marly after his dinner, where he received constant news from Meudon. The Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne dined there, and would not leave Monseigneur for a moment. The princess added to the duties of a daughter-in-law all the kindness that was in her, giving Monseigneur everything with her own hand. The heart could not help being troubled by what the mind made her foresee as possible, but her cares and devotion were not less marked, though without any air of affectation or of playing a part. The Duc de Bourgogne, simple and saintly, and full of his duties, fulfilled them beyond measure; and, although there was already great suspicion of the small-pox,

which he had never had, neither he nor his wife would leave Monseigneur for a moment until they were obliged to return to Versailles for the king's supper.

After hearing their account, the king sent early to Meudon the next morning, Friday, 10th, so that he heard on awaking of the great danger of Monseigneur. He had said the night before that he should go the next morning to Meudon and stay there during Monseigneur's illness, of whatever nature it might be; and he did so after mass. On leaving, he forbade his children to go there. He also forbade, in general, with kindly reflection, all who had not had the small-pox, and permitted those who had had it to go to Meudon and pay their court to him, or not to go, according to their fears or their convenience.

Du Mont sent away a number of the guests who were on this trip to Meudon, in order to lodge the king's suite, which the latter limited to the necessary persons and to his ministers (all except the chancellor who did not sleep there), in order that he might work with them as usual. Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti, each with her lady of honour; Mlle. de Lislebonne, Mme. d'Espinoy, and Mlle. de Melun, as particularly attached to Monseigneur, and Mlle. de Bouillon, daughter of the chamberlain, were the only ladies who stayed there at night and supped with the king, who dined alone, as at Marly. I do not mention Mlle. Choin, who had been there since Wednesday, nor Mme. de Maintenon, who came out after dinner with the Duchesse de Bourgogne to see the king. He would not allow the latter to enter Monseigneur's apartment, and sent her back to Versailles immediately. This was the state of things when Mme. de Saint-Simon sent the courier to me; the doctors were hoping it was small-pox, though it had not yet declared itself.

I shall speak of myself with the same truth I have used

about other persons and things. In the situation in which I was with relation to Monseigneur and his intimate Court, the impression made upon me by this news may be easily conceived. I saw, by what was told me of Monseigneur's state, that the matter either for good or for evil would be quickly decided. I was more at my ease at La Ferté; I therefore resolved to await the news of the next day, sending back the courier to Mme. de Saint-Simon and asking her to send me another on the morrow. I spent the day in the vague movement of a flux and reflux which gained and then lost ground, holding the man and the Christian on his guard against the man and the courtier; while a crowd of things and objects presented themselves to my mind in this critical conjuncture, making me foresee an unhoped-for speedy deliverance, under the most favourable appearances for the future.

The courier, whom I awaited impatiently, arrived on the morrow, the Sunday after Easter, early in the afternoon. I learned from him that small-pox had declared itself, and all was going on as well as could be wished; and I thought it must be so because I also learned that Mme. de Maintenon, who did not leave her room at Meudon, had gone early in the morning to Versailles, where she dined with Mme. de Caylus and met the Duchesse de Bourgogne, not returning very early to Meudon.

I believed Monseigneur saved, and I wished to stay at home at La Ferté; nevertheless I took advice, as I have done all my life and been the better for it. I gave orders with regret to start the next morning, Monday, April 13, and did so early. On reaching Queue, fourteen leagues from La Ferté and six from Paris, a banker named La Fontaine came up to my chaise as I was changing horses. He was just from Paris and Versailles, where he had seen the servants of Mme. la

Duchesse; he told me that Monseigneur was doing very well, and gave me details which showed he was out of danger. I reached Versailles full of this opinion, which was confirmed by Mme. de Saint-Simon and by all whom I saw; so that no fears remained, except from the treacherous nature of the disease in a man of fifty and very stout.

The king held his councils at Meudon and worked with his ministers as usual. He saw Monseigneur morning and evening and, several times, after dinner, sitting always for a long time by his bedside. The Monday that I arrived at Versailles he had dined early and driven to Marly, where the Duchesse de Bourgogne had gone to meet him. As he passed the gardens of Versailles his two grandsons were waiting to see him, but he would not let them approach him and only called out good-day. The Duchesse de Bourgogne had had the small-pox, though no marks of it remained.

The king was never happy except in his own houses; he disliked being elsewhere. For that reason his visits to his son at Meudon were few and short, and only out of complaisance. Mme. de Maintenon was still more uneasy. Though her chamber was everywhere a sanctuary, into which none entered but women in the strictest privacy, she needed everywhere some other retreat which was wholly inaccessible, except to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and then only for instants, and alone. Thus she had Saint-Cyr for Versailles and Marly, and at Marly a retreat within the house, and at Fontainebleau a house in the town. Finding that Monseigneur was doing so well, and their stay at Meudon likely to be long, the king's upholsterers received orders to furnish Chaville, the house of the late Chancellor Le Tellier, which Monseigneur had bought and inclosed in the park of Meudon; it was at Chaville that Mme. de Maintenon now intended to make her retreat.

The king had commanded a review of the men-at-arms and the light-horse for Wednesday, so that all seemed going on favourably. On arriving at Versailles I had written to M. de Beauvilliers at Meudon, to beg him to say to the king that I had returned on hearing of Monseigneur's illness; and should have gone to Meudon if, not having had the small-pox, I were not forbidden by his orders to do so. He sent me word that my return had been very fortunate, and reiterated from the king the order not to go to Meudon, either myself or Mme. de Saint-Simon, who had never had the small-pox either.

Meudon, taken in itself, was full of contrasts. The Choin was there in her garret; Mlle. de Lislebonne and Mme. d'Espinoy never left Monseigneur's room and the recluse came down when the king was not there and the Princesse de Conti had retired. This princess, feeling that she should cruelly constrain Monseigneur unless she set him at liberty in this respect, did so with a very good grace. She said to Monseigneur that for a long time she had not been ignorant of who and what there was at Meudon; that she could not stay away in the uneasiness that she felt, but it would not be just to let her friendship interfere with his comfort. She therefore begged him to treat her freely, and send her away whenever it suited him; and she, on her side, would be careful not to enter his room without knowing whether he could see her conveniently. This compliment pleased Monseigneur exceedingly. The princess was faithful to this course, and docile to the warnings of Mme. la Duchesse and the two Lorrains to leave the room when desirable, without appearing to be constrained or chagrined. She returned when she could, without the slightest ill-humour, for which she deserves true praise.

Contrasts at Meudon.

It was, of course, Mlle. Choin who was in question, and

who, with Père Tellier, figured at Meudon in a very strange way. Both were incognito, relegated to his and her garret, served with their meals alone, seen only by the necessary servants, yet known to be there by every one, — with this difference, that the lady saw Monseigneur night and day without setting foot elsewhere, and the confessor went about to the king and all other places except to Monseigneur's apartment and those that adjoined it. Mme. d'Espinoy conveyed and returned the compliments which passed between Mlle. Choin and Madame de Maintenon. The king did not see the Choin, but he thought that Mme. de Maintenon had done so. He spoke of it later, and hearing that she had not seen her was displeased. Whereupon Mme. de Maintenon charged Mme. d'Espinoy to make her excuses to Mlle. Choin and to say that she hoped they should see each other, — an odd compliment from one room to another under the same roof. They never saw each other.

Versailles presented another scene: the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne held open Court, and this Court resembled the first break of dawn. All the courtiers were there assembled, all Paris flowed in; and, as discretion and caution were never French qualities, all Meudon came too, and people were believed on their word that they had not entered Monseigneur's apartments that day. *Lever* and *coucher*, dinner and supper with the ladies, public conversations after each meal, walks in the gardens were the times to pay court, and the apartments could not hold the crowd. Couriers every quarter of an hour, who recalled attention to news of Monseigneur, the course of the malady said to be all that could be wished, extreme facility of hope and confidence, desire and eagerness of all to please the new Court, majesty and cheerful gravity of the young prince and the young princess, their cordial

greeting to all, their continual attention to speak to every one, amiability among the crowd; reciprocal satisfaction, and the Duc and Duchesse de Berry almost nonentities. In this way five days went by; each individual thinking ceaselessly of future contingencies, and trying in advance to adjust himself to any event.

Tuesday, April 14, the day after my return to Versailles, the king, who, as I have said, was bored at Meudon, held, as usual, the council of finances in the morning and, against his custom, the council of despatches in the afternoon. I went to see the chancellor on his return from the latter council, and I heard from him about Monseigneur's condition. He assured me it was good, and told me that Fagon had said to him these very words: "All things are going as we wish, and beyond our hopes." The chancellor seemed to feel great confidence, and I put faith in it, the more readily because he stood extremely well with Monseigneur, and did not banish all fear, though he had no other than that which is natural in this sort of malady.

The fishwomen of Paris, Monseigneur's faithful friends, who already, on the occasion of a great indigestion which was taken for apoplexy, had signalized themselves, now gave a second edition of their zeal. That same morning they arrived at Meudon in several hired carriages. Monseigneur wished to see them. They flung themselves on the foot of his bed, which they kissed again and again, and, delighted with the good news, they declared in their joy that they should go and make all Paris rejoice and sing the Te Deum. Monseigneur, who was not insensible to these marks of the love of the people, told them it was not yet time to rejoice, and after thanking them ordered his people to show them his house, entertain them at dinner, and send them away with money.

Singular conversation between the Duchesse d'Orléans and me.

Returning to my own apartment from the chancellor's by the courts, I saw the Duchesse d'Orléans walking on the terrace of the new wing; she called to me, but, as she had la Montauban with her, I pretended not to see or hear, and I reached my rooms with my mind full of the good news from Meudon. This lodging of mine was on the upper gallery of the new wing, which it was necessary to pass through to reach the apartment of the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, who were that night to give a supper to the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans and several ladies, among them Mme. de Saint-Simon, who excused herself on the ground of a slight indisposition. I had been only a short time in my cabinet, alone with Coettenfao, when Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans was announced; she having come to talk with me while awaiting the hour for supper. I went to receive her in the apartment of Mme. de Saint-Simon, who was out, but presently returned and made a third in the conversation, — the princess and I being, as they say, big with the desire to see and converse with each other in this crisis, about which she and I thought alike. It was scarcely an hour since she had left Meudon, where she had seen the king. It was now eight o'clock in the evening of that same Tuesday.

She told me the same words that Fagon had used, which I had heard already from the chancellor. She dwelt on the confidence that reigned at Meudon, praised the care and capacity of the doctors, who neglected nothing, not even the insignificant remedies which they most despised; she enlarged upon their success; and then — to speak frankly and avow the shame — she and I, we lamented together to see Monseigneur escape, at his age and with his fat, from so dangerous a disease. She reflected sadly, but with the spice and the tones of the Mortemarts, that after such a clearing

out of the system there could be no longer the least little likelihood of apoplexy, and that of indigestion was hopelessly ruined by Monseigneur's late fright and the empire he had given to the doctors over his health; and we concluded plaintively that we must reckon in future that the prince would reign long. On that, endless remarks as to the fatal accompaniments of his reign, as to the vanity of the best-founded appearances about a life which had promised so little but now found its health and its duration in the very bosom of danger and of death. In a word, we gave loose to our tongues; not without some scruple, which interrupted now and then this curious conversation, though she in her drolly plaintive way brought it always back to the same point. Mme. de Saint-Simon, all goodness, moderated as much as she could these odd remarks; but the moderation broke down and ended in a singular struggle between freedom of sentiments, humanly speaking very natural in us, and the feeling that those sentiments were not according to religion.

Two hours went by in this way between us three, and they seemed to us short when the hour for supper ended them. The Duchesse d'Orléans went to her daughter, and we into my room, where some good company had assembled, with whom we supped.

The scene at Meudon.

While all was so tranquil at Versailles, and even at Meudon, the face of things changed in Monseigneur's room. The king had seen him several times in the course of the day and he had seemed much touched by these marks of his father's friendship and consideration. During the afternoon visit, before the council of despatches, the king was so struck by the extraordinary swelling of the face and head that he shortened his stay, and shed a few tears on leaving the chamber. Those about

him reassured him as best they could, and after the council of despatches, he walked in the gardens.

But Monseigneur by this time had failed to recognize the Princesse de Conti, and Boudin was alarmed. The prince had been so all along. The courtiers saw him one after another daily, and the most familiar did not leave his room at all. He constantly questioned those who had had the disease as to whether it was customary to feel as he did. Whenever what they said to reassure him made an impression, he founded hopes of life and health on this clearing out of his system; and on one of these occasions he acknowledged to the Princesse de Conti that he had long felt very ill without being willing to show it; and that his weakness was such on Holy Thursday that he had been unable during the service to hold his prayer-book in his hands.

He was worse towards four o'clock in the afternoon, during the council of despatches, so that Boudin proposed to Fagon to send for advice, representing to him that they, as court physicians, seldom saw venomous diseases, and urging him strongly to send at once for Paris doctors. But Fagon was angry, would not listen to reasons, obstinately refused to call in any one, and said it was useless to involve themselves in disputes and contradictions; he declared they were doing as well and better than any help they could send for, and wanted to keep Monseigneur's condition secret, although he was getting worse hour by hour, so that by seven o'clock even the valets and the courtiers began to perceive it. But all that class of persons trembled under Fagon. He was there, and no one dared open his lips to warn the king or Mme. de Maintenon. Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti, equally helpless, tried to reassure each other. A singular thing was that they wished the king to sit

down to table before alarming him with the great remedies, and to finish his supper without warning, — he, on the faith of Fagon and the general silence, supposing Monseigneur to be doing well, although he had seen him so swollen in the afternoon and was himself so troubled about him.

While the king was tranquilly supping, the people who were in Monseigneur's chamber began to lose their heads. Fagon and the others heaped remedies on remedies, without waiting for the effect of any. The vicar of Meudon who, every evening before retiring to his own house, went to hear news of the patient, found all the doors wide open and the valets distracted. He entered the chamber, and seeing the state of things, too tardily admitted, he went to the bed, took Monseigneur's hand, and spoke to him of God. Then, seeing that he had full consciousness, though almost unable to speak, he drew from him what he could by way of confession (of which not a soul had thought), and suggested to him acts of contrition. The poor prince repeated some words distinctly, others confusedly, struck his breast, pressed the vicar's hand, seemed to be filled with the best sentiments, and received with a contrite and wistful air the vicar's absolution.

Death of Monseigneur.

The king now left the table and almost fell backward when Fagon, suddenly presenting himself, cried out, in a troubled voice, that all was hopeless. The horror that seized every one at this sudden change from perfect security to desperate extremity may be imagined. The king, hardly himself, instantly started for Monseigneur's apartment, repressing very curtly the indiscreet eagerness of certain courtiers to retain him, saying that he wished to see his son once more, and to be sure there was no further remedy possible. As he was about to enter the room, the Princesse de Conti, who had had time to rush to Monseigneur's room

in the short interval after leaving the table, met him at the door to prevent his entrance. She even pushed him with her hands, saying that henceforth he must think only of himself. Then the king, almost swooning from so sudden and complete a reversal of all hope, let himself fall upon a sofa that was close to the door of the cabinet he had entered, which communicated with Monseigneur's chamber. He asked news from all who came out, which few of them dared to give him. On his way down to Monseigneur (for he lodged on the floor above) he had sent for Père Tellier, who had just gone to bed. The latter was soon dressed and came to the chamber; it was then too late, so the servants said afterwards; but the confessor, to comfort the king, assured him he had given Monseigneur a well-grounded absolution. Mme. de Maintenon had hastened to the king, and seated beside him on the sofa was trying to weep. She endeavoured to take the king away, and the carriages were held ready in the courtyard; but he could not resolve to go till Monseigneur had expired.

This dying agony, without consciousness, lasted nearly an hour after the king had reached the cabinet. Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti divided their cares between the dying man and the king, returning frequently to the latter, while the Faculty confounded, the valets distracted, the courtiers muttering, pushed one against the others and walked about incessantly but without changing place. At last the fatal moment came. Fagon came out and made it known.

The king, greatly afflicted, and much distressed by the absence of a confession, treated his chief doctor roughly; then he went away, led by Mme. de Maintenon and the two princesses. The apartment was, as I have said, on a level with the courtyard. As the king came out to get into the

carriage he saw before him Monseigneur's berline. He made a sign with his hand to bring him another carriage, the sight of that one paining him. He was not, however, so preoccupied but that, seeing Pontchartrain, he called to him and told him to tell his father and the other ministers to be at Marly the next morning, rather later than usual, for the regular Wednesday council of State. Without commenting on this cool self-possession, I merely report the extreme surprise of those who witnessed it and those who heard of it. Pontchartrain replied that, as there was no question before them but current affairs, it might be better to postpone the council for one day, in order not to harass him. The king consented. He got into the carriage with difficulty, being supported on both sides. Mme. de Maintenon immediately took the seat beside him; Mme. la Duchesse and the Princesse de Conti got in after her and took the front seat. A crowd of Monseigneur's servants and officials flung themselves on their knees the whole length of the courtyard, on both sides along the king's passage, crying out to him, with outlandish howls, to have compassion on them, for they had lost everything and should die of hunger.

The scene at Versailles.

While Meudon was thus filled with horror, all was tranquil at Versailles, where there were no suspicions of evil. We had supped. The company had retired, and I was talking with Mme. de Saint-Simon, who was undressing herself in order to go to bed, when an old valet, to whom she had given a place as footman to the Duchesse de Berry, came in, quite alarmed, to tell us that there must be some bad news from Meudon, for the Duc de Bourgogne had sent some one to whisper in the ear of the Duc de Berry, whose eyes reddened instantly; that he left the table immediately, and a second message having quickly followed, all the company rose hurriedly and went into the

cabinet. A change so sudden surprised me much. I hastened to the apartment of the Duchesse de Berry; no one was there; they had all gone to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, where I went immediately.

I found the whole Court assembled; all the ladies in dishabille, most of them just ready to get into bed; all the doors open; every one in trouble. I heard that Monseigneur had received extreme unction; that he was now unconscious, and there was no hope; that the king had left him and had sent word to the Duchesse de Bourgogne that he was going to Marly, and she must wait in the avenue between the two stables to see him as he drove by.

The scene before me attracted all the attention that I could give to it amid the various emotions of my own soul and the thoughts that forced themselves upon my mind. The two princes and the two princesses were in the little cabinet behind the alcove of the bed. The toilet for the *coucher* was prepared as usual in the bedroom, which was now filled with the whole Court in confusion. The Duchesse de Bourgogne was going and coming from the little cabinet to her chamber, while awaiting the moment to go and meet the king. Her bearing, always with her own grace, was full of trouble and compassion, which those who were present seemed to take for grief. She spoke or answered a few brief words to those she passed. All present wore countenances that were truly expressive; it only needed eyes, without any knowledge of the Court, to see the interests painted on some faces, or the blankness on that of those who looked for nothing: the latter, tranquil as to themselves; the others either cruelly distressed or else very grave and watchful to hide their exultation and their joy.

My first action was to inform myself in more than one direction, and not to believe too much in the scene or in

what was said; next, to fear there was little cause for so much alarm; and after that to recall myself to a consideration of the misery that is common to all men, and the thought that I, too, would some day find myself at the gates of death. Nevertheless, joy forced its way through the momentary reflections of religion and humanity with which I endeavoured to restrain myself. My personal deliverance seemed to me so great and so unhoped-for that I felt, from an evidence more perfect than the truth, that the State gained everything by such a loss. Amid these thoughts I had, in spite of myself, a dread lest the patient should even now recover, and I felt extreme shame at the thought.

Driven in, as it were, upon myself, I nevertheless sent word to Mme. de Saint-Simon that she had better be present, and I continued to watch with clandestine looks each face, each bearing, each movement; to delectate my curiosity; to feed the ideas I had formed of each personage (in which I have seldom been mistaken), and to draw just conjectures of the truth from those first impulses of which the human being is so seldom master, — motions which to him who knows the chart and men, are sure indications of connections and sentiments almost invisible and always kept hidden at other times.

I saw the Duchesse d'Orléans arrive, whose majestic and disciplined face told nothing. She entered the little cabinet, from which she soon returned with the Duc d'Orléans, whose activity and restless manner showed more the excitement of the scene than any other feeling. They went away, and I mention it expressly because of something that soon after happened in my presence.

A few moments later I saw in the distance, through the door of the little cabinet, the Duc de Bourgogne; he appeared to be pained and greatly agitated; but the glance I

cast upon him showed me nothing tender, only the deep preoccupation of a shocked mind.

Valets and waiting-maids were already crying out indiscreetly; and their grief showed plainly what that class of people were about to lose. Just half an hour after midnight news was brought of the king, and immediately after I saw the Duchesse de Bourgogne leave the little cabinet with her husband, whose manner was more moved than it seemed to me before, and who immediately returned to the cabinet. The princess took from her dressing-table a scarf and her hood, standing up with a deliberate air; then she passed through the room, her eyes hardly moist, but casting furtive and questioning glances to the right and left; then, followed by her ladies, she went to her carriage by the great staircase.

As she left the room I took my opportunity to go to the Duchesse d'Orléans, with whom I was broiling to be. Entering there, I was told she had gone to Madame. I followed her through their apartments and met her returning; with a very grave air she asked me to come back with her. The Duc d'Orléans had remained in his cabinet. She sat down in her room, and beside her was the Duchesse de Villeroy, the Maréchale de Rochefort, and five or six other intimate ladies. I was fretting with impatience at so much company. The Duchesse d'Orléans, who was not less annoyed, took a light and passed into the next room. I then said a word in the ear of the Duchesse de Villeroy; she and I thought alike on the present event. She nudged me, and told me in a low voice to control myself. I was choking with silence amid the regrets and the hasty narratives of the various ladies, when the Duc d'Orléans appeared at the door of the cabinet and called me.

I followed him into his little back cabinet below upon the gallery, — he, near to fainting, I with my legs trembling

from all that was passing before my eyes and within me. We sat down, by chance facing each other. What was my astonishment when, a moment later, I saw the tears dropping from his eyes. "Monsieur!" I cried, rising in the excess of my surprise. He understood me at once, and answered, in a broken voice and weeping veritably: "You have reason to be surprised; I am myself; but the sight touches. He was a kind man, with whom I have passed my life; he treated me well and with friendship so long as they let him alone and he acted for himself. I know this grief will not last long; I shall find in a few days good reason to console myself; but just now blood, proximity, humanity, they all touch, they stir the feelings." I praised the sentiment, but I owned my extreme surprise in view of how he stood with Monseigneur. He rose, put his head into a corner with his nose to the wall, and wept bitterly, with sobs; a thing which I never should have believed if I had not seen it. After a short silence, I exhorted him to calm himself; reminding him that he must immediately return to meet the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and that if he was seen with weeping eyes there was not a soul but what would scorn it as a piece of misplaced comedy, knowing, as the Court did very well, how he lived with Monseigneur. He did what he could to stop his tears and dry his eyes; and was still at work at it when a message came that the Duchesse de Bourgogne was returning and the Duchesse d'Orléans was going to her. He joined his wife, and I followed them.

Surprising tears of the Duc d'Orléans.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne, stopping in the avenue between the two stables, had only waited a short time for the king. As soon as he approached she got out of her carriage and went to the door of his. Mme. de Maintenon, who was on that side, cried out,

Scene at Versailles continued.

"Where are you going, madame? Do not come near us; we are contagious." I do not know what the king said or did, but he did not kiss her, on account of the infected air. The princess at once got back into her carriage and returned to the château.

The secrecy which Fagon had imposed as to Monseigneur's real condition had so deceived every one that the Duc de Beauvilliers returned to Versailles after the council of despatches to sleep there, contrary to his custom since Monseigneur's illness. As he always rose early in the morning, he went to bed by ten o'clock, and did so on this evening, fearing nothing. He was not long asleep before he was awakened by a message from the Duchesse de Bourgogne who sent for him, and he reached her apartment just before her return from the passing of the king. She found the two princes and the Duchesse de Berry in the little room where she had left them, and the Duc de Beauvilliers with them.

After the first embraces of her return, which told all, were over, the Duc de Beauvilliers, seeing that they were stifling in that small room, made them pass through the chamber to a salon which separated the chamber from the gallery. There the windows were opened, and the two princes, each with his princess beside him, sat down on a sofa near to the windows, which stood with its back to the gallery; all the Court were scattered about in confusion around this salon and the gallery, the most familiar ladies on the ground at the feet or very near the sofa of the princes.

There, throughout the whole apartment, on the faces of all could be plainly read the fact that Monseigneur was no more; all knew it, all faces said it; observance towards him no longer constrained any one; and these first moments were those of first impulse, depicted undisguisedly, free from all policy and yet sagacious, amid the trouble, the agitation,

the surprise, the crowd, the confused scene of this night assembly.

In the outer room was audible the smothered groaning of the valets, desperate at the loss of a master so expressly made for them; inconsolable at the prospect of another, whom they foresaw with dread, but who, by this death, would become their master. Among them were other valets, belonging to the most interested and principal personages of the Court; and it was easy to see from their manner what shop they swept.

Next came the crowd of courtiers of all species. The greater number, that is to say, the weaker heads, drew sighs from their heels, and with dry and wandering eyes praised Monseigneur, but always with one praise, that of kindness, pitying the king for the loss of so good a son. The shrewdest among them, or the most far-seeing, showed anxiety for the health of the king; they were thankful that they kept their judgment amid this trouble, and did not fail to show it by the frequent repetition of these fears. Others, really afflicted, belonging to the stricken cabal, wept bitterly, or controlled themselves with an effort as easy to remark as sobs. The strongest of these, or the most politic, withdrawn into corners, their eyes fixed on the ground, were meditating deeply on the consequences of an event so little expected, above all as it affected themselves. Among these variously afflicted ones little or no communion, no conversation, exclamations of grief now and then, here and there replied to by a neighbouring sorrow, one word in many minutes, eyes sombre or haggard, motions of the hand less rare than involuntary; for the rest, almost complete immobility; of merely curious, indifferent persons scarcely any, unless a few fools who had the talk, the cackle, the questions to themselves, redoubling the despair of the afflicted and the op-

pression of the rest. Those who regarded the event as favourable vainly tried to turn gravity into a sorrowful and austere demeanour; it was only a transparent veil, which could not keep good eyes from seeing and distinguishing all their features. These persons held themselves as fixedly still as the most afflicted; on their guard against opinion, against curiosity, against their own satisfaction and their own motions; but their eyes made up for the lack of agitation in their bodies. Changes of posture, as of men uneasily seated, or tired of standing; a certain care in avoiding one another, even to the meeting of their eyes; momentary incidents resulting from a chance encounter; something, I know not what, that was more free in the whole person, appearing through all this care to compose and to command themselves; a life, a sparkle about them that was visible in spite of all that they could do.

The two princes, and the two princesses seated at their side and taking care of them, were those who were most exposed to view. The Duc de Bourgogne wept with tender emotion, and in good faith, gently, tears of nature, religion, patience. The Duc de Berry also sincerely shed them in abundance, but they were, so to speak, violent tears, in which the bitterness seemed great; issuing not only in sobs, — but with cries and even howls. Sometimes he was silent from suffocation, then the cries would burst forth again with such noise, the trumpet noise of great despair, that many others joined in these painful outcries, either from a real sting of bitterness or the goad of propriety. It reached a point at last when they were forced to loosen his clothes, prepare remedies, and summon the Faculty. The Duchesse de Berry was beside herself, we shall presently see why. The most bitter despair was painted with horror on her face. One could see there, as if written, a fury of sorrow, not of friend-

ship but of self-interest; dry-eyed at intervals, but deep and sullen; then a torrent of tears, with involuntary yet arrested gestures, showing the most extreme bitterness of soul, the fruit of a meditation just preceding it. Often roused by the cries of her husband, she was prompt in supporting, relieving, embracing him, or in giving him something to smell; then, as quickly, came a deep fall back into herself, followed by a torrent of tears in which her cries were choked.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne consoled her husband also, and found less trouble in doing so than in showing a need on her own part for consolation. Without exhibiting any false feeling it could plainly be seen that she was doing her best to fulfil the duty of a propriety which she felt, but which often refuses to come at need. The frequent use of her handkerchief replied to the cries of her brother-in-law. A few tears produced by the scene, and encouraged, helped the art of the handkerchief to redden and swell the eyes and face, but a frequent furtive glance wandered from those about her to the faces of all.

The Duc de Beauvilliers, standing near them, with a cold and tranquil air, as at an ordinary scene or one of no interest, gave his orders for the relief of the princes, allowing but few persons to enter the salon, though the doors stood open, and doing what was needful without haste or excitement, without mistakes of any kind, either as to persons or things; in fact, as he would have done at an ordinary *lever* or *coucher*. This composure lasted without the slightest alteration, — equally removed, by religion, from gladness and also from concealing that the amount of sorrow which he felt was small, — preserving the truth throughout.

Madame, having reclothed herself in full dress, arrived shrieking, without really knowing why she did either, and inundated with tears all those she embraced, — making the

château resound with her cries, and presenting the odd spectacle of a princess putting on her garments of ceremony in the dead of night to come and weep and shriek among a crowd of women in their night-gowns and almost in masquerade.

The Duchesse d'Orléans had left the princes, and was seated near the fireplace, her back to the gallery, and several ladies with her. All being very silent about her, these ladies, little by little, withdrew from her neighbourhood, which gave her great relief. None remained but the Duchesse Sforza, Mme. de Castries, her lady of the bedchamber, and Mme. de Saint-Simon. Delighted at their freedom, they drew together in a little knot by the side of a tent-bed with curtains, which they pulled together, and as they were all of one mind in regard to the event which had assembled the whole Court, they began to talk in a low voice freely to each other.

In the gallery, and in this salon, in fact through all the grand apartments, a number of cots were set up at night, in which the Suisses and the floor-rubbers slept to protect the premises; these cots had been put up as usual before the bad news had arrived from Meudon. In the midst of the conversation of these ladies, Mme. de Castries, who leaned against the side of the bed, felt it move, and was greatly alarmed, for, clever as she was, she was frightened at everything. A moment later they saw a stout arm, almost bare, pull open the curtains and reveal between the sheets a worthy Suisse guard, half-awake and quite aghast, and very slow to recognize his company, whom he gazed at fixedly, one after the other, until, thinking it not advisable to rise in the midst of such grand company, he buried himself under the coverlet and dropped the curtains. The worthy man had evidently gone

to bed before the news came, and had slept so soundly that nothing had waked him. The saddest scenes are liable to ridiculous contrasts; this one made the ladies laugh, but the Duchesse d'Orléans was rather frightened lest what they had been saying should have been overheard. However, on reflection, the evident sleepiness and stupidity of the individual reassured her.

I myself still chose to doubt; though all things showed me the truth, I could not abandon myself to a belief in it until it was told me by one in whom I must put faith. Chance made me encounter M. d'O, whom I questioned, and he told me the fact plainly. That known, I tried not to be glad. I do not know whether I succeeded very well; but at least it is true that neither joy nor sorrow blunted my curiosity, and while taking care to preserve all proper appearances, I did not think myself bound to play the part of grief. I feared the return fire of the citadel of Meudon no longer, nor the cruel pursuit of its implacable garrison, and I restrained myself less than before the king passed to Marly in watching freely this numerous company; letting my eyes dwell on those most closely touched, and on those who were less so, from different motives; following this one and that one with my glances, and penetrating them all by stealth. It must be owned that to whoever is thoroughly informed on the secret map of a Court, the first sight of rare events of this nature, so interesting for so many divers reasons, brings extreme satisfaction. Each face recalls to you the toils, the intrigues, the sweatings employed to advance fortunes, to form and strengthen cabals; the cunning shown in maintaining self and removing others, and the means of every kind set going for that purpose; the intimacies more or less advanced; the estrangements, the coldness, the hatreds; the ill-turns done, the manœuvres, the

advances, the cautious management, the littleness, and the baseness of each and all; the disconcerting of some in the midst of their path or at the summit of their hopes; the stupefaction of those whose joy is made full; the shock given by the same stroke to their opponents; the force of the impulsion which sends in an instant all the actions of the former, all their alliances towards good; the extreme and unhoped-for satisfaction that comes to these (and I was of the foremost among them); the rage of the others, and their embarrassment and vexation in hiding it. And with all this the quickness of the eye in flying everywhere and in sounding souls, thanks to that first startle of surprise and sudden overthrow; the combinations that we see; the astonishment we feel in not finding what we expected in some, for want of heart or from deficiency of mind, and more in others than we ever expected; all this mass of living objects and of things so important form a pleasure to him who knows how to take it, which, little solid as it may be, is one of the greatest to be enjoyed at a Court.

It was to this, therefore, that I delivered myself up wholly within myself, — with all the more abandonment because, in a very real deliverance, I found myself closely bound and embarked with the principal heads who had no tears to put into their eyes. I enjoyed their gain without counterpoise, and their satisfaction which enhanced my own, which consolidated my hopes, elevated them, and assured me of peace, of which without this event I had seen so little prospect that my mind never ceased to be uneasy about the melancholy future. On the other hand, enemy to the cabals, almost the personal enemy of the principal personages whom this loss overwhelmed, I saw, at a first glance keenly given, their sense of what escaped them and all that crushed them with a pleasure that cannot be described. I had so strongly im-

pressed in my head the different cabals, their subdivisions, their inner folds, their diverse personages and their degrees, the knowledge of their ways, their means, their various interests, that a meditation of several days could not have developed and presented these things more clearly than that first aspect of all those faces, which recalled to me also others that I did not see, but which were none the less dainty to feed upon.

I have therefore paused awhile to consider the spectacle in these different rooms of this vast and now tumultuous apartment. The disorder lasted over an hour, during which time the Duchesse du Lude, in bed with the gout, did not appear. At last M. de Beauvilliers felt it was time to deliver the two princes from so painful a publicity. He proposed therefore that the Duc and Duchesse de Berry should retire to their own apartment, and that the Court retire from that of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The advice was at once followed; the Duc de Berry walked partly alone, partly supported by his wife, Mme. de Saint-Simon with them and a handful of servants. I followed them at a distance, not to expose my curiosity to remark. Mme. de Saint-Simon and I, after she had left the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, had still two hours together. Reason rather than need induced us to go to bed, but we had so little sleep that by seven in the morning I was up, although it must be owned that such insomnia is sweet, and such wakings delectable.

Horror at Meudon.

Horror reigned at Meudon. As soon as the king departed all who belonged to the Court followed him, cramming themselves into what carriages they could find in the courtyard and some that came in shortly after. In a moment Meudon was empty. Mlle. de Lislebonne and Mlle. de Melun went up to Mlle. Choin, who, shut up in her garret, was only just beginning to fall into mortal

fright. She had known nothing; no one had thought of telling her what was happening. She learned her misfortune only from the cries. The two friends threw her into a hired carriage that chanced to be there, got in themselves and took her to Paris. As for the ministers, Pontchartrain, before he left, went up to Voysin. He found his servants hard to rouse and he himself asleep; he had gone to bed without any suspicion of evil and was strangely surprised on awaking. But the Comte de Brionne was far more so. He and his servants had gone to bed in the same confidence; no one thought of them. When he rose in the morning he observed a great silence; he went out to hear the news and found no one, till, at last, to his amazement he learned what had happened.

The crowd of Monseigneur's household officers and servants, and many others, wandered all night about the gardens. The courtiers had scattered and gone away on foot. The breaking-up was entire, the dispersion general. One or two valets at the most stayed near the corpse, and, what is worthy of praise, La Vallière was the only courtier who, having never abandoned him in life, did not now abandon him in death. He had great trouble in finding some one to send in search of capuchins to come and pray to God beside the body. But decomposition was so rapid and so great that the opening of doors and windows did not suffice, and La Vallière, the capuchins, and the very few lower servants who remained passed the rest of the night in the garden. Du Mont and Casau, his nephew, torn by the deepest grief, were on duty in the guard-room. They lost everything, after a long life of ceaseless cares, assiduities, and toil, supported by the most flattering and reasonable hopes prolonged for many years, which failed them in a moment. Du Mont was scarcely able to give a few orders in the morning. I pitied that one with friendship.

Such confidence had been felt that no one had even dreamed that the king would go to Marly. Therefore nothing was ready; no keys for the doors; scarcely a candle-end, not even tallow-candles. The king was an hour in this state, sitting in the antechamber of Mme. de Maintenon's room with her, Mme. la Duchesse, the Princesse de Conti, and Mmes. de Dangeau and de Caylus, the latter having hurried from Versailles to meet her aunt; others who followed her, arriving in succession, had to stay in the salon, which was all in disarray, not knowing where else to put themselves. People felt about in the dark, without even a fire, and the keys when found were mixed by the bewilderment of the valets. The boldest of those in the salon showed, little by little, their heads in the antechamber. The king sat withdrawn in a corner between Mme. de Maintenon and the two princesses, and wept at intervals. At last Mme. de Maintenon's chamber was opened, which relieved the king of this discomfort. He entered with her and remained an hour. He then went to bed in his own room, it being by that time nearly four o'clock, and left her at liberty to breathe and recover herself. The king once in bed, other people obtained their lodgings. Bloin had orders to spread the information that all persons who wished to go to Marly must address themselves to him, in order that he might lay their names before the king and notify the elect.

Confusion at Marly.

X.

Character of Monseigneur.

Monseigneur was tall rather than short, very stout but not thickset; his air was proud and very lofty, but never harsh; and he would have had a very agreeable face if the Prince de Conti (the one who died last) had not broken his nose by accident when they were both children, in playing. He was a very handsome blond, with a ruddy skin and full cheeks, but with no countenance whatever, the finest legs in the world, the feet slender and singularly small. He tiptoed in walking, that is, he put his foot down twice; he was always afraid of falling, and called for help if the path was not perfectly straight and smooth. He looked very well on horseback and had a noble mien, but he was not bold. Casau always rode before him in hunting. If he lost sight of him he thought himself lost; would never ride beyond a slow gallop, and would often wait under a tree to see what became of the hunt, and then follow slowly or else return home. He had always been fond of eating, but never with indecency; after his great attack of indigestion, which was thought to be apoplexy, he made but one real meal a day, and restrained himself much, — although a great eater, like the rest of the royal family. Nearly all his portraits resemble him.

As for character, he had none; some sense, but absolutely no mind; haughty and dignified by nature, by deportment, and by copying the king; obstinate beyond measure, with a series of regulated pettinesses that made the tissue of his life; gentle from laziness and a sort of stupidity; hard at

Monseigneur

bottom, with an external kindness shown chiefly to subalterns and valets, and only expressed in common ways. With them he was extremely familiar; insensible, however, to the misery and sorrow of others; which was, perhaps, more the result of his carelessness and imitation than from hardness of nature; incredibly silent, consequently very secret; so much so that people thought he had never spoken of State affairs to the Choin, — perhaps because neither could understand them. Density on the one hand, timidity on the other, put a reserve into this prince which has few examples; at the same time he was vainglorious to excess, which is an odd thing to say of a dauphin; very exacting of respect and almost solely solicitous and occupied about what was due to him. He once said to Mlle. Choin, who spoke to him of his silence, that the words of men in his position had great weight, and compelled great reparations if they were not very cautiously measured, and for that reason he often preferred to keep silence rather than to speak. Also, it was easier done for his laziness and indifference. This excellent maxim, which he exaggerated in practice, was apparently one of the lessons given him by the king or the Duc de Montausier which he had best retained.

His methodical arrangement of all his private affairs was extreme; he himself wrote down all his items of expense. He knew what the slightest thing cost him, though he spent immensely on buildings, furniture, jewels of all kinds, trips to Meudon, and his wolf-hunting equipment, for he had made himself believe that he liked to hunt. He was fond of all sorts of heavy play; but after he began to build he reduced himself to moderate stakes. In other respects, miserly beyond all propriety; except on very rare occasions when he gave a few pensions to valets and his lower servants; but he always gave alms to the vicar and the

capuchins of Meudon. It is incredible how little he gave to the Choin, his best-beloved; never more than four hundred louis a quarter, in gold, no matter what their value might be, — making in all sixteen hundred louis a year; which he gave her himself from hand to hand, without adding or forgetting so much as a pistole; and at the most a present or two a year, and those very closely calculated.

Problem if he was married to Mlle. Choin.

Justice should be done to this woman by agreeing that it would have been hard to be more disinterested than she showed herself, whether because she knew the necessity with this prince, or whether, as it would seem from the whole tissue of her life, it was natural to her. It is still a problem whether she was married to him or not. All those who were most intimately initiated into their mysteries have always loudly declared that there never was a marriage. She was a stout, flat-faced, dark creature, who, with an intelligent and also a lively countenance, looked like a servant, and long before Monseigneur's death had grown very fat and old and odoriferous. But seeing her at the *parvulos* of Meudon, in an arm-chair beside Monseigneur in presence of all who were admitted there, of the Duchesse de Bourgogne and the Duchesse de Berry, who sat on their stools, and hearing her answer, often sharply, these daughters of the house, reprove them, find fault with their attire and sometimes with their manner, their behaviour, their remarks, it was difficult not to recognize a mother-in-law and an equality with Mme. de Maintenon. Moreover, the presence of Mlle. Choin at Meudon during this fatal illness, she seeing Monseigneur constantly every day, the king not only knowing it but asking Mme. de Maintenon, who neither at Meudon nor elsewhere ever saw strangers and did not go twice into Monseigneur's room,— asking her, I say, if she had seen the Choin and

thinking it wrong that she had not done so, instead of sending her from the château as was always done on such occasions, is still another proof of marriage, all the greater because Mme. de Maintenon, married herself and who set up so strongly for religion and prudery, had no interest, nor had the king, for circumspection in the matter unless there had been a sacrament. This incomprehensible tie, so like to that of the king, is perhaps the only point on which the son resembled the father.

Monseigneur, such in mind as I have just represented him, could not have profited by the excellent instruction he received from the Duc de Montausier, Bossuet, and Fléchier, bishops of Meaux and Nîmes. His few ideas, if indeed he had any, were stifled under the rigour of a hard and austere education, which gave the last touch to his naturally timid disposition, and the utmost degree of aversion for all species, I will not say of work or study, but of mere amusement of mind; so that, by his own admission, after he was once free of masters, he had never in his life read anything but the Paris article in the "Gazette de France" to see the deaths and marriages.

All things in him, therefore, his natural timidity, the hard yoke of his bringing-up, his absolute ignorance and want of ideas, contributed to make him tremble before the king, who, on his side, omitted nothing to promote and prolong this terror throughout his life. Always the king, never the father with his son, or, if some rare signs of it did escape him they were never natural and unmixed with royalty, not even in their most private and interior moments. Nothing was left for Monseigneur but the station of son and successor, and it was precisely this latter quality which kept the king on his guard and himself under the yoke. He had not the merest shadow of influence with the king. It was even

enough for him to show a liking to any one to have that person feel some counterblow; and the king was so anxious to prove that his son had no power that he himself would do nothing for those who were attached to him and paid him their personal court. The ministers dared not approach Monseigneur, who, on his part, never committed himself to ask anything of them; and if any one of the principal courtiers stood well with him, his father discovered the fact and treated it as a cabal; consequently Monseigneur, when urged to interest the king for any one, would frankly reply that it was the surest way to injure them.

Sometimes monosyllables of bitter complaint on this point escaped him after being refused by the king, which was always done curtly; and the last time in his life that he went to Meudon, whence he never returned, he arrived there so outraged by the refusal of a mere trifle he had asked for Casau (who told me this) that he vowed he would never expose himself again for any one; and, in his vexation, he comforted Casau with hopes of a better time when nature ordained it; which for him to say was a sort of wonder. We may remark in passing that Monsieur and Monseigneur both died just after their feelings had been hurt by the king.

The full share that Monseigneur had for many years in the secrets of State never had the slightest influence on public affairs; he knew them, and that was all. This barren result, perhaps also his want of intelligence, made him keep out of such matters as much as he could. He was, however, assiduous at the councils of State; he had the same entrance to those of finance and despatches, but he seldom went to them. As for all private work with the king, there was never any question of it for him, and except on the occasions of some great public news the ministers never went to

inform him of anything; much less the generals of the armies, or others returning from distant employments.

It has been said that he had an extreme dread of losing the king. There is no doubt that he showed that sentiment; but it is not very easy to reconcile the truth of it with what has now been told of him. It is certain that a few months before his death, the Duchesse de Bourgogne, having gone to Meudon, went up to his private sanctum in the entresol, followed by Mme. de Nogaret, where they found Monseigneur with Mlle. Choin, Mme. la Duchesse, and the two Lislebonnes, deeply occupied at a table on which lay a large book of engravings of the coronation of the kings. Monseigneur was busily considering and explaining them to the company, and receiving with complacency the remarks they made to him, such as: "Then he is the one who will put on your spurs, and this one gives you the royal mantle, and the peers put the crown on your head," and so forth; the scene lasted some time. I heard this two days later from Mme. de Nogaret, who was much astonished; the arrival of the Duchesse de Bourgogne did not interrupt this singular amusement, which certainly does not show a dread of the king's death so much as a desire to become king himself.

Monseigneur's private Court.

He never liked Mme. de Maintenon, nor did he ever bend to obtain anything by her influence. He went to see her for a moment on his return from the few campaigns he had made, and on one or two public occasions; never in private. Sometimes he entered her room for a second before supper to follow the king. Her own behaviour to him was very stiff, and she made him feel that she regarded him as nothing. In common with Mlle. Choin, his real confidence was in Mlle. de Lislebonne, and also (through the intimate union of the two sisters) Mme. d'Espinoy. Nearly every

morning he went to take chocolate with the former. This was the hour for secrets, when they were wholly inaccessible to every one, unless to Mme. d'Espinoy. Through these sisters came his friendship with Mme. la Duchesse, and later the Duchesse de Berry was admitted to the *parvulo* and very well treated. But in spite of this ascendency of the two Lislebonnes over Monseigneur, it is nevertheless true that he did not espouse all their fancies, either because of the Choin, who, while she treated them carefully, knew them well and did not trust them (so Bignon told me), or because of Mme. la Duchesse, who assuredly did not trust them either, and was by no means in love with their pretensions.

From what has now been told of Monseigneur's character and the nature of his mind and his discernment, it will readily be seen that those who had engulfed him, and who had every means to infatuate him as they pleased, found no trouble in estranging him from the Duc de Bourgogne, and in alienating the father from the son, more and more continually. We can imagine, therefore, what would have been the reign of such a prince in such hands. The estrangement between the two princes was visible to the whole Court. Moreover, the same cabal worked ardently, perseveringly, and boldly to injure the Duchesse de Bourgogne with Monseigneur. At the same time it was not less earnest in fostering the friendship which conformity of morals and tastes had produced in his heart for the Duc de Berry, from whom the cabal had nothing to fear in the future. For this reason they had made Monseigneur welcome the Duchesse de Berry and admit her at once, without her ever asking it, to the *parvulo* sanctuary. They intended thus to remove suspicion of a design to alienate all the sons of the house, and at the same time to sow dissen-

sion and jealousy between the two brothers, united as they were. One half of this scheme succeeded by the most unexpected assistance, but the other, and the chief half, failed; for the intimate union of the brothers never could and never did admit of the slightest change, no matter what machinations, even domestic, were employed. Mme. la Duchesse de Berry proved to be as wicked as they, and as full of views. The Duc d'Orléans often called his wife Mme. Lucifer; at which she smiled complacently. He was right; she would have been a prodigy of pride if she had never given birth to a daughter, but that daughter surpassed her by a great deal. This is not the time to make a portrait of either of them; I shall content myself now, as to the Duchesse de Berry, with a very few words that are necessary to explain the matter in hand.

Sketch and projects of the Duchesse de Berry.

She was a marvel of intelligence, pride, ingratitude, and folly, also of debauchery and waywardness. Scarcely was she married a week before she began to develop at all those points, which the supreme deceit that was in her (and on which she piqued herself as an excellent talent) had concealed until the time came when her temperament was set free and dominated her. Soon it was easy to perceive her anger at being born of a bastard mother; her hatred of that mother's control, although it was employed with infinite caution; her contempt for the weakness of her father and her confidence in the empire she had over him; the aversion she conceived for all who had taken part in her marriage, especially the Duchesse de Bourgogne, because she was incensed at the thought that she owed an obligation to any one, — a feeling she had the folly not only to avow but to boast of. Consequently she was not slow to act. Behold how we work in this world with our heads in a sack! so

that prudence and human sagacity are confounded in the very success of their most reasonable desires, which turns out afterwards to be detestable! All the efforts brought to bear for this marriage had two principal objects: one to prevent that to Mlle. de Bourbon, for many essential reasons already stated; the other to complete the happy, desirable, and well-cemented union between the two brothers and the Duchesse de Bourgogne, which made the solid happiness and grandeur of the State, the peace and felicity of the royal family, the joy and tranquillity of the Court, and put, as far as it was possible, a check to the dangers to be feared from the reign of Monseigneur. Perhaps the marriage to Mlle. de Bourbon might never have taken place; at any rate we had substituted for her a fury, who dreamed only of destroying all who had established her, of setting the brothers at variance, of destroying her benefactress for the very reason that she was that, of making common cause with enemies because they were those of the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne, of governing Monseigneur, dauphin and king, through persons who hated her father and mother, who were working ceaselessly for the annihilation of the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne; all of whom meant to govern Monseigneur singly when at last he was master, and were surely not likely to abandon to the Duchesse de Berry the fruit of their long and steady toil, of the sweat of their brow and of what might be called their crimes, namely, the helm by which to govern him without a rival. Such, however, was the wise, easy, and honest idea which the Duchesse de Berry took into her head as soon as she was married.

This project demanded, as we have said, discord between the two brothers. To bring this about, it was necessary to begin by estranging the brother-in-law from the sister-in-law. This was extremely difficult. Everything about the Duc

de Berry was opposed to it, — reason, friendship, kindness, habit, pleasures, advice, and support with the king and Mme. de Maintenon. But the Duc de Berry was upright, truthful, kind, incapable of suspecting deceit or artifice; he had but little mind, and though living in the midst of the world, but little knowledge of it; and, finally, he was madly in love with his wife, and in perpetual admiration of her mind and her clever sayings. She succeeded, therefore, little by little, in estranging him from the Duchesse de Bourgogne. This was where she was when Monseigneur died; hence that rage of sorrow, which no one who did not know the secret truth could understand. All of a sudden she saw her plans go up in smoke, and she herself reduced to a rank below the princess she had repaid with the blackest and most gratuitous ingratitude; one, too, who made the delight of the king and Mme. de Maintenon, and was now to reign without a rival in advance of the actual fact. She saw the disproportion between the brothers brought about by the rank of dauphin, and the cabal, to which she had sacrificed her soul, lost for the future, and in the present worse than useless to her.

Portrait in brief of Monseigneur.

From the foregoing long and minute detail of Monseigneur's character it appears that he was equally without vice or virtue, without ideas or knowledge, and radically incapable of acquiring any; very lazy, without imagination or production, without taste, without choice, without discernment; born for the ennui he communicated to those about him, and to be a rolling ball impelled as it chanced by the will of others; obstinate and petty in all things to excess; incredibly easy to prejudice; believing whatever he saw; delivered over to dangerous hands; incapable of getting out of them or of perceiving what they were; absorbed in his fat and his dulness; so that

without any wish whatever to do wrong, he would have been a most pernicious king.

His obsequies.

The purples [or *petechiæ*], added to the small-pox of which Monseigneur died and the rapid decomposition which took place, made it equally useless and dangerous to open the body. He was wrapped in his shroud, some say by the Gray Sisters, others by the floor-rubbers, others by the men who brought the coffin. An old parish pall was thrown over his bier, no one remaining beside it except La Vallière, a few subalterns, and the capuchins of Meudon, who had relieved each other in praying God beside the body, with no paraphernalia and no funeral torches other than a few tapers.

He died about midnight between the Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday he was carried to Saint-Denis in one of the king's carriages, about which there was no mourning; the front glass was taken out to allow one end of the coffin to pass through. The vicar of Meudon and Monseigneur's chaplain on duty got into it. Another of the king's carriages, also without mourning, followed; on the back seat of which sat the Duc de la Trémoille, first gentleman of the bedchamber, not on duty, and M. de Metz, first almoner; on the front seat was Dreux, master of ceremonies, and the Abbé de Brancas; the body-guard, the footmen, and twenty-four of the king's pages bearing torches made up this very simple procession, which left Meudon between six and seven in the evening, passed over the pont de Sèvres, crossed the Bois de Boulogne, and going by the plain of Saint-Ouen reached Saint Denis, where the body was immediately lowered into the royal vault without any sort of ceremony whatever.

Such was the end of a prince who passed nearly fifty years in causing others to make plans, while he, on the steps of the throne, led a private, not to say obscure life; so much

so that nothing of mark remains of him except the property of Meudon, which he greatly embellished. Hunter without pleasure, almost a voluptuary, yet without a taste for it, heavy player to win, but, after he took to spending his money on building, whistling to himself in a corner of the salon at Marly, tapping his snuffbox, turning his large eyes from one to another in the room but looking at none; without conversation, without amusement, I may say without feeling, without thought; yet always, through the grandeur of his station, the culminating point, the soul, the life of the strangest cabal, the most terrible, the deepest, the most united, in spite of its subdivisions, that had ever arisen since the peace of the Pyrenees put an end to the troubles of the minority of the king. I have dwelt rather long upon a prince who is scarcely definable, for he cannot be made known except through details; but to report them all would be endless. The matter, however, is curious enough to allow of my extending myself on a dauphin so little known, who never was anything nor of anything during his long, vain waiting for the crown, and in whom broke, at last, the rope that had supported so many hopes and fears and projects.

The king's sort of grief.

As for the king, never man so tender to tears, nor so difficult to afflict, nor so quick to restore to his perfectly normal condition. He must have been greatly touched by the death of a son who at fifty years of age had never been more than six in his estimation. Tired by so sad a night he stayed late in bed the next morning. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, arriving from Versailles, awaited his waking with Mme. de Maintenon, and both of them went to his room and saw him in bed as soon as he woke. He rose immediately after. As soon as he was in his cabinet he sent for the Duc de Beauvilliers and the

chancellor, took them to the embrasure of a window and shed a few tears; after which he arranged with them that the name, rank, and honours of the dauphin should pass at once to the Duc de Bourgogne and to his wife, whom I shall henceforth name in no other way. He then decided whatever related to the body of Monseigneur, as I have already reported; received his keys and casket which Du Mont took to him; gave orders about the small number of personal servants belonging to Monseigneur; ordered the chancellor to divide the slight inheritance he left between his three sons, descending to details as to the reduction of the wolf-hunting equipment to its original footing. He put off until the following Sunday the admission to Marly of those who were usually there, and on Thursday he amused himself with looking over the lists for admissions to Marly on the appointed day.

He ordered d'Antin to go to Mlle. Choin to assure her of his protection and to take her a pension of twelve thousand francs. She had neither asked for it nor had she caused her name to be mentioned to him. M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine had already sent her all sorts of friendly messages, and both of them did her the honour to write to her. Her grief was much less long and less severe than might have been expected. This surprised people much, and made them think she had taken less part in things than was always supposed. But her life had been infinitely hampered. She had been upon her guard with almost every one she saw; she had no establishment, no equipage, five or six servants were all her train; she never appeared in any public place, and if she went anywhere at all it was only into the houses of a few persons of her own connection; her foot was forever in the stirrup, not only for the regular trips to Meudon, but

Mlle. Choin; the wisdom of her conduct after Monseigneur's death.

for the dinners Monseigneur took there without remaining for the night.

A noble trait of this singular maid or wife should not be forgotten. Monseigneur, on the point of going to command the army in Flanders after the campaign of Lille (where however he did not go), made a will, and in this will he gave a very considerable property to Mlle. Choin. He told her of it, and showed her a sealed letter addressed to her making mention of it, which letter was to be given to her in case of mishap to him. She was extremely touched, as can readily be supposed, at this mark of his affection and foresight; but she had no peace until she had persuaded him to put both the will and the letter into the fire before her own eyes; she told him that if she had the misfortune to survive him, an income of a thousand crowns which she had saved was more than enough for her wants. After this, it is surprising that no provision for her was found among his papers.

The Duchesse de Berry acknowledges her strange projects.

We have seen the situation of the Duchesse de Berry when Monseigneur died, and the reason of the extreme despair into which this loss had plunged her. In the excess of her grief she had the folly, to speak mildly, to reveal to Mme. de Saint-Simon the scheme she had imagined and on which she was proceeding with the terrible cabal around Monseigneur. In her amazement at hearing of such astounding projects, Mme. de Saint-Simon tried to make her comprehend the want of foundation, not to say the absurdity, the horror, the folly, of such a scheme, and also to induce her to seize the present touching moment to draw nearer to a sister-in-law who was kind, gentle, easy to live with, who had urged and promoted her marriage, and who, notwithstanding what had passed, was so ready to make matters up with friendly ease of manner, if people knew how to take her. But it was this necessity of

doing so, and doing it properly, which soured a heart conscious of the wrong done to one of whom she now had need for the solid benefits and pleasures of life. This necessity revolted her pride and roused an extreme repugnance to bend even in appearance. Accustomed to equal rank, the very name and title of dauphine, which was about to make so much difference between them, increased her despair and her alienation (to use too gentle a term), and made her feel that she could never endure the new position in which she found herself. After many groans and tears and outbursts, urged by reasons to which there was no reply, still more by the needs she felt, in spite of herself, to their fullest extent, she promised Mme. de Saint-Simon to go the next day, Thursday, to the new dauphine and ask for an audience in her cabinet, and do all she could to be reconciled with her.

This Thursday was the day on which Monseigneur was taken to Saint-Denis, and with him all the fine projects of the Duchesse de Berry. She kept her word and fulfilled it very well. Her amiable sister-in-law smoothed her way, and was the first to make an advance. By what they both said separately of this *tête-à-tête*, Mme. la Dauphine behaved and spoke as if it were she who had offended the Duchesse de Berry, and as if all the advances were expected of her; the Duchesse de Berry also surpassed herself. The interview lasted more than an hour. They came out of the cabinet together with a natural air of mutual satisfaction, which was as gladdening to honest people as it was displeasing to those who hoped only in quarrels and disorder. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans were joyful at the reconciliation, and the Duc de Berry was so pleased that his sorrow was greatly softened. He loved his brother tenderly, and he still loved Mme. la Dauphine; it had been a sore constraint to him to treat her as his wife exacted. He seized this occasion, there-

fore, with all his heart and with genuine goodness, and when Mme. la Dauphine went after dinner to see them, on the very day of the reconciliation, which took place in the morning, she took the Duc de Berry apart and they wept together from tenderness. What had passed in the morning was confirmed on her part with the grace so natural to her; but on that of the Duchesse de Berry there came but too soon a stumbling-block.

Submission and moderation of the dauphin.

The king, in the very first days of his solitude, let it be known through the Duc de Beauvilliers that he should not willingly see the new dauphin making trips to Meudon. This was enough for the prince to declare that he would never set foot there, or ever leave the places where the king might be; and, in fact, he never did make a single excursion. The king wished to give him the fifty thousand francs a month which Monseigneur had had, but M. le Dauphin thanked him and declined them. He had never had but six thousand francs a month; he was content to have that sum doubled and wished no more. This disinterestedness pleased the public greatly. M. le Dauphin would have nothing whatever for himself personally, and persisted in remaining exactly as he had been during Monseigneur's life. These portents of a wise and prudent reign made many conceive great hopes of it.

I have explained already the very modern and sly introduction among the princes of the blood, assisted by their principal valets, of calling themselves *Monseigneur*, which title, in common with all their other honours, ranks, and distinctions, was very soon applied to the bastards. Nothing had more displeased the Duc de Bourgogne, who until now had always been called *Monsieur*, and was only *Monseigneur* from this mania for so calling them all. As soon as he became dauphin he spoke to the king about it through Mme.

la Dauphine; and before going to Marly he announced that he would not be named Monseigneur like his father, but M. le Dauphin, nor, when spoken to personally, in any other way than Monsieur. He was very careful about this, and corrected all those who, in the beginning, did otherwise.

Sunday, April 18, ended the retirement of the king. The royal family and the elect among those applying for Marly, repeopled that place which had been for four days solitary. The two sons of France and their wives arrived together after receiving the benediction of the Holy Sacrament at Versailles. They all four entered Mme. de Maintenon's apartment to see the king, who embraced them. The interview lasted only a moment; the princes then went to the gardens to take the air; the king supped with the ladies, and the usual life was resumed, with the exception of cards. The Court went into mourning on this day for one year, as for a father. The king announced that for three months he should not leave Marly, on account of the bad air at Versailles, and also that he would receive at Marly on the following day the silent condolences of all, in mourning cloaks and mantles, whether they were persons already at Marly or others coming from Paris.

Mantles and cloaks at Marly.

On that day, Monday, April 19, the king ordered the doors of all his cabinets, front and back, to be opened at half-past two in the afternoon. Persons entered through his chamber. He was in his ordinary clothes, his hat under his arm, standing up and resting his right hand on the table in his cabinet which was nearest to the door of his chamber. M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine, the Duc and Duchesse de Berry, Madame, the Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, Mme. la Grande-Duchesse, Mme. la Princesse, Mme. la Duchesse, her two sons and her two daughters, M. du Maine, and the Comte de Toulouse ranged

themselves in a great semicircle below the king as they entered, wearing cloaks and mantles, except the widows, who wore only little veils. All Paris, in funeral garments, as well as all Marly, filled the salons and the king's chamber. Twelve or fifteen duchesses filed in first; then the titled and the non-titled ladies, as they happened to come, and the foreign princesses, who, contrary to their usual vigilance, were the last to arrive. After the ladies, the Archbishop of Rheims, followed by some fifteen dukes in order of precedence; lastly all the men, titled and non-titled, foreign princes, and prelates, mingled as they chanced to come Four or five heads or sons of the house of Rohan had put themselves all together into the file of precedence towards the middle of the march; certain persons of quality perceiving this assumption headed them off, which caused the line to be mingled as it entered the cabinet.

All went straight to the king, one after another, and at some distance from him made a profound bow, which he returned very markedly to each titled person, man and woman, and not at all to the rest. This single bow made, all persons went slowly to the other door of the cabinet, from which they issued through the little salon of the chapel. The mantle and cloak are distinctions that rightly belong only to persons of a certain quality; but, like so many other distinctions, they are now in common use, so that many persons passed before the king whom neither he nor any of the semicircle knew, and not even the usual courtiers could make out who they were. Among them were several of the legal robe, which seemed singular enough. It was impossible that such a variety of faces and the queerness of the accoutrement on many persons little fitted to wear it, should not have produced some ridiculous objects which upset the most rigid gravity; even the king had difficulty in restraining

himself, and once he succumbed, with everybody present, on the passage of a flat-foot, I don't know who, abandoned by a part of his equipment.

Death and character of the Duchesse de Villeroy.

I lost about this time a friend whom I greatly regretted. This was the Duchesse de Villeroy, whom I have already mentioned more than once. She was an upright, natural, frank, safe, and secret woman, who without mind had been able to make a figure at Court, and to master both husband and father-in-law. She was lofty on all points, especially on dignity, exacting due justice to her own birth, and even to that of her husband, so strictly and publicly that she was often embarrassing. She was very moody, though I, in all that concerned myself, never perceived it. She was high-tempered, and often rude and harsh; she got that from her own family. For a long time she had been very close to the Duchesse d'Orléans, and in the utmost confidence with Mme. la Dauphine, both of whom loved her and also feared her. She had friends of both sexes and deserved them. She was a good, ardent, and sure friend; and it cost her little to make her way; she became a personage, and one before long to be reckoned with. Her very singular face was extremely ugly below, especially when she laughed, but was charming above. When in full dress, grave and tall as she was (though her hips and shoulders were too high), no one had so grand an air, or adorned as she did a fête or ball, where, in truth, there was no beauty that she did not efface. She danced charmingly. A few months before her death, being then in perfect health, she told Mme. de Saint-Simon that she was too happy; that wherever she turned, her happiness was perfect, and it made her afraid and sure that a state so blissful could not last; some catastrophe, impossible to foresee, must happen, or else she should soon die. The last happened.

Her husband was serving as captain of the guards for Maréchal de Boufflers, detained in Paris by the death of his son. She dreaded the small-pox extremely, having never had it. In spite of that fear she asked the Duchesse de Bourgogne to take her to Marly during the first days of the king's solitude, on pretence of seeing her husband. Nothing could dissuade her from it, so completely do small distinctions turn all heads at a Court. She went in mortal fear, fell ill immediately, and died at Versailles. The Abbé de Louvois and the Duc de Villeroy shut themselves up with her. The first was inconsolable; the latter not for very long; he was soon enjoying the pleasure of feeling himself his own master. He was not born to be so, however; his father, the maréchal, soon put him again under the yoke.

Great change at Court on the death of Monseigneur.

Never was a change greater or more marked than that occasioned by the death of Monseigneur. Still distant from the throne through the sound health of the king, without the slightest influence, and in himself of no account, he had become the centre of the hopes and fears of all, through the ability of a formidable cabal to form itself, strengthen itself, and obtain complete possession of him, without arousing the jealousy of the king, before whom all trembled, because the latter's solicitude did not extend beyond his own life.

We can easily imagine the consternation and the despair of that powerful cabal, so well organized, and led by its audacity to the attempts I have related. Though the heir to the crown, whom it had nearly borne to earth, had been able to uplift himself, though its chief actor in that incredible attempt had been disgraced and removed from Court, the cabal held firm; it governed Monseigneur, it did not fear that he could ever escape it, it alienated him more and more from his son and his son's wife, was certain of

rising to the throne with him and, during his reign, of crushing down the heir to the crown. God breathes upon designs; in a moment he overthrows them; he subjected these, without hope, to him for whose ruin they had done all and forgotten nothing. What fury in those hearts! but also, what dispersion!

Vendôme shuddered in Spain, where he had gone merely to pass the time. He now resolved to set up his tabernacle in that country and renounce France. But the dauphin and the king of Spain had always tenderly loved each other; their separation had made no change in their feelings. The Queen of Spain, who was all-powerful, was the sister of the dauphine and in the closest union with her. His sole remaining resource was to ally himself as closely as he could to the Princesse des Ursins and become her courtier. We shall see before long the consequences.

Mlle. de Lislebonne.

Mlle. de Lislebonne, fully conscious of her profound personal fall, was not one who could bring herself, proud as she was, to creep on sufferance about a Court where she had reigned so long. Her uncle and she took the course of going to pass the summer in Lorraine, in order to get away from these first days of trouble and to form for themselves some other plan of life. Fortune favoured the witch. Small-pox removed at this time several of M. de Lorraine's children, among them a daughter about seven or eight years of age, whom he had lately caused to be elected abbess of Remiremont, on the death of Mme. de Salm. Such an establishment seemed both to uncle and niece a plank in shipwreck, a noble and honourable position for an old maid, a dignified and unconstrained retreat, a sort of country house where she could go when she pleased without the necessity of constant residence, or complete abdication of the Court and Paris; a

comfortable retreat with forty thousand francs a year for one who had little and was now deprived of the carriages of Monseigneur and all the other conveniences obtained from him. She had but the trouble of wishing for this position; no sooner had they arrived in Lorraine than her election followed. She took the name of Mme. de Remiremont, under which I shall speak in the little future mention that I make of her.

This affair was done so abruptly, that I arrived in the salon after the king's supper on the day his permission was given, without having heard of it. I was much surprised to see Mme. la Dauphine, with whom I had no familiarity, come up to me laughing, and with five or six of her ladies surround me, press me into a corner, and tell me to guess the name of the Abbess of Remiremont. I continued to step backward, and the laughter increased at my surprise at a question which seemed to me so out of my compass that I could think of no person to name. The princess told me it was Mlle. de Lislebonne and asked what I said to that. "What I say to that, madame?" I replied, laughing myself; "I say that I am delighted if it delivers us from her here, and on that condition I wish there was another such position for her sister." "I thought so," returned the princess, and went off laughing with all her heart.

Mme. la Duchesse.

Mme. la Duchesse was at first engulfed in sorrow. Fallen from her highest hopes, and from a brilliant life always agreeably occupied, which put the Court at her feet, on ill-terms with Mme. de Maintenon, alienated without hope of return from Mme. la Dauphine, at open variance with M. du Maine, equally so with the Duchesse d'Orléans, engaged in suits against her sisters-in-law, with no one on whom to rely, her son still young, her daughters leaving her, she found herself reduced to re-

gretting M. le Prince and M. le Duc, whose deaths at the time had comforted her.

It was then that the cherished image of the Prince de Conti presented itself ceaselessly to her thoughts and to her heart, which would now have had no barriers to its inclinations; and that prince, with so many talents hitherto kept useless by envy, but reconciled before his death to Mme. de Maintenon, intimately allied with the dauphin and with the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers and the Archbishop of Cambrai, would soon under these new auspices have become the guide of the Court and of the State in the coming future. He was the only man to whom Mme. la Duchesse would ever have been faithful; she was the only woman for whom the prince would never have been inconstant; he would have laid his grandeur at her feet in homage, and she would have shone by his lustre. What maddening memories!—with Lassai, junior, for all comfort! For want of better, she attached herself there, and the intimacy lasts still, after thirty years' duration.

A desolation so well founded soon ceased, however, externally. She was not made for tears; she wanted to forget her grief, and she threw herself into amusements and soon into pleasures; she sought to drown her sorrows, and she succeeded. The Prince de Rohan, who had spent a million on the hôtel de Guise, became an admirable puppet in her hands and gave her fêtes under pretext of showing her his house, but really in the hope that this palace and his immense wealth might tempt Mme. la Duchesse to rid herself of one of her daughters in favour of his son. With a figure slightly deformed, although this was hardly perceptible, her face was formed by the tenderest love and her mind was made to play with love at her fancy, without ever being mastered by it. All amusement seemed hers; easy

Mme la Duchesse

with everybody, she had the art of putting them at their ease; nothing in her but what went naturally to pleasing, with matchless grace, even to her smallest actions, and a wit as natural, which had infinite charm. Loving no one, and known to love none, it was impossible to avoid seeking her or to be convinced that you had not won her; and this was so even with those who were almost strangers to her. The persons who had most reason to fear her she enchained, and those who had most reason to hate her had need to remind themselves of it often, in order to resist her charm. Never the slightest ill-humour at any time; playful, gay, sparkling, with a most delicate wit, invulnerable to mishaps or sudden annoyances, at ease in the most constrained and disquieting moments, she had passed her life in frivolity and in pleasures, which now, as far as she could, approached licentiousness. With these qualities, much intelligence and sense for a cabal, and a suppleness in the management of affairs that cost her nothing, but lacking prudence for matters that ran a course; inwardly contemptuous, scoffing, stinging; incapable of friendship, very capable of hatred, and then malignant, haughty, implacable, fertile in base artifices, and in cruel tales, with which she gayly dubbed the persons she seemed to like and who passed their lives with her. She was the siren of the poets; she had all a siren's charms and pitfalls. With age, ambition had come; but the taste for pleasure was never lost, and this frivolity helped her to cover for a long time solid facts.

We must now come to those who, like the Duc de Beauvilliers, found their prospects in this change, and see what were the after effects of it.

The Duc de Beauvilliers and Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai.

At first sight few persons appeared upon the scene. And those who did so were scarcely noticed, unless it were the principals and those

most noted, because of the cautious policy by which they sheltered themselves. Still, it may well be supposed there was much desire to make cause with those principals and with others who might come to be recognized. We can imagine also the feelings of the Duc de Beauvilliers, the only man, perhaps, for whom Monseigneur himself had conceived an aversion so great that he could not conceal it, and which was of course most carefully fomented.

In exchange for that aversion, Beauvilliers now saw the unhoped-for elevation of a pupil who took a private pleasure in being his pupil still, and who made it a public honour to show this feeling, which nothing could ever change. The honest man in his love for the State, the good man in his desire for the progress of virtue, and, under these powerful aspects, another Fénelon, now saw himself enabled to serve usefully the State and virtue, to prepare the way for the return of that dear archbishop, and to make him before long his co-operator in all things. Through all the purity and simple piety of the Duc de Beauvilliers a fragment of the humanity inseparable from man caused him an expansion of the heart and mind, a gladness in those useful plans which in future would, as it were, fulfil themselves, a sense of dictatorship all the more enjoyable because so rare, so full, so wholly unexpected and without contradiction. These feelings now shed themselves about him on his own family, and with those of his choice who were nearest to him. Persecuted in the midst of a dazzling fortune, as we have seen in more than one instance, pushed sometimes to the edge of the precipice, he suddenly found himself built upon a rock; and perhaps it was not without complacency that he looked at the waves whose violence had so nearly swept him away, but now could only break at his feet. His soul, however, maintained its usual poise; the same wisdom,

same moderation, same attention, same gentleness, affability, courtesy, tranquillity; not the slightest motion towards exaltation, to distraction of mind, or to eagerness. Another cause, more worthy of him, crowned him with gladness. Sure of the secret soul of the new dauphin, he foresaw his triumph over minds and hearts when the day of freedom came, and he would be in his future place. It was on this reflection that, alone with us, he abandoned himself wholly to his feelings.

Chevreuse, one with him in all the days of their lives, rejoiced with him in the same joy, finding the same reasons for it, while their families congratulated each other on the consolidation of their fortunes and the results that could not fail to follow. But he by whom this event was most keenly felt was Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai. What a preparation! What an approach of sure and perfect triumph! What a powerful ray of light piercing through the gloom!

Confined for the last twelve years to his diocese the prelate was growing old under the weight of his useless hopes, seeing the years flow by in a monotony that could only dishearten him. Always odious to the king, before whom no one dared to pronounce his name even in relation to indifferent things, more odious still to Mme. de Maintenon because she had ruined him, more exposed than any other man to the terrible cabal which ruled Monseigneur, he had no resource save in the unalterable friendship of his pupil, himself the victim of that cabal, and who, in the ordinary course of nature, would be so too long for his old preceptor to survive to see his freedom, and through it his own escape from his present state of death in life. In the twinkling of an eye that pupil became dauphin; in another he attained, as we shall see, to a sort of premature reign. What a transition for an ambitious man!

We have already seen him at the time of his disgrace. His famous "Télémaque" which deepened it and made it incurable, paints him from nature. The Duc de Noailles, who, as we have seen, was seeking nothing less than all the offices of the Duc de Beauvilliers, told the king and every one who would listen to him that the Archbishop of Cambrai was an enemy to his person for having written it. Although we have already advanced in these Memoirs into a knowledge of a prelate who still, in the depths of his disgrace, caused so much fear, and whose figure in all his conditions of life was so remarkable, it may not be useless to add a few words about him here.

More ingratiating than any woman, but in solid ways and not in trifles, Fénelon's passion was to please; and he took as much pains to captivate the valets as the masters, the smallest persons as well as the great personages. For this he had talents given expressly: gentleness, insinuation, natural graces genuine to himself, a complying mind, ingenious, flowery, agreeable, of which he held, as it were, the faucet, and turned it on in quantity and quality exactly suited to each thing and each person. He proportioned himself out, and was all things to all men. A singular figure, but noble, striking, penetrating, attractive; of easy access to all; facile in conversation, which was light and always decent; a winning manner, a piety that was cheerful, equable, and frightened none, but made itself respected; liberality well understood; magnificence which offended none, spending itself on officers and soldiers, involving a vast hospitality; and yet, as to table, furniture, and equipments, never going beyond the proper limits of his place. Equally obliging and modest; secret in all services that could be tendered secretly (and they were numberless), active and easy in doing others, so that he often seemed the obliged of those to whom he did

them ; never too officious, never complimentary ; with a politeness which embraced all, and yet was always measured and proportioned with a precision in which he so excelled that every person believed it was shown to him especially. Adroit, above all, in the art of bearing misfortunes, he used this merit in a way to gain glory for his sufferings, and the heart-felt admiration and devotion of all the inhabitants of the Low-Countries, whoever they might be, and of their rulers, whose love and veneration he possessed. He enjoyed, while hoping for another line of life (which he never lost sight of), all the sweetness of this position, which he might have regretted in the splendid position for which he was always sighing ; and he enjoyed it with so apparent a peace of mind that to any one who did not know what he had been and what he might still become, even to those who approached him most nearly and saw him most familiarly, nothing ever appeared to the contrary.

With so much exterior towards the world, he was not less sedulous in the duties of a bishop who had nothing but a diocese to govern and was not distracted by other interests. Visits to hospitals and almshouses ; the distribution of large but judicious charity, his clergy, his religious communities, nothing was neglected. He said mass every day in his chapel, and officiated often ; fulfilled his episcopal functions without ever asking for assistance, and preached occasionally. He found time for everything, yet he never seemed busy. His open house and table were like those of a governor of Flanders, and yet at the same time suitable for an episcopal palace. They were filled at all times with distinguished persons from the war ; and many officers, sound, sick, and wounded, who lodged there, were served and taken care of as if there were but one ; he himself being usually present at all consultations of physicians and surgeons, and performing

in other respects to the sick and wounded the functions of a merciful pastor; and this without neglect or niggardliness, always thoughtful and with open hand. Consequently, he was adored by all.

This wonderful external presentation was, however, not wholly due to his own self. Without pretending to fathom him, it may boldly be said that he was not without care and search for whatever might help to reattach him and bring him back to his old position. Intimately united with that section of the Jesuits at the head of which stood Père Tellier, who had never abandoned him, and had, in fact, supported him beyond their strength, he occupied his leisure in writings which, sharply taken up by Père Quesnel and others, only tightened the bonds of a union by which he hoped sooner or later to soften the bitterness of the king. The silence of the Church was the natural result to a bishop whose doctrine had, after so much talk and dispute, been condemned in Rome. He had too much intelligence not to feel this; but he had also too much ambition to regard as insignificant so many voices raised against his dogma and his dogmatic writings, and so many other voices that did not spare him as to his motives, which an enlightened few saw clearly enough.

He went towards his object, however, without being turned aside to either right or left; occasionally he gave his friends good cause to sound his name; he flattered Rome, to him so thankless; he made himself considered by the whole Society of Jesuits as a prelate of great experience, in favour of whom no efforts should be spared; he succeeded in conciliating La Chétardie, the rector of Saint-Sulpice, now the imbecile confessor and even governor of Mme. de Maintenon.

Amid his combats with the pen, Fénelon, consistent in the gentleness of his conduct, and in his passion to make himself liked, was very careful not to engage in active war. The

Low-Countries swarmed with Jansenists or persons reported such. His own diocese, and Cambrai itself, were specially full of them; yet both were havens of rest and peace to them. Happy and content to find an asylum under their pen-enemy, they did not excite themselves in any way against their archbishop, who, opposed as he was to their doctrine, left them in every sort of tranquillity. They trusted their dogmatic defence to others, and made no attack on the general love that was borne to Fénelon. By this easy-going treatment he lost nothing of his credit as a mild and pacific prelate, nor any of his ecclesiastical hopes from the Church, whose interest it was to do well by him.

Such was the position of the Archbishop of Cambrai when the news reached him of Monseigneur's death; such the mainspring of his own actions and the authority of his friends. Never was union so strong or so unalterable as that among this little flock apart. It was founded on the most intimate and trustful confidence, which itself rested, as they believed, on the love of God and of his Church. Nearly all its members were persons of the highest virtue, whether they were great or small; very few of them had only a shell which was taken by the others for virtue. All had but one aim, which no misfortunes could shake, and towards which they all advanced with cautious and cadenced step, namely: to bring their master back from Cambrai; to live and breathe for him alone; to think and act solely upon his principles; and to receive his advice on all things, as the oracle of God, of which he was made the channel. What is there that an enchantment of this nature cannot do when it lays hold upon the hearts of honest persons, the minds of intelligent persons, the taste and the ardent friendship of faithful souls, and is still further made divine to them by the firm, long-standing, constant opinion that here is piety, virtue, God's own glory,

the safety of the Church, the salvation of their own souls? To these ends all within them was subordinated in good faith.

Through this unfolding we can see without difficulty what a powerful mainspring was the Archbishop of Cambrai for the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse and their wives, all four of them having but one heart, one soul, one sentiment, one thought. It was perhaps this consideration alone that prevented the Duc de Beauvilliers from retiring from the world on the death of his sons, and on other occasions when he felt himself near to ruin. The Duc de Chevreuse and he had a taste and longing for retirement. They were so sincere in this that their daily lives followed it too closely to be quite compatible with their employments. But the ardour of their desire to work for the glory of God, for the Church, for their own salvation, made them believe, with the most sincere good faith, that they ought to remain in office and let nothing escape them which might lead to the return of their spiritual father. They needed, as they thought, no more transcendent reason to endure all, glide through all, and avert storms, in order to escape self-reproach on some possible future day for having made themselves useless to a work in their eyes so capital, — a work which might by the mysterious ways of Providence be presented to them, although for so long they had seen no sign of it.

The sudden change produced by the death of Monseigneur seemed to them the mighty operation of Providence working for M. de Cambrai, the promise so patiently awaited without knowing whether or how it could ever be accomplished, the recompense of the just who live by faith, who hope against all hope, and are delivered in times and seasons unexpected. I do not mean that I heard them say all that; but whoever saw them as I did in their interior, saw also such consistency

with that idea in all the tissue of their life, their conduct, their sentiments, that to attribute it to them is not merely investigating, it is knowing them thoroughly. Close-mouthed on all that approached these topics, shut in among the little circle of old disciples, never admitting any proselytes for fear of repenting it, they only enjoyed a real liberty when together, and this liberty was so sweet to them that they preferred it to all else; hence that union more than fraternal between the dukes and their wives; hence the impenetrable retreats every week to Vaucresson with a small number of tried disciples; hence that monastic seclusion even in the midst of the Court; and hence that attachment above all else to the new dauphin, carefully trained and kept by them in the like sentiments. They regarded him as another Esdras, — as the restorer of the temple and people of God after their long captivity.

XI.

Among the little flock was a disciple from its earliest days when it held its assemblies at the abbey of Montmartre, where she had been taught in her youth, and whither she went every week with Cardinal de Noailles before he retired in caution from the little band. This was the Duchesse de Béthune, who had ever since increased in virtues and was thought worthy by Mme. Guyon of being her favourite. Hers was par excellence the great soul, before which even M. de Cambrai bowed, for his own was only greater by difference of sex. This confraternity had made her, the daughter of the surintendant Fouquet, the intimate friend of the three daughters of Colbert and his sons-in-law, who all regarded her with the deepest veneration.

The Duc de Charost and his mother.

The Duc de Béthune, her husband, was only a brother cut-cabbage, tolerated for her sake; but the Duc de Charost, her son, gathered all the fruits of the beatitude of his saintly mother. A strict integrity, high honour, and every virtue that could be added by force of arms, joined to the most entire devotion to M. de Cambrai that the mother-disciple could wish, made the foundation of the character of the son; which was otherwise inlaid with extreme ambition, jealousy in proportion, great love of society, in which he mingled much and for which he was well-fitted, a mind for the great world, none at all for affairs; no instruction of any kind whatever, not even in devotion, except that which was peculiar to the little flock, and an extraordinary activity of body. Faithful

to his friends, very capable of friendship, and amazingly secret in the midst of an intolerable flux of words, hereditary in the family from father to son. He is perhaps the only man who has ever known how to join throughout his life a public profession of piety to the closest intimacy with the libertines of his day and the friendship of most of them; for they all sought him and had him as much as they could at their parties, if there was no debauchery, and not only never laughed at his habits so different from theirs (I am speaking of the best and most brilliant company of the Court and armies), but treated him with freedom and confidence, and, while they restrained themselves out of consideration for him, they never lost their gayety or sense of liberty. He was excellent company and a lively guest; with gallantry, gayety, and wit that was often very amusing. The vivacity of his temperament caused him passions, on which his piety put a painful curb but mastered them by strength of arm; which sometimes furnished him with a jest against himself.

M. de Beauvilliers had often wished in former days that Charost and I could be intimate, and this intercourse had come about and resulted in the greatest intimacy, which lasted ever after between us. I have never known M. de Cambrai except by sight; I was only just entering the world at the time of his loss of favour; and I never took part in the mysteries of the little flock. This was being very inferior to Charost in the eyes of the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, for he was familiar with their *gnosis*, while I knew all their mind as to the State, the Court, and their guidance of the dauphin. As to their gnosis, they never talked to me of that; but they did so with open heart about their attachment and admiration for M. de Cambrai, and their desire and measures for his return. Dampierre and Vaucresson were open to me at all times; the secret con-

disciples appeared openly before me, and talked the same; I was the sole person, not initiated into their gnosis, to whom this sort of freedom and confidence was granted.

Mme. de Saint-Simon was also altogether in the confidence of MM. and Mmes. de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, who had the highest opinion of her virtue, her conduct, and the character of her mind. I had the utmost liberty with them to say everything; which would not have been becoming of course to the devotion of the Duc de Charost; and moreover I had every opportunity, as I have shown already, to warn them of matters not as yet apparent and of the highest importance, — things that they would hardly believe till the event justified them; and this had put the last touch to their perfect openness on everything with me, whose faithful and constant friendship, above all other preference, they had tested.

It was therefore a very sweet and a very pure joy to me to feel myself the only man of the Court in the closest alliance and most entire confidence with what was now, without fear of reversal, to figure so grandly before the world, and so powerfully on the dauphin, who would henceforth give the tone to all things. But the more my intimate relations with the two dukes became known, the more I kept myself on guard against an appearance of too great satisfaction; and the more important they grew, the more careful I was that my behaviour and my life should be kept within their usual bounds in all respects.

Conduct of the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers.

In this great change of scene there appeared at first only two visible personages to profit by it: the Duc de Beauvilliers, and through him the Duc de Chevreuse, and a third in the distance, the Archbishop of Cambrai. Everything smiled on the first two suddenly; everybody hastened around them; each had been

friendly to all and at all times. But the courtiers now found that in them they had not the usual mushroom ministers to deal with, fresh from the dust and raised in a moment to guide the helm of State, equally ignorant of public affairs and of the Court, equally puffed-up and intoxicated, incapable of resisting, rarely capable of distrusting blandishments, and who often had the fatuity to attribute to their own merits that which was prostituted solely to gain their favour. These others, without changing in any way the modesty of their demeanour, nor the arrangement of their lives, thought only of how to keep away as much as possible from the baseness thus heaped at their feet; to make use of their tried friends only; to fortify themselves with the king by redoubled assiduity; to moor themselves nearer and still nearer to their dauphin; to lead him to appear before the world such as he really was, without seeming to lead him; and to show (as much on the side of winning hearts and esteem as on that of exercising authority) how entirely he differed from his father.

They did not neglect to try to approach the dauphine, or at least not to alienate her from them. She was so in a measure, through a great opposition of inclination and behaviour; and still more through the influence of Mme. de Maintenon. Their virtue, too stern for her liking because she only saw its outside bark, made her fear for their influence on the dauphin, which should rather have attached her to them had she, with all her cleverness, known how to discern true piety, true virtue, true wisdom.

The spring, being the season for the assembling of the armies, made the change which had now taken place at Court distinctly perceptible at Cambrai. That town became the only route to the different parts of Flanders. All the Court people on duty there, all the general

Concourse at Cambrai

officers, and even the less known officers passed through Cambrai and stopped there if possible. The archbishop had such a Court, and so assiduous a one, that in spite of his joy he was troubled, fearing the echo and the evil effect it might have on the king. We can imagine with what affability, modesty, and discernment he received all this homage; and the good-will which these long-sighted, subtle ones foresaw and prepared for on their way to Flanders.

It did in fact make a great noise; but the prelate behaved so dexterously that neither the king nor Mme. de Maintenon showed displeasure at the concourse, which, apparently, they wished to ignore. As for the Ducs de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, the king, long accustomed to love and respect them and to give them his confidence in spite of the harsh attacks upon them which were sometimes made to him, did not take umbrage at their new resplendency, whether it were that it did not reach his ears (a thing very difficult to believe), or that nothing could now turn his feelings against them. Mme. de Maintenon also gave no sign.

It may well be believed that these two men did not allow the warm feelings of the dauphin towards the Archbishop of Cambrai to cool. Père Tellier was one with them on that point, though at total variance on many others. Up to this time there had been but these four admitted to the inner confidence of the prince. The first care of the two dukes was to lead him to greater expansion, to an air of respect and submission more openly marked, to the assiduity of a courtier towards a king so naturally jealous — as he had made his grandson feel on more than one occasion. In this they were ably seconded by his clever wife, herself in possession of all privileges with the king and in the heart of Mme. de Maintenon. Under her influence he redoubled his attentions to the latter, who, delighted to find a dauphin on whom she

herself could safely count, in place of one who did not like her, gave herself up to him and in that way brought the king to do so likewise. The first fifteen days made the extraordinary change which now took place in the king, usually so reserved with his legitimate children and so much the king to them, very plain to all who were at Marly.

M. le Dauphin.

Feeling himself more at large through the great stride he had now made, the dauphin became bolder in society, which he had dreaded during the lifetime of Monseigneur; for, great as he was, he had had many a taunt to bear from it. It was this that caused the shrinking with which he shut himself up in his cabinet, where alone he felt at ease and sheltered; it was this that made him seem sullen, and thus caused others to dread him in the future. Always rebuffed by his father, sometimes by the king, constrained by his own virtue, exposed to an audacious and hostile cabal and all its ramifications which filled the Court (people with whom he had continually to live), exposed to the world and its worldliness, he lived a life all the more oppressed and obscure because it was necessarily in full view, and all the more cruel because he could see no end to it.

The king now turning to him heartily, the insolent cabal dispersed by the death of a father almost inimical, whose place he took, the world about him respectful, attentive, assiduous, the whole Court subdued, and all, even the gay and frivolous (by no means an insignificant part of a Court), at his feet through his wife, secure, moreover, in his position with Mme. de Maintenon, we now saw this shy, sullen, self-contained, finically virtuous prince, this misplaced student, this cramped and hampered man, a stranger in his own house, constrained by everything, embarrassed everywhere, — we saw him, I say, reveal himself by degrees, unfold his nature little by little, give himself, with some caution, to the world,

appearing in the midst of it free, majestic, gay, agreeable, holding salon at Marly in the evenings, presiding over a circle assembled around him like the divinity of a temple who feels and receives with kindness the homage of the mortals around him. Soon the hunt was not the only topic of interest; it was left to the meet or the first return. Conversation, easy and yet instructive, choice, and well-addressed, charmed the wise courtier and made the rest admire. Fragments of appropriate history, brought in without art and on natural occasions; judicious applications, but always discreet and simply presented without obviously making them; lively interludes, sometimes amusing ones, and all spontaneous without effort; occasional snatches of science, but rarely and as if darting out involuntarily from an inward plenitude, — these things all of a sudden opened the eyes, the ears, and the hearts of those about him. The dauphin became another Prince de Conti. The desire to pay him court seemed in many less an eagerness merely to press about him than to listen to him, to gain instruction made pleasing by the charm of a natural eloquence in which there was nothing forced; and above all, here was the consolation, so necessary and so desired, of finding a future master well fitted to be a master by the usage he now showed he knew how to make of that position.

Gracious to all; full of attentions to rank, birth, and age; acquitting himself duly to every one (a thing long neglected, and bestowed alike on the commonest people of the Court); careful to render to all the politeness that was due to them, and whatever he could add to it with dignity; grave, but never rigid, at times gay and gladsome, — it is incredible with what astonishing rapidity admiration for his mind, esteem for his good sense, the love of hearts and all their hopes were drawn to him, how firmly the false ideas that were formed of him were cast aside, and how impetuous

was the whirlwind of change in the general estimation of his character. The public joy was so great that it could not keep silence, and people asked each other if this could be the same man, and whether what they saw was dream or reality. Cheverny, who was one of those to whom this question was addressed, had a ready answer. He said that the cause of their wonder was that they had never known the prince, whom they had never chosen to know; that for himself he found him such as he had always known him and seen him in private; and, though now he was free to show himself as he was, and others were free to see him so, he was no different from what he had always been; and justice would be done him in this respect when continued experience would prove the truth. From the Court to Paris and from Paris to the depths of the provinces this reputation flew with such rapidity that even those most closely attached to the dauphin asked themselves if indeed they could believe what came to them from all directions.

Mme. de Maintenon, delighted with these plaudits, for the sake of her dauphine and for her own future interests in having a dauphin to rely on, did her best to use all her influence with the king in his favour. Notwithstanding the cautious manner in which she treated the ministers, their despotism and their method of exercising it displeased her greatly. Her most familiar attendants had discovered on certain rare occasions her secret sentiments about them, sometimes expressed in passing words of cutting ridicule, in which she excelled, sometimes in serious language, though always smothered, on the evils of the present government. She thought, therefore, to procure for herself an advantage, for the State a benefit, for the king a comfort, by accustoming the latter to leave the preparation of public affairs to the dauphin, to give him the management of some of them, and

so, little by little, relieve himself of the more burdensome part of public business, in which the dauphin was already initiated from his habit of attending the councils, where he often spoke with correctness and discernment. She believed this novelty would make the ministers more diligent, more industrious, and, above all, more tractable and more circumspect. To will and to do, on hidden matters which by their nature could be led up to from afar and by degrees, cautiously, were to her but one and the same thing.

The wise and flexible conduct of his respectful and now assiduous grandson had prepared the king to yield easily to Mme. de Maintenon's insinuating suggestions. But, however accustomed the Court was beginning to be to the new pleasure the king was evidently taking in the dauphin, it was strangely surprised when, one morning, after detaining him alone in his cabinet for a long time, he gave orders that in future the ministers were to work with the dauphin whenever he sent for them, and also that, without being sent for, they were to go to him and render an account of all public matters; and that this order was given once for all.

It is not easy to describe the immense commotion made at Court by an order so directly opposed to the tastes, mind, maxims, and practice of the king, hitherto so invariable; an order that in itself showed a confidence in the dauphin which meant nothing less than tacitly placing in his hands the management of a great part of the affairs of the kingdom. It was a thunderbolt to the ministers, which stunned them to such a degree that they were unable to conceal either their astonishment or their discomfiture. It was indeed a very bitter order to men who, drawn from the dust and suddenly placed at the summit of a most secure power, were accustomed to reign under cover of the king's name (for which they sometimes dared to substitute their own),

to make and unmake fortunes tranquilly and without contradiction, to attack successfully the highest, to be masters of all and dispose of all with absolute authority within and without the kingdom, to dispense as they pleased all favour, all punishment, all reward, to decide all things boldly with "The king commands," having full liberty to conceal, tell, or twist these matters to the king as they pleased, — in a word, kings themselves, and almost visibly so. What a fall for such men to have to submit themselves to a prince who had Mme. de Maintenon on his side, and who had, moreover, become more powerful with the king on their own ground than they were themselves; a prince who had nothing between him and the throne; who was capable, laborious, enlightened, with a sound and superior mind; one who had acquired a full knowledge of all that was done since his admission to the councils; to whom nothing was wanting to be able to direct them; and with all this, a prince whose heart was good, and just, and attached to order; who possessed discernment, attention, the power of application to follow up and unravel matters; who knew how to sound and to fathom; who could not be put off by things or by words; who was resolute in wanting the good for good's sake; who weighed all with the scales of his conscience; who, by his easy access, and his curiosity as to schemes and theories, would gain information through many channels; who knew well how to compare and appreciate, distrust and confide with discernment and wise persistency; and who was also on his guard against treachery on all sides; a prince who had the heart of the king and his ear at all hours, and was now in a position to confound all double-dealing and to carry a penetrating light to the depths of the darkness they, the ministers, had formed about them and were thickening constantly with so much art.

The elevation of the prince and the condition of the Court no longer allowed them the remedy of cabals; and the open joy at an order which reduced these kings to the condition of subjects, which put a curb on their power and a check to the abuses they committed, left them without resource. There was no course open to them but to bend their shoulders in their turn, — those shoulders stiffened to the rigidity of iron. They went, with the air of condemned criminals, to assure the dauphin of their obedience, and their joy at the order they had just received.

The prince had no difficulty in perceiving that which they themselves had much in hiding. He received them with an air of kindness and consideration; discussed with them the details of their day, in order to choose hours that were least inconvenient for the necessities of their work and its expedition; and on this first occasion did not enter upon public matters, but also did not postpone an immediate beginning of his work with them in his own apartment.

Torcy [secretary of State], Voysin [minister of war], and Desmarets [controller of finance] were the ones on whom the burden fell, through the importance of their departments. The chancellor, who had no department, was not affected. His son [Pontchartrain, minister of the marine], seeing the others assiduously working with the dauphin, would fain have been summoned also. He hoped to have reached the prince in that way. But his navy was at a low ebb, and the items about his detail in Paris with which he amused the king of a Monday morning, at the expense of the other ministers (of which d'Argenson had adroitly allowed him to usurp the odium), were not to the taste of the dauphin, nor matters about which he chose to lose his time. Moreover the person of Pontchartrain was disagreeable to him, in which sentiment he was encouraged by the

dauphine, who always called him, to the king, "your one-eyed villain." He was her *bête noire*, and she spared no effort to injure him with the king. I will give one anecdote among many. One evening, as Pontchartrain went out after working with the king, she entered the room from the large cabinet, followed by Mme. de Saint-Simon and one or two other ladies. Close to the place where Pontchartrain had been standing she spied a number of horrid spittings of tobacco juice. "Ha! this is horrible," she cried to the king. "It is your one-eyed villain; there is no one but he who does such horrors;" and then she fell upon him in a variety of ways. The king let her talk, and then he pointed to Mme. de Saint-Simon as if to show that her presence ought to restrain her. "Pooh!" she answered, "she does not say it as I do, but I am certain that she thinks it all the same; in fact, who could think otherwise?" Thereupon the king laughed, and rose to go to supper. The new dauphin thought no better of him, and Pontchartrain could never succeed in getting summoned, nor could he ever find anything in his ministry about which he dared to go and give an account; for all of which he was mortified. La Vrillière had only the current details of his provinces, and consequently no matter to work upon; the department in his charge was that of the so-called reformed religion, and all that concerned the Huguenots. After the consequences of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes were over it had fallen to nothing, so that really he had no department.

The dauphin presented to the clergy by the king.

The General Assembly of the clergy, which was closing at this time, came out to harangue the king at Marly. Cardinal de Noailles, its only president, was at its head. Nesmond, Archbishop of Alby, made the speech, of which I did not lose a single word. His discourse, after the inevitable incense of flattery had

been lavished and reiterated, turned upon condolences for the death of Monseigneur and on the matters which had occupied the Assembly. As for the first point, he said with eloquence all that was suitable, and without extravagance. On the other point, he surprised, astonished, and carried away his hearers. It is impossible to show with what delicacy he touched upon the violence with which the so-called gratuitous gift of the clergy was extorted, and the adroitness with which he mingled praises for the king with his statement of the rigour displayed in the imposition of taxes. Coming after a time more explicitly to the clergy, he dared to review the sad effects of such long-continued exactions upon the consecrated portion of the flock of Jesus Christ which serves as shepherd to the rest; and he did not hesitate to say that he should feel himself guilty of criminal prevarication if, instead of imitating the courage of bishops who spoke before evil princes and pagan emperors, he, finding himself at the feet of the best and most pious of kings, concealed from him that the bread of the word was lacking to the people, the bread of life, the bread of angels, for want of means to train pastors, the number of whom was now so diminished that every diocese was deficient and knew not how to help it.

The king thanked him in an obliging manner for what he had so well stated. He even mingled with his answer something like excuses, and praises for the clergy, and concluded by presenting the dauphin, who stood near him, to the prelates, saying that he hoped that this prince, by his justice and his talents, would do better than himself; mingling with these remarks a few touching words about his age and his own not distant death. All present were much moved by this answer; and no one refrained from praising the freedom of the address and the incense with which it was enveloped. The king seemed not to be shocked, and praised

it himself in few but obliging words to the archbishop. The dauphin was touched and also pained by what the king had said of him. The king ordered a grand dinner to be given to the prelates and deputies of the second class; also little chariots were provided in which they went about afterwards to see the gardens and the waterworks.

At the harangue pronounced by Cardinal de Noailles on the opening of the same Assembly the king had already said, presenting the dauphin: "Here is a prince who, by his virtue and his piety will render the Church more flourishing and the kingdom happier." He had now said almost the same thing at Marly, but with more feeling.

The dauphin was greatly moved, and went away as soon as the king had given his answer, to receive in his room the same deputies and an harangue by the Cardinal de Noailles. The address was beautiful, and the answer short, wise, courteous, modest, and neat. Mme. la Dauphine also received them in her apartments, Cardinal de Noailles still being their mouthpiece. Let us return now to the obsequies of Monseigneur.

Funeral services of Monseigneur at St. Denis and at Notre-Dame.

Owing to the nature of the disease of which he died, no ceremonies had been performed, and his interment had been hurried, as we have seen. The 18th of June, which came of a Thursday, was chosen for the service at Saint-Denis, where were present, as usual, the clergy and the superior Courts. The dauphin, the Duc de Berry, and the Duc d'Orléans were the mourners. The Duc de Beauvilliers, first and sole gentleman of the bedchamber to the dauphin, assisted by Sainte-Maure, one of Monseigneur's pages, and by d'O, who was the dauphin's page, carried his train. Béthune-Orval, since Duc de Sully, the first gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duc de Berry, and Pons, master of his wardrobe, carried his. Simiane and

Armentières, both gentlemen of the bedchamber to the Duc d'Orléans, bore his; and thus, as he had two, like the Duc de Berry, this equality seemed very extraordinary. As there had been no interment, there could not of course be honours, and there was no one, consequently, to bear them.[1] The Archbishop of Reims, afterwards Cardinal de Mailly, officiated, and Poncet, bishop of Angers, made a very bad funeral oration.

On Friday, July 3, the same three princes mourned at Notre-Dame. They dressed at the archbishop's palace and went on foot to the ceremony from the palace to the grand portal of Notre-Dame, by which they entered. Cardinal de Noailles officiated, and Père La Rue, Jesuit, made such a poor business of the funeral oration that it even crushed out that of the Bishop of Angers. Cardinal de Noailles gave the three princes after the ceremony a magnificent dinner. The dauphin insisted on the cardinal sitting at table with all the seigneurs who had followed them. He surpassed himself in attentions and politeness, but measured them carefully and with discernment. He desired all the doors to be opened, permitting the crowd to press upon him, and spoke to several of the people with an affability which did not, however, detract from the gravity exacted externally by the sad ceremony. Nothing but acclamations and shouts of praise followed him as he drove through Paris, spreading very soon from that centre to the provinces; so true is it that in France it costs little for a prince to make himself adored.

The king had issued a singular regulation. He ruled that while he himself should not wear mourning for Monseigneur, the Court mourning would last one year; and that the

[1] At certain ceremonies, such as the coronation, baptism of princes, and their funerals, what were called *honours* were the chief articles used in the ceremony, such as the crown, sceptre, sword, etc. (Note by the French editor.)

princes of the blood, dukes, foreign princes, officers of the crown, and the grand officers of his household should wear the same kind of mourning as if he himself wore it, though he, because he did not wear it for Mme. la Dauphine de Bavière [Monseigneur's wife], did not now put it on.

Discussions between the Duc de Beauvilliers and me.

The Duc de Beauvilliers enjoyed the splendour of his pupil's changed condition, and he began to walk with his head up, and to hide rather less that the time had come to assert himself; his bearing was freer, his conduct less cautious; in his talks with me he showed a firmness that was quite foreign to him. I perceived an unhoped-for change, to which I had not supposed him susceptible; I saw a man who had gathered himself together, — vigorous, active, going straight to the fact, and stripping himself of shackles. He reviewed the whole Court in conversation with me, without bristling up at my frankness on portraits, and without disputing them. He remembered that I had always told him the exact truth at all times; experience had shown him that my knowledge of men was better than his; that charity and his habit of cooping himself up hindered him from seeing and understanding much. He was certain of my secrecy, and, I may venture to say, of my truth and my integrity; he could not doubt my confidence, my devotion, my unreserved attachment, a friendship beyond all other preference during the whole sixteen years I had been at Court; he remembered that it was my desire for his alliance that had so closely united us. He therefore talked to me without reserve; and the disproportion of our age and fortune was no hindrance to the free pouring out of our minds on all matters, which was constant and mutual.

This examination between him and me of the whole Court went so far as to discuss whom it was best to bring nearer

to the dauphin or move away from him. The town as well as the Court had its turn; that is to say, we examined the legal robe, — not so much to approach or remove persons whose station made them not susceptible to it, as to agree together (for this was the level on which he placed me) whom to recommend to the dauphin as suitable, or the contrary, for employments. Five or six long conversations that we had *tête-à-tête* (which I remark because the Duc de Chevreuse was not present) completed our confidences on this important matter. They were followed by another *tête-à-tête*, in which the duke unbosomed himself about all those persons now at the helm of public affairs.

We have seen the nature of his extreme piety, his abandonment to Mme. Guyon, above all to M. de Cambrai and the little flock, which had come near destroying him more than once without ever detaching him from them the least in the world, and his consequent attachment to the Jesuits and the Sulpician party, which had never abandoned M. de Cambrai at any time. Hence his blindness on the matter of Rome and Jansenism, which did not allow him to see or know the truth. The more the king advanced in age, the greater his feebleness; being always without counterpoise on these matters, about which he was really profoundly ignorant, he became a prey to the Jesuits and to the directors of Mme. de Maintenon through her; therefore the more the Jesuits on the one hand and Rome on the other gained ground, so much the more the Duc de Beauvilliers went with them at full speed. It was chiefly since the death of Pomponne that the great strides in this direction had been taken, but once taken they constantly increased. Torcy thought differently on these matters. He knew the inestimable importance of the preservation of the rights of the crown, and that of the liberties of the Gallican school and church; he also knew

no less the slyness of the Jesuits and the coarseness of the Sulpicians. He was therefore often opposed in council to the Duc de Beauvilliers. Torcy was extremely well-informed, with much intelligence, honour, integrity, and insight; but wise, reserved, and even shy; he only said what he had to say, and that very gently, cautiously, and respectfully; but he said it well, because he had the gift of speech, and also that of writing; usually, therefore, he had the best of the argument. M. de Beauvilliers, whose turn to deliver his opinion was the last but one among the ministers, sweated ink to hear Torcy, and still more in refuting him, which led him, more than often, far beyond the other ministers. He felt that he should get the fire of the chancellor, whose turn it was to speak immediately after him, and who never spared him, approaching sometimes to indecency; so that Beauvilliers regarded Torcy as one with the chancellor in these matters, and believed that it was he who furnished the latter with the weapons he used with such impetuosity, adding the weight of his own mind, freedom, and authority to Torcy's reason. This was what M. de Beauvilliers called being a Jansenist; and being a Jansenist was to him something more odious and dangerous than being a Protestant.

M. de Chevreuse, in spite of his abjuration of Port-Royal, where he had been brought-up, was not so exaggerated in his views as his brother-in-law. He was a very odd compound in this respect. Not less delivered over to Mme. Guyon, M. de Cambrai, and all their *gnosis*, he had retained from his education a great aversion to the Jesuits, which he carefully concealed, though I detected it more than once, and he did not deny it, in the secrecy and confidence established between us. Consequently, he was always on his guard against them; and being fundamentally more penetrating than M. de Beauvilliers, he surrendered himself less

to the schemes of Rome. His esteem and his affection for these Port-Royal people, whom he had abandoned, had never been effaced. He owned it to me in relation to nearly all of them; and yet, though essentially with them, he was practically against them. This compound cannot be explained, but it was such as I have here represented it.

A few days later, as I was walking one evening after midnight with the dauphin and the Abbé de Polignac, the conversation fell on the government of Holland, on its tolerance for all the sects, and presently upon Jansenism. The clever abbé did not miss his chance to say all that was likely to be ingratiating. The dauphin gave me an opportunity to enter sufficiently into the conversation. I spoke according to my sentiments and without affecting anything. The walk continued late, for the weather was the finest ever seen, and I left the dauphin only as he re-entered the château. I will explain elsewhere what I thought of this circumstance, because it enters into more than one thing in the sequel, and also into my method of seeing and being with the dauphin. The next morning M. de Beauvilliers took me into the salon and told me that the dauphin had just said to him with much joy that, from the tenor of remarks which he had heard me make the preceding evening during our walk, he believed me remote from Jansenism; and the duke requested me to tell him what we had talked about, as the dauphin had not had time to explain. After I had rendered him a full account, he told me that he had confirmed the dauphin in that opinion of me, and it had had the effect of making his confidence in me freer and broader on all points. Now that is what chance can do!

Mme. de Saint-Simon lived in the same friendship with the Ducs de Chevreuse and Beauvilliers, and with the duchesses their wives; and, what may perhaps be called

unique for persons so hidden and reserved, in perfect confidence and freedom; owing even more to their esteem for her virtue and their experience of the wisdom and kindliness of her mind and behaviour than to what she was to me, and what they knew I was to her. It must therefore be understood that we were three couples forming a group who hid nothing from one another, who consulted about everything, and in this respect were inaccessible to all others; also that our intercourse was not only daily, but often more than once a day, when we were in the same places; and it was very seldom that we were separated, because Vaucresson was near, and I seldom left the Court or Mme. de Saint-Simon either. This union of long standing, increased and growing closer by degrees, had reached its highest plane long before the death of Monseigneur, as various remarks in the Memoirs may show.

Close union between the three couples, Chevreuse, Beauvilliers, and Saint-Simon.

This being the state of things, M. de Beauvilliers had never ceased for a long while endeavouring to inspire an esteem, regard, and liking for me in his pupil, on whose mind and heart he could do so much. He lost no occasion to do this for several years; but to be cautious and forever on his guard was a dominant characteristic with him. The hatred of Mme. de Maintenon, and the shaking he had occasionally received from the king himself, had still further increased the fetters of his natural timidity. He feared the suspicion of circumscribing his pupil; he feared for me the jealousy and piercing glances fixed upon me at the time of the embassy to Rome. He wanted me to enter, little by little, into the confidence of the young prince; but he also wanted that it should not in any way appear. He redoubled all precautions after the campaign of Lille, at which time I had openly de-

clared my feelings, and had been for a time so nearly lost. I recall these facts scattered through the Memoirs, in order to replace them once more before the eye and show the reasons for the conduct which the Duc de Beauvilliers made me follow in conjunction with the young prince.

I never saw him in his own apartments during Court hours, except very seldom and then for a short time only; just enough not to seem marked, and too little for any suspicion, not merely of privilege, but of a design to draw nearer to him; in short, of the two, more negligence than courtiership. For this reason the prince paid little attention to me in his own apartments, and none at all beyond those he was accustomed to pay to persons of my station; but often an expressive glance or a furtive smile told me all that I desired to know.

Besides my advantage in being constantly brought before him by the Duc de Beauvilliers, and also by the Duc de Chevreuse, to a man of the prince's character all that appeared of mine, in the ordinary current of my life, was of a nature to please him. He liked an occupied, uniform, simple, and unaffected life; he valued the union of families; he admired friendships that did honour, and in these, as we have seen, I had always been most fortunate. My youth had therefore nothing that could estrange him or check him. All my closest intimacies were with persons who were nearly all agreeable to him, either directly so or through some connection; my enmities and my estrangements were with those who for the most part were opposed to him, and often very directly so; all of which had come about naturally and without any art. I had been on good terms all my life with the Jesuits, though without close relations to more than one at a time; such relations lasted

until the death of the last who survived the late king; they all counted me among their friends as we have seen, and shall still further see, in the case of Père Tellier. I had also been intimate, as I have shown, with Godet, Bishop of Chartres. These were bucklers sure against the suspicion of Jansenism; and what I have related of my talk with the dauphin and the Abbé de Polignac in the gardens at Marly put a seal upon it. My habit of mind on this subject will so often appear in what follows that it deserves to be explained, especially as the opportunity now presents itself so naturally.

My sentiments on Jansenism, Jansenists, and Jesuits.

The celebrated Abbé de la Trappe was my guide and compass in this, as in many another matter about which I earnestly desired to have a practice as well as a theory.

I hold all party divisions detestable in Church and State. There is no party but that of Jesus Christ. I also hold to be heretical the five famous propositions, direct or indirect, and equally so all books, without exception, which contain them. I believe also that there are persons who hold them to be good and true, who are united among themselves and form a party. Therefore, in these respects I am not a Jansenist.

On the other hand I am intimately attached, more even by conscience than by sound policy, to that which is very improperly known under the name of the liberties of the Gallican church; for those liberties are neither privileges, nor concessions, nor usurpations, nor even liberties of custom and tolerance, but the constant practice of the Church Universal, which that of France has jealously preserved and defended against the enterprises and the usurpations of the Court of Rome, which has overridden and enslaved all others, and done, by its pretensions, an infinite injury to

religion. I say the Court of Rome out of respect for the Bishop of Rome, to whom alone the name of pope has remained; who is, by faith, the head of the Church, the successor of Saint Peter, the first bishop, with superiority and jurisdiction by divine right over all others, whoever they may be; and to whom alone belongs solicitude and supervision over all the Churches of the world, as being the vicar par excellence of Jesus Christ; that is to say, the first of all his vicars who are bishops. To this I add that I hold the Church of Rome to be the mother and mistress of all others, with whom it is necessary to be in communion, — mistress, *magistra*, and not *domina;* nor is the pope the sole bishop, nor the universal bishop, ordinary, and diocesan of all dioceses, having sole episcopal power, emanating from him through the other bishops, — as the Inquisition, which I hold to be abominable before God and execrable to men, wants us to believe as a tenet of faith.

I believe the signing of the famous formulary a most pernicious invention; tolerable only if taken only in strict accordance with the peace of Clement IX., otherwise indefensible. It results, therefore, that I am far removed from thinking the pope infallible, in whatever sense the word may be taken, or superior or even equal to the œcumenical councils, to which alone it belongs to determine the articles of faith, and to be thereon incapable of error.

As to Port-Royal, I think precisely as the late king expressed himself to Maréchal, — namely, that all which these latter days have produced of most saintly, purest, most learned, most instructive, most practical, and, nevertheless, most elevated, most luminous, most shining, issued from that school and from what is known under the name of Port-Royal; that the name of Jansenist and Jansenism is a

convenient pot of paint with which to blacken those it is desirable to ruin; and that out of a thousand persons daubed with it there may not be two who deserve it. And I further say that not to believe what it pleases the Court of Rome to pretend as to the spiritual and even as to the temporal, to lead a simple, retired, laborious, self-contained life, or even to be on good terms with persons of that sort, is to incur the reproach of Jansenism; and that this wide spreading of unfounded suspicion, convenient and useful to those who inspire it and profit by it, is a cruel wound to religion, to society, and to the State.

I am persuaded that the Jesuits are of excellent service if held to the purpose for which they were established by Saint Ignatius. The Company is too numerous not to hold within its borders many saints; and of those I have known several; but also it contains many of another kind. Their policy and their jealousy has caused, and ever will cause, great evils; their piety, their sedulous devotion to the instruction of youth, and the extent of their knowledge and their learning has also done great good.

Enough said for a man of my condition. I should step out of it and beyond the limits of what is treated of here if I went into further particulars; but this is not too much to say in view of matters the necessary relation of which we are now approaching. What I have just said will not satisfy those who declare that Jansenism and Jansenists are imaginary heresy and heretics; and assuredly it will satisfy far less those whose prejudice, ignorance, or self-interest makes them see the heresy everywhere. What has infinitely surprised me is how the prejudice which placed M. de Beauvilliers among the latter ever allowed him to put up with me (as he did without the slightest cloud between us all his life), considering the absolute frankness with which I treated him

on this matter, as on all my personal sentiments about other matters.

It is time now to come to the situation in which I stood with the new dauphin, which will develop the grand side of this young prince and many curious matters.

INDEX TO VOL. II.

Anjou (Duc d'), Louis XV., birth of, 193.

Autun (Bishop of), death and character, 12.

Beauvilliers (Duc de), promotes Scottish project, 44; conversation with Saint-Simon on Duc de Bourgogne, 53–59; change in him after Monseigneur's death; joy at serving Fénelon, 291, 293, 298, 299, 302, 303, 315; close friendship for Saint-Simon, 315, 316; his blind church views, 316, 317.

Beringhen (first equerry), bold plot of the enemy who capture him close to Versailles, 18–22.

Bernard (Samuel), banker, cajoled by king at Marly, 59, 60; ruins Lyons by his bankruptcy, 112.

Berry (Duc de), marriage to daughter of Duc d'Orléans, 206–214; without money, 214; distress at Monseigneur's death, 260, 261.

Berry (Duchesse de), announces her marriage to Saint-Simon, 209; Mme. de Saint-Simon appointed her lady-of-honour, 210; marriage, 213, 214; her character develops, 215; her behaviour at death of Monseigneur, 260, 261; her depraved nature, 275; her scheme, 276; confides it to Mme. de Saint-Simon, 281, 282; a reconciliation between her and the Duchesse de Bourgogne, 283.

Béthune (Duchesse de), the great soul of the little flock, 300.

Biron (lieutenant-general), return from Flanders, from him Saint-Simon obtains information, 67, 68.

Boileau-Despréaux, death, neglects to write the history, as commissioned, of Louis XIV., 231, 232.

Boudin (physician to Monseigneur), his character and its dangers, 228–230.

Boufflers (Maréchal de), return from Flanders, 83; honours bestowed upon him, 84; suppresses a riot in Paris, 154, 155; his unselfish conduct, 156.

Bourgogne (Duc de), his father's circle at Meudon not congenial to him, 24; appointed to army in Flanders, 53; thwarted by Vendôme, 66–72; return to Versailles, 78–82; painful scene in king's cabinet in relation to rank of bastards, 196–198; crayon of his character, 201, 204; opinion on tithe tax, 226; courtiers flock to him on Monseigneur's illness, 246, 247; his disinterested action as to money, refuses to be called Monseigneur, 283; revelation of his character on becoming dauphin, 305–311; change of king's feeling to him, 305; king makes over much of the government to him, 308; despair of the ministers, 308; conversation with Saint-Simon on Jansenism, 318; draws closer to Saint-Simon, 319, 320.

Bourgogne (Duchesse de), gives birth to a second son, 12, 13; singular treatment by Mlle. Choin, 26, 27; her brave and useful conduct while her husband was in Flanders, 70, 71; is prejudiced against Saint-Simon, 149; recovers from it, 150; behaviour at

the illness and death of Monseigneur, 241, 242, 246, 256–265; her generous reconciliation with the Duchesse de Berry, 283.

Carignan (Prince de), death, singular treatment as deaf and dumb, 132; ability and accomplishments, 133.
Chaise (Père de La), death and character, 85, 86; compelled to fulfil his duties as king's confessor to the last, 87; king's testimony to him, 87; his warning to the king, 88, 89; his course towards Port-Royal des Champs, 163.
Chamillart (Michel de), begs to be relieved of the finances, 15, 16; terrible condition of finances and taxation, 16–18; delays Scottish project, 44; his coming downfall, 128; reproached by Monseigneur, 128; harsh dismissal by the king, 129, 130; his character, 131; Saint-Simon's faithfulness to him, 135, 136.
Charost (Duc de), parentage and character, 300; intimate with Saint-Simon, 301, 302.
Cheverney (page to Duc de Bourgogne), relates to Saint-Simon a speech of the Duc de Bourgogne about him, 84, 85.
Chevreuse (Duc de), is secretly a minister of State, 41; promotes with Beauvilliers Scottish project, 43; singular agreement of his plan for remedying the evils of the country with that of Saint-Simon, 103–105; love of retirement, 298; secret regard for Port-Royal des Champs, 317, 318.
Choin (Mlle.), her relations to Monseigneur and his family, 22–27; present at Meudon during his illness, 245, 246; was she married to Monseigneur, 270, 271; her disinterestedness, 270, 280, 281.
Choiseul (Maréchal de), death and character, 230, 231.
Condé (Henri-Jules, Prince de), see Prince, M. le.
Conti (François-Louis, Prince de), death, character, portrait, charm, 94–97; king's jealousy of him, 97; his love for Mme. la Duchesse, 99; his end regretted, 100–102.
Conti (Marie-Anne, Princesse de), 22, 27; grief at her mother, Mme. de la Vallière's, death, great respect for her mother, 217.
Court (The), the three cabals, 136, 137; its treatment of Duc d'Orléans, 145–147; balls at, 228; total change there after Monseigneur's death, 287.

Desmarets (controller of finances), at his wits' end for means, 60; proposes tithe-tax in addition to all other taxes, 219. Carries it through with a high hand, 220–224; anger at being made to work under the dauphin, 311.
Duchesse (Mme. la), rules Monseigneur and Meudon, 24; grief at her mother, Mme. de Montespan's death, 37; the blow to her of Monseigneur's death, 289; her life and portrait, 290, 291.
Du Mont (Monseigneur's equerry), his relations with Saint-Simon, 23.

England (Queen of), her disappointment and that of her daughter at the marriage of the Duc de Berry, 214.
Espinoy (Mme. d'), her character, 25, 26.

Fagon, remark on Père Tellier, 93.
Fénelon, his new position and hopes on death of Monseigneur, 293–299; his conduct and character, 294–297.
Feuillade (Duc de La), commands before Turin, 7, 8.
Finances (The), terrible condition of, 16–18, 123; the tithe-tax, its iniquity and horrible results, etc., 218–227; the currency re-coined, danger of tampering with the currency, 228.
Flanders, the disasters in, 65, 66; agitation and uncertainty of the public mind, 72.
Fleury (Cardinal), son of a *rat de cave*, 227.

Fontpertuis, anecdote of Louis XIV., 14.
Forbin (Chevalier de), commands the expedition to Scotland, 44.

Grammont (the Duchesse de), proposes that the Court give up its silver plate to relieve the finances, 124; commotion caused by this proposal, slight result from adopting it, 125, 126.
Grand (M. le), disinterested action of, 133, 134.

Hamilton, the family of, concerned in Scottish project, their character, 45.

Jansenists and Molinists, outline of their origin, history, and struggle, 157–165.
Jesuits (The), 157–165; they triumph in the destruction of Port-Royal, 169.

Lauzun (Duc de), his views about melting his silver plate, 127.
Lislebonne (Mlle. de), her character, 25, 26; no doubt married to the Chevalier de Lorraine, 26; retires from Court on death of Monseigneur and becomes Abbess of Remiremont, 288, 289.
Loire (The), inundations of, how caused, 40, 127.
Louis XIV., obliged to economize, 11; appoints generals for campaign, 13; prefers no religion to Jansenism, 16; affectionate note to Chamillart, 16; his petty jealousy, 21; indifference to the death of Mme. de Montespan; his speech about her, 37; consents unwillingly to Scottish project, 43; his selfishness, 51; strange speech, 52; cajoles the banker, Samuel Bernard, 59, 60; influenced by Mansart, 62–64; again prejudiced against Saint-Simon, 75; receives Duc de Bourgogne from Flanders coldly, 79–81; his testimony to Père de La Chaise, 88; takes Père Tellier as his confessor, 90; is convinced of Vendôme's bad conduct, 118; holds council of war, very stormy, 120; annoyed by threats, placards, etc., 122, 123; desires to receive the silver plate of Court, 125, 126; dismisses Chamillart; kindness, yet duplicity, 130, 131; is influenced against the Duc d'Orléans, talks of a trial, 145; changes his mind, 147; the intrigue against Saint-Simon paints him and the Court clearly, 149–151; his ignorance of religion and its questions, 162; grants audience to Saint-Simon, 176, 177; the audience, 181–186; gives Saint-Simon a friendly piece of his mind, 183–186; his joy at the dismissal of the Duc d'Orléans' mistress, 188; gives no New Year's gifts, 191; desire yet reluctance to advance his bastards, 195; indirect methods of doing so, 195; singular scene in relation to this, 196–198; appoints Mme. de Saint-Simon lady-of-honour to the Duchesse de Berry, 210, 212; pinched for money, 214; indifference at the death of Mme. de la Vallière, 217; scruples as to the tithe-tax, shocking persuasion of Père Tellier, 220–221; same influence in affair leading to bull Unigenitus, 232–238; goes to Meudon on illness of Monseigneur, 242–244, 267, 279, 280; receives condolences at Marly, 284, 286; changed feeling and treatment towards his grandson, the new dauphin, 305, 315.
Luynes (Duc de), grandson of Duc de Chevreuse, marries granddaughter of Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg, 194.

Maine (Duc du), aware that Monseigneur did not like him, 28; character, power of his wife over him, 28; how he deceived the king, 29, 30; conduct to his mother, 33, 36; in default of princes of the blood presses for their honours for his children, 194–198.
Maine (Duchesse du), her character, and treatment of her husband, 28, 29.

Maintenon (Mme. de), remorse on death of Mme. de Montespan, 37; influenced by the Duchesse de Bourgogne, 70, 71; description of her room and habits at Versailles, 79, 80; joins Princesse des Ursins in persecuting Duc d'Orléans, 143; hatred to Saint-Simon, 152; supports Duc du Maine in his efforts for honours and rank, 195; behaviour towards Mlle. Choin, 270; Monseigneur cold to her, 273; rejoices in the new dauphin, and induces the king to put power in his hands, 307, 308.

Mansart (Jules Hardouin), king's architect; career, want of ability, 61, 62; method of managing king, 62, 63; his bridge at Moulins, 63; death, 64.

Maré (Mme. de), governess to children of Monsieur and Duc d'Orléans, refuses to be lady of the bed-chamber to Duchesse de Berry, 215.

Maréchal, obtains from king audience for Saint-Simon, 173, 176; relates to Saint-Simon the shocking influence of Père Tellier over the king, 220–222.

Marsins (Maréchal de), his opposition to Duc d'Orléans in army of Italy, and fatal results, 8.

Middleton, secretary to exiled Queen of England, 45; characters of himself and wife, 45, 46; suspected of treachery, 50.

Monseigneur, and the *parvulo* of Meudon, 22–30; will not employ Mansart to please the king, 63, 64; his indifference to public troubles, 76; prejudiced against his son, 77, 81, 82; painful scene when urged by king to protect the bastards, 196–198; relations with Mlle. Choin, 22–30; reproaches Chamillart by Mlle. Choin's advice, 128; his illness and death, 238, 241–267; first scene at Meudon, 245–247; the scene at Versailles, 250–265; last scene at Meudon, 265, 266; portrait and character, 268–275; his hasty burial, 278; funeral ceremonies, 313, 314.

Montespan (Mme. de), made to bear the burden of the king's economies, 11; death, 31; history, charm, hopes, repentance, 31–36.

Nemours (Duchesse de), portrait, character, and anecdotes, 37–39.

Nesmond (Archbishop d'Alby), remarkable address before the king, 311, 312.

Noailles (Cardinal de), Archbishop of Paris; desire of the Jesuits to entrap him, 163; they do so in the matter of Port-Royal des Champs, 164, 165; he feels the monstrous wrong done to Port-Royal through him, 169; scheme of Père Tellier to overthrow him, 169, 233–238; king deserts him, 237; defends himself and is blamed, 238.

Orléans (Duc d'), his relations with Saint-Simon, 1–7; appointed to command army in Italy, 2; connection with Mlle. Séry, 3, 4; curiosity about occult matters, 4–7; his unfortunate position with army in Italy, 7–10; appointed to full command of army in Spain, 13; his affairs in Spain, enmity of Mme. des Ursins, 140–147; abandoned by the Court, 140; his position at Court drives him further into debauchery, 175. Saint-Simon's effort to bring him right, 177; the struggle, 177, 178; its triumph, 179, 180; joy of king, 188; conversation with Saint-Simon about Mme. de Saint-Simon as lady-of-honour, 209, 210; his emotion at the death of Monseigneur, 257.

Orléans (Duchesse d'), her wise behaviour to her husband on his return to her, 189; first interview with Saint-Simon, 189–191; anxious that Mme. de Saint-Simon should be her daughter's lady-of-honour, 206; conversation with Saint-Simon on the death of Monseigneur, 254.

Parvulo of Meudon (The), what it was, 22-30; its conduct during the

Flanders campaign, 68–72; fury at the downfall of Vendôme, 119; is overthrown itself by the death of Monseigneur, 258.

Perth (Duke of), concerned in Scottish project, his character, 45.

Pontchartrain (chancellor), opposed to proposal to melt up silver, 125–126; anxiety about proceedings against Duc d'Orléans, 145; consults Saint-Simon, 146; result, 147; advice to Saint-Simon on his proposed retirement from Court, 171–175.

Pontchartrain (minister of the navy), son of chancellor, delays Scottish project, 44, 48; his repulsiveness, dislike of Duchesse de Bourgogne, 312.

Port-Royal des Champs, origin of its troubles, 157–165; persecution of its nuns, 166, 167; their cruel dispersion, 168; military destruction of the place, 168, 169.

Pretender (The), project for putting him on the throne of Scotland, 40–46; its failure, 46–48; takes the name of Chevalier de Saint-Georges, and is first called the Pretender, 48; his education, 48, 49; melancholy visit to the king at Marly, 49, 50.

Prince (M. le), Henri-Jules Prince de Condé; portrait, character, mortifying position in relation to the bastards, 113; treatment of his wife, 114; Chantilly, his love for it, 114, 115; his father, the hero, unable to make a soldier of him, 115; aberrations, thinks himself dead, 116.

Princesse (Anne of Bavaria, Mme. la) character and conduct, 114.

Puységur (lieutenant-colonel), returns from the army in Flanders, 117; sees the king and tells him the truth about Vendôme, 118.

Saint-Simon (Duc de), relations with Duc d'Orléans, 1–7; receives early news of disasters in Italy, 10, 11; hears of appointment of Duc de Bourgogne to army in Flanders, 52; warns Duc de Beauvilliers of its results, 53–59; consulted by Beauvilliers and Chevreuse as to conduct of Duc de Bourgogne against cabal, 70; his bet and its consequences, 73, 75, 78; desires to retire from Court, is dissuaded, 77; his relations with Jesuits, 93; is courted by Père Tellier, 94; terrible condition of the country, his plans for remedy, 102; interview with Duc de Chevreuse, 102; their plans of reform identical, 103–105; Saint-Simon's plan adopted in part, but distorted, under the regency, 105; his method of giving up his silver plate, 125; aware of enmity of cabal, wishes to retire from Court, 134; his wife's arguments, 135; loyalty to Chamillart, 135, 136; relations to the three cabals, how he obtained the information on which his memoirs are based, 137-140; his position grows worse, 144; resolves to be faithful to the Duc d'Orléans, 145; gives the chancellor advice as to the Duc d'Orléans, 145, 146; result, 146; painful situation at Court, 148–152; hatred of Mme. de Maintenon to him, 152; discusses his retirement from Court, 169–173; decides to speak to the king, 173; resolves to bring the Duc d'Orléans to reform his life, 177; the struggle, 177, 178; the victory, 179, 180; interview with king, 181–187; joy of his friends at result, 187; the treasure of a good wife, 188; considers how to help the Duc d'Orléans, 189; first interview with the Duchesse d'Orléans, 189–191; Duc de Beauvilliers tells him of Polignac's treachery, 191–193; discusses with ministers the melancholy condition of public affairs, 199; talk with Beauvilliers about Duc de Bourgogne, 200; writes a paper on the latter, 201–206; works for marriage of Duc de Berry, 206–210; opposes desire of Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans that Mme. de Saint-Simon be lady-of-honour to their daughter, 206–210; king announces the appointment to him, 212; regret at having promoted marriage

of Duc de Berry, 215; anxiety about the future on death of king, 239; hears at La Ferté of Monseigneur's illness, 240; honest remarks, 243; returns to Versailles, 245; first scene there, 246–249; his conversation with the Duchesse d'Orléans, 248; hears of Monseigneur's death, 254; endeavours to restrain his joy, 255; the scenes at Versailles, 255–265; happiness in the friendship of the Ducs de Beauvilliers and Chevreuse, 302–315; draws closer, but cautiously, to the dauphin, 319–321; his sentiments on the Jesuits and Jansenism, 321–324.

Saint-Simon (Mme. de), hears from the Duchesse de Bourgogne of the efforts of Saint-Simon's enemies, 148–151; sound advice to her husband, 170; her little plot to bring friends to bear upon him, 171–173; the proposal to be lady-of-honour to Duchesse de Berry repugnant to her, 206, 212; asks Duchesse de Bourgogne to save her from it, 207, 208; is appointed, 210; king tries to sweeten the pill, 212; her intimacy with the families de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse, 318.

Sanadon (Père), Saint-Simon's confessor, 93, 94.

Scarcity of Bread, dearness of everything, sufferings of the people, 153–156.

Scotland, proposed invasion of, results, 40–48.

Tellier (Père), appointed confessor to the king, 90; his history, character, and portrait, 90–93; courts Saint-Simon, 94; his part in the Molinist-Jansenist controversy, 162; his hand in the destruction of Port-Royal, 168; his monstrous advice on the tithe-tax, 221; his scheme to increase Jesuit power and overthrow Cardinal de Noailles, 233–238.

Tempest, terrible on the Flemish coast, 39, 40.

Torcy (J. B. Colbert, Marquis de); secretary of State, 311.

Toulouse (Louis Alexandre, Comte de), his character, 29; has nothing to do with Meudon cabal, 29; affectionate relations with Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne, 30.

Unigenitus (the Bull), beginning of the fatal affair of, 232–238.

Ursins (Princesse des), bitterly vindictive to the Duc d'Orléans, 140–143; mortification at having failed in her efforts against him, 148.

Vallière (Louise, Duchesse de la) death and history of, 216; character and repentance, 217.

Vauban (Maréchal), distortion of his sacred and useful intentions as to the tithe-tax, 17, 18.

Vendôme (Maréchal Duc de), 7, 8; conduct in Flanders, 65; his laziness leads to disasters, 66; arrives at Versailles, 82, 83; relieved by death of Prince de Conti, complains of Puységur to the king, 117; his downfall, 119.

Versailles (the château of), how the chapel came to be such an excrescence, 64.

Villeroy (Duchesse de), death, portrait, and character, 286, 287.

Voysin (M. de), minister of war, 311.